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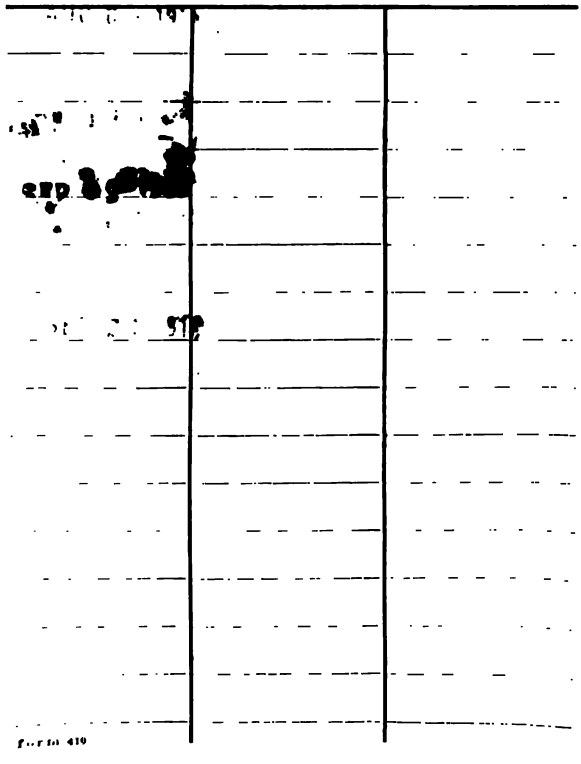

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

VOLUME IX.

BEING THE SIXTH OF THE NEW SERIES.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIII.

[Being Number XXI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Old Madrigals.*

i. *

" Ev'ry singing bird that in the wood rejoyces,
Come and assist me with your charming voices;
Zephirus come too; and make the leaves and fountains,
Gently to send a whispring sound unto the mountains;
And from thence pleasant Eccho, sweetly replying,
Stay here playing where my Phillis now is lying;
And louely Graces, with wanton satyres come and play,
Dancing and singing, a hornpype or a rundelay.

* " *Superius. The first sett, of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall ditti but after the affection of the Noate. By Thomas Watson, Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent Madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Byrd, and are to be sold at the house of the sayd T. Este, being in Aldersgate-street, at the signe of the Black Horse,* 1590. *Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.*" 4to." Has two pieces of Latin poetry prefixed, to Luca Marenzio and the Earl of Essex, by Watson. Twenty-eight songs; not in Herbert.

ij *

This sweet and merry month of May,
While nature wantons in her pryme,
And birds do sing and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the ioyfull time,
I choose the first for holy daie,
And greet Eliza with a ryme;
O beauteous Queene of second Troy,
Take well in worth a simple toy.

iij.

When all alone my bony loue was playing,
And I saw Phœbus stand at a gaze staying;
Alas, I fear'd there would be some betraying.

iiij.

How long with vaine complayning;
How long with dreary teares and joyes refraining;
Shall we renewe his dying,
Whose happy soull is flying;
Not in a place of sadnes,
But of eternall gladnes; [weeping
Sweet Sydney† liues in heau'n, O! therefore let our
Be turn'd to hymns and songs of plesant greeting.

v.

All yee that joy in wayling,
Come seat your selues a-rowe and weepe beside me;
That while my life is fayling,
The world may see in loue whall ill bety'd me;
And after death doe this in my behoue,
Tell Cressed Troyilus is dead for loue.

---

* By Byrd, who set the same words for four and six voices, as "two excellent madrigals."

† Sir Philip Sydney died 16th of October 1586.

vj. Now

vj.*

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing; Fa la la,
Each with his bonny lasse,
Upon the greeny grasse. Fa la la.

The spring clad all in gladnesse
Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse;
And to the bagpipes sound,
The nimphs tread out their ground.

Fye then, why sit wee musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing;
Say daintie Nimphs and speake,
Shall wee play barly-breake? †

vij.

Sing wee and chaunt it,
While loue doth grant it; Fa la la.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth;
Now is best leysure,
To take our pleasure. Fa la la.

All things inuite vs,
Now to delight vs.

* "*Canzvs of Thomas Morley the first booke of ballets to five voyces.*" Device, &c. same as Quintvs. Herbert, 1019. Contains twenty-one songs.

† "A game generally played by young people in a corn-yard. One stack is fixed on as the *dule* or goal; and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out from the dule. He does not leave it till they are all out of his sight. Then he sets off to catch them. Any one, who is taken, cannot run out again with his former associates, being accounted a prisoner; but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken, the game is finished; and he who was first taken is bound to act as catcher in the next game."—*Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of Scottish Language*, 1808.

Hence care be packing,
No mirth bee lacking;
Let spare no treasure
To liue in pleasure.

viij.

You that wont to my pipes sound,
Daintily to tread the ground,
Jolly shepherds and nymphs sweet! Lirum lirum.
Here met together
Vnder the weather, [Lirum lirum.
Hand in hand uniting, the lovely god come greet.

Lo triumphing brave comes hee
All in pomp and majesty,
Monarch of the world and king;
Let who so list him,
Dare to resist him,
We, our voice uniting, of his high acts will sing.

viiij.

About the May-pole new with glee and merriment,
While as the bag pipe tooted it,
Thirsis and Cloe fine together footed it; Fa la la.
And to the wanton instrument,
Still they went too and fro, and finely flaunted it,
And then both met again, and thus they chaunted it;
Fa la la.

The shepherds and nimphs them round enclosed had,
Wond'ring with what facility
About they turn'd them in such strange agility;
And still when they unlosed had,
With words full of delight they gently kissed them,
And thus sweetly to sing they never missed them.

x.*

Fly if thou be flying,
Foe to my heart most wrathfull,
Which more and more grows faithfull;
Desire pursues the crying,
To tell thee of his torment and of my dying;
But if my heart's desire be not with grief confounded,
I hope by love to see thee caught or wounded.

xj.

Brown is my love, but graceful! and each renowned whiteness
Matcht with thy lovely brown, looseth his brightness.
Fair is my love, but scornfull! yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lillies, and sad flowers well prised.

xij.

The wine that I so dearly got,
Sweetly sipping, mine eyes hath bleared;
And the more I am bar'd the pot,
The more to drink my thirst is steered;
But since thereby my heart is cheered,
Maugre ill luck and spiteful slanders,
Mine eyes shall not be my commanders,
For I maintain, and ever shall,
Better the windows bide the dangers,
Then to spoil both the house and all.

xiij.

So saith my fair and beautiful Licoris, when now and then she talketh
With me of love; love is a sprite that walketh,

* "*Musica Transalpina, Cantvs. The seconde booke of Madrigalles, to 5 & 6 voices: translated out of sundrie Italian authors, & newly published by Nicolas Yonge. At London, printed by Thomas Este*, 1597, 4to. Dedicated "to the right worshipfull and true louer of musicke, Syr Henry Leonard, Knight." Contains twenty-four songs. Only the *first* book noticed by Herbert, 1017.

That soars and flies, and none alive can hold him,
Nor touch him, nor behold him;
Yet when her eyes she turneth,
I spy where he sojourneth;
In her eyes, there he flies;
But none can touch him,
Till on her lips he couch him;
But none can catch him,
Till from her lips he fetch him.

---

xiiij.*

Ay mee, can every rumour
Thus start my lady's humour?
Name ye some gallant too her,
Why straight forsooth I woo her;
Then bursts she forth in passion,
You men love but for fashion;
Yet, sure I am that no man
Ever so loved woman:
Yet, alas, love be wary,
For women be contrary!

xx.

Dear pity how, ah how, would'st thou become her?
That best becometh, beauty best attiring!
Shall my desert deserve no favour from her?
But still to waste myself in deep admiring,
Like him that calls to Eccho to relieve him;
Still tells and hears the tale, O tale! that grieves him!

xxj.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
When clad in damaske mantells deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet loue harbours,
My eies presents me with a double doubting;

* "*Cantvs, the first set of English Madrigals to* 3, 4, 5, *and* 6 *voices. Newly composed by Iohn Willye at London, printed by Thomas Este,* 1598." 4*to.* contains thirty songs. "Tenor" the same.

For

For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

xvij.

I soung sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure,
Where then I list, or time seru'd best, and leasure;
While Daphne did inuite me,
To supper once and drank to mee to spite mee;
I smil'd yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drank before to flout her.
But, O! while I did eye her,
Mine eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

---

xviij.*

So light is loue in matchles beautie shining,
When she reuisits Cypris hallowed bowers;
Two feeble doues, harnest in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot midst the Paphian flowers;
Lightnesse to loue, how ill it fittith?
So heauy on my heart she sitteth.

xviiij.

There is a iewell which no Indian mines can buy,
No chymick art can counterfait;
It makes men rich in greatest pouertie;
Makes water wine, turnes wooden cups to gold;
The homely whistle to sweet musick's strain;
Seldome it comes, to-few from heauen sent,
That much in little, all in naught, Content.

* "*Cantus. The second set of Madrigales to 3, 4, 5, and 6 parts, apt both for Voyals and Voyces. Newly composed by Iohn Wilbye*, 1609. *London, printed by Tho. Este, alias Snodham, for Iohn Browne, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreete.*" 4to. Dedicated "to the most noble and vertuous Lady the Lady Arbella Stuart," contains thirty-four songs.

xx.

Change me, O heauens! into the ruby stone,
That on my loue's fair locks doth hang in gold;
Yet leaue me speech to her to make my moane,
And guie me eies her beauties to behold.
Or if thou wilt not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard heart seem flesh that now seems none.

xxi.

Loue not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Nor for any outward part,
No nor for my constant heart;
For those may faile or turne to ill,
So thou and I shall seuer;
Keepe therefore a true woman's eye,
And loue me still, but know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still,
To dote vpon me euer.

xxij.

Happy, oh happy he, who not affecting
The endlesse toyles attending worldly cares,
With mind repos'd, all discontents reiecting,
In silent peace his way to heauen prepares;
Deeming this life a scene, this world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

---

xxiij.*

With angel's face and brightnesse, [tripped,
And orient hew faire Oriana shining, with nimble foote she
O're hills and mountaines, at last in dale she rested;

This

* "*Cantvs. Madrigales. The triumphes of Oriana, to 5 and 6 voices: composed by diuers seuerall auctbors. Newly published by Thomas Morley, Batcheler of Musick, and one of the gentlemen of bir Maiesties bonorable Chappell*, 1601. *In London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley. Cum &c.*" 4*to*. Dedicated "to the Right Honorable the Lord

This is that maiden Queene of the Fayrie land,
With scepter in hir hand! [lightnes;
The faunes and satiers dauncing, did shew their nimble
Faire Nais and the nimphs did leaue their bowers,
And brought their baskets full of hearbs and flowers.
Then sang the sheperds and nimphs of Diana,
Long liue, long liue faire Oriana!

xxiiij.

The nimphs and shepheards daunced,
Lauoltos in a dazy tapstrid vally;
Loue from their face lamps glaunced,
Till wantonly they dally;
Then in a rose bankt ally,
Bright maiestie aduanced.
A crown grac't virgin whom all people honor,
They leaue their sport amazed;
Runne all to looke vpon hir;
A moment scarce they gazed,
Ere beauties splendor all their eies had dazed,
Desire to see yet euer fixed on hir.
Then sang the shepherds and nimphs of Diana,
Long liue faire Oriana.

---

xxv. *

Now eu'rie tree renewes his sommers greene,
Why is your hart in winter's garment clad?
Your beautie saies, my loue is sommers queene,
But your cold loue, like winter makes mee sad;
Then

Lord Charles Howard, Earle of Notingham, Baron of Effingham—" Contains twenty-five songs, the composition of twenty-four several musicians, to commemorate the beauty and virginity of Oriana, *als.* Queen Elizabeth, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

* " *Cantvs primo. Madrigals to* 3, 4, 5, *&* 6 *voyces. Made & newly published by Thomas Weelkes at London, printed by Thomas Este,* 1597." 4*to.*

Then either spring with budds of loue againe,
Or else congeale my thoughts with your disdaine.

xxvj.

Ovr cuntry swains, in the morris daunce,
Thus woo'd and win their brides;
Will, for our towne, the hobby horse*
At pleasure frolike rides;
I wooe with teares and ne're the neere,
I dye in griefe and liue in feare.

xxvij.

Lady your spotles feature,
Noteth a heauenly creature;
And heauenly things, by course of kind,
Both liue and loue desire to find.

4*to*. The dedication to "Master George Phillpot, Esquire," where Weelkes presents "these six dishes full of diuers Madrigalls, the first fruiets of my barren ground." Contains twenty-four songs.

* The morris dance upon all occasions appears to have been formed for a representation of several distinct characters, and it is probable that when set on foot by a village some of those characters were dispensed with. The idea preserved in this line of the hobby-horse being attached to a town seems also supported by the passage in Samson's play of the Vowbreaker, 1636. "Let the major play the hobby-horse among his brethren and he will; I hope our *towne-lads* cannot want a hobby-horse, &c." See Illustrations of Shakspeare, by Mr. Douce, V. II. 468.

In the Qvaternio of Tho. Nash *Philopolitem*, whose work is a store-house of translation from various languages, occurs a notice of the morice dance. Theologus the divine describes himself as first studying Camden's Brittannia to become acquainted with the most famous cities, towns, and villages of his own country; and after visiting them, proceeds, "I tooke my flight at last over the seas into Fraunce, where, I must confesse, I was a little daunted and disanimated at my first arrivall, when I saw others make themselues merry with discourse, and I stood by like the picture of Erasmus in Roterodame, or of Gresham in the Exchange, staring vpon them, not able to answere a word, and one while I did envie the ages of our forefathers, to see them so wittie, as to be able in Moris-daunce *with their feete and fingers, to expresse whole Histories*, and I not able, with all my art, without a greate deale of difficultie, to make myself to be vnderstood." *Further notice of this work in note, p.* 24.

xxviij. Retire

xxviij.

Retire my thoughts vnto your rest againe,
Your proffred seruice may incur disdaine;
The dice is cast, and if the gamsters please,
I'll take my chance, and rest myself at ease.

xxx.

Those spots vpon my ladyes face apeering,
The one of black, the other bright carnation;
Are like the mulberries in dainty gardens growing,
Where growes delight and pleasure of each facion;
They grow so high, and warily kept from mee,
Which makes mee sing, aye me, twill neuer bee!

---

xxxi.*

To shorten winter's sadnesse,
See where the nimphs with gladnesse, Fa la la.
Disguised all are comming,
Right wantonly a mumming. Fa la la.

xxxij.

Whilst youthfull sports are lasting,
To feasting turn our fasting; Fa la la.
With reuels and with wassals,
Make grief and care our vassals; Fa la la.

For youth it well beseemeth,
That pleasure he esteemeth;
And sullen age is hated,
That mirth would haue abated.

* "*Canzos. Ballets and Madrigals to fiue voyces, with one to 6 voyces; newly published by Thomas Weelkes, at London, printed by Thomas Este,* 1598." 4to. Dedicated "to the Right Worshipful his Maister Edward Darcye, Esquier, Groome of hir Maiestie's Priuie Chamber." Contains twenty-four songs. "Tenor" of same pieces "*In London, printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Barley,* 1608."

xxxiij. Sing

xxxiij.

Sing shepherds after mee,
Our hearts do neuer disagree; Fa la la.
No war can spoile vs of our store,
Our welth is ease, we wish no more;
Black are our lookes, we goe not braue,
A merry heart is all we haue.

xxxiiij.

I loue, and haue my loue regarded,
And sport with sport as well rewarded, Fa la la:
Which makes me laugh when others weep,
And play with loue when others sleep. Fa la la.

---

xxxv.*

Cold winter's ice is fled and gone,
And sommer brages on eu'ry tree;
The red-breast peepes amidst the throng,
Of wood-borne birds that wanton bee;
Each one forgets what they haue beene,
And so doth Phillis, sommer's queene!

xxxvj. *(First part.)*

Why are you ladies staying,
And your lords gone a Maying;
Runne apace and meete them,
And with your garlands greete them;
Twere pittie they should misse you,
For they will sweetly kisse you!

* "*Canto. Madrigals of 5, and 6 parts, apt for the viols and voices. Made and newly published by Thomas Weelkes of the Coledge at Winchester, Organist. At London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley.* 1600. *4to.* Dedicated "to the trvely noble, vertuous, and honorable, my very good Lord Henry Lord Winsor, Baron of Bradenham." Contains ten songs.

(Second

(Second part.)

Harke, harke, I heare [the dauncing]
And a nimble morris prauncing;
The bagpipe and the morris bells,
That they are not farre hence vs tells;
Come let vs all goe thether,
And daunce like friends together.*

xxxvij.

Lady the birds right fairely,
Are singing euer earely;
The larke, the thrush, the nightingale,
The make sport cuckow, and the quaile;
These sing of loue, then why sleepe yee?
To loue your sleepe it may not be!

---

xxxviij.† *(First part.)*

Thule, the period of cosmographie
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier;

These

* The bagpipe must be considered as only provincially attached to the Morice-dauncc. Of its musical estimation in the time of the author there is proof in Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, where the servant, announcing the arrival of Autolicus, says, "If you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you."—The above lines are too modern to appear like an authority, or "the daunce like friends together" might supply an idea of the undescribed characters which appear in Mr. Tollett's window, and also in the Flemish print given by Mr. Douce.—Upon this subject I shall take the liberty of noticing a slight recollection, (but which I consider may be depended on,) of having heard at a juvenile period, when such trifles make lasting impressions, an old maudlin ditty, containing in one part the following words;

"I am a Morice-dancer,
And have a tongue within my teeth
To give the folks an answer."

† "*Carlo. Madrigals of six parts, apt*" &c. (ut sup.) Conclusion of the last,

These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

(Second Part.)

The Andelusian merchant that returnes,
Laden with Cutchinele and china dishes;
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burnes,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes;
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

xxxviiij.

A sparow hauke proud did hold in wicked iayle,
Musicke's sweet chorister the nightingale,
To whom with sighes she said, oh set me free,
And in my song, I'll praise no bird but thee;
The hauke replide, I will not loose my dyet,
To let a thousand such enioy their quiet.

xl.

Mars in a furie gainst loue's brightest queene,
Put on his healme and toke him to his launce;
And marching to the mount this warrior was seene,
And there his ensigns did the god aduance;
And by heauen's greatest gates, hee stoutly swore,
Venus should dye, for shee had wrong'd him sore."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. II. *Admirable Events selected out of Foure Bookes; VVritten in French by the Right Reverend Iohn Peter Camus Bishop of Belley; together with*

last, dedicated "to the right noble minded, and most vertuous gentleman, Maister George Brooke, Esquier." Contains ten songs. Neither of Weelkes's publications are noticed by Herbert.

morall

morall Relations written by the same Author, and translated into English by S. Du Verger. London: Printed by Thomas Harper for William Brooks, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborn, in Turnstile Lane. 1639. 4*to. pp.* 357. *Both parts.*

In the Dedication " to the most excellent Maiesty of Henrietta Maria, Queene of Great Britain," the translator says " In point of subject, since nothing from mine own conceptions was fit to adventure upon so high a theater, I assign my part to the onely choise and conveyance of an authour, with language intelligible to the English shore, who in the variety and multitude of his writings, both theologicall, morall, and historicall, hath as with a christall streame watered a continent of the greatest extent in Europe.—Give leave then, most gracious Princesse, where I began, there to determine my thrice humble dedication, with homage and binding oblation of these first fruits of my small industry.—The humblest and lowest of all your Majestie's most devoted servants, S. Du Verger."

A cancelled leaf in my copy contains a portion of an address from " the translator to the reader," which precedes " the author's epistle." There is a second part, or division, in the volume, with the following title:

"*Certain Moral Relations selected out of the two Books written therof in French, by the Right Reverend Father John Peter Camous, Bishop of Belley, Anno Domini* 1628. *Faithfully translated into English. London* (ut sup.)

This continuance has a short advertisement from the author, and a second of " the translator to the reader."

reader." By the initials subjoined it appears that the continuation was translated by another hand. After noticing, to avoid reiteration, the original preface is omitted, as "not pleasant to the reader. I have" (says the writer) "only given you a little taste of the latter part; the reason chiefly is, that because I ioyne these singular Events and Morrall Relations in one volume, you have an epistle at the beginning which at large informes you of his intents, reasons, and motives, which I think may suffice; my intents and wishes shall ever equall, and accompany the authours, in these his worthy and my poore labours, farewell.

T. B."

The first book contains twelve stories or events, and the continuance seventeen relations. The following is from part the first, and is the induction story to Shakspeare's Taming the Shrew. It is evidently taken from Heuterus, but remains to be added to the list given by the annotators.

"*The Waking Man's Dreame. The fifth event.*

"The Greek proverbe saith that a man is but the dreame of a shaddow, or the shaddow of a dreame; is there any thing more vaine then a shadow? which is nothing in itselfe, being but a privation of light framed by the opposition of a thicke body unto a luminous: is there any thing more frivolous then a dreame? which hath no subsistence but in the hollownesse of a sleeping braine, and which to speake properly is nothing but a meere gathering together of chimericall images: and this is it which makes an ancient say that we are but dust and shadow; our life is compared unto those, who sleeping dreame that they eate, and waking find

find themselves empty and hungry? and who is he that doth not find this experimented in himselfe; as often as he revolves in his memory the time which is past: who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have beene done, from those that have beene dreamed? vanities; delights, riches, pleasure, and all are past and gone, are they not dreames? what hath our pride and pompe availed us? say those poore miserable soules shut up in the infernall prisons, where is our bravery become, and the glorious shew of our magnificence? all these things are passed like a flying shadow, or as a post who hastens to his journeye's end. This is it, which caused the ancient comicke poet to say that the world was nothing but an universall comedy, because all the passages thereof serves but to make the wisest laugh, and, according to the opinion of Democritus, all that is acted on this great theater of the whole world, when it is ended differs in nothing from what hath been acted on a player's stage. The mirrour which I will heere set before your eyes will so lively expresse all these verities, and so truly shew the vanities of the greatnesse and opulencies of the earth; that although in these events I gather not either examples not farre distant from our times, or that have been published by any other writer, yet I beleeve that the serious pleasantnesse of this one will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither bee unfruitfull nor unpleasing.

"In the time that Phillip Duke of Burgandy (who by the gentlenesse and curteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of good) guided the reines of the country of Flanders; this Prince, who was of an

humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodness, rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which, for their singularity, are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

" Being in Bruxelles with all his court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences, and rare examples; walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this man's drunkennesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superiour and inferiour [in] Germany, that divers making glory, and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was invironed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous then that which Dionysius the tyrant used towards Democles, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marveilous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom as with a blocke they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuosest parts of his pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him in a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy; they let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilest hee

settles

settles his drinke, the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

"In the morning this drunkard being awake, drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a paradice, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine, he beleeves not his eyes but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all that he sees is but a pure dreame.

"As soone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Duke's house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do: there were pages bravely apparelled, gentlemen of the chamber, gentlemen waiters, and the high chamberlaine, who all in faire order, and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest; they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a soveraigne prince; they serve him bare-headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

"This fellow affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be inchantments or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him, that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him; he is accommodated like a king, and served with such ceremonies as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done the greatest nobleman in the Duke's court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had beene their soveraigne Prince; (Philip with princely delight beholds

this play from a private place) divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which he grants with such a countenance and gravity as if he had had a crowne on his head all his life time.

"Being risen late and dinner time approaching, they asked him if he were pleased to have the tables covered; he likes that very well: the table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich canopie he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Duke's meales; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the majesty which he represented made him refraine.

"All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things, they led him to walke about the great chambers, galleries and gardens of the pallace, (for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke, and the principall of his court;) they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therein, and talked to him thereof, as if they had all beene his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoone in all kind of sports, musicke, dancing; and a comedy spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some state matters, whereunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right twelfe-tide king.

"Super time approaching, they aske this new created Prince if he would please to have the lords and ladies of his court to sup and feast with him, whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his

his dignity unto such familiarity; nevertheless counterfeiting humanity, and affability he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then towards night was led with sound of trumpets and hoboyes into a faire hall, where long tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates; the torches shined there in every corner and made a day in the midst of a night; the gentlemen and gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat: the service was magnificent; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilest mouthes found their food in the dishes; never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carousses begin after the manner of the country; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the owle is assaulted by all the birdes when he begins to soare: not to seeme uncivill, he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects; they serve him with very strong wine, good Hipocras, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled so, that charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yeelded to death's cousin german sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of reason, and all his other sences.

"Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his officers, to have the pleasure of this mummery, commanding that this sleeping man should bee stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken vp the night before; this was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either by the hardnesse of the stones, or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives.

"Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may be by some that the good Duke Philip had thereto appointed, ha, said he, my friends, what have you done? yõu have rob'd mee of a kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into: then very well remembring all the particulars of what had passed the day before, hee related unto them from point to point all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to be a dreame. Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought, the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those courtiers who had beene present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleeve it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame: but when Duke Philip who would have the full contentment of this pleasant tricke had shewed him the bed wherein hee lay, the cloathes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleeve what he saw, imagining that all this was mere inchantment and illusion.

"The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family, and taking an occasion thereon to make an oration unto his courtiers concerning the vanity of this world's honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake and a meere dreame, and that they are strucken with that pleasant folly of the Athenian who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of Athens to be his, and that all

all the marchants were but his factors: his friends getting him cured by a skilfull physitian of the debility of his brain, in liew of giving them thanks for this good office he reviled them, saying, that wheras he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

" Harpaste, a foole that Senecae's wife kept, and whose pleasant imagination this grave phylosopher doth largely relate, being growne blind could not perswade her selfe that she was so, but continually complained that the house wherein she dwelt was dark, that they would not open the windowes, and that they hindred her from setting light, to make her beleeve she could see nothing; hereupon this great stoick makes this fine consideration that every vitious man is like unto this foole, who, although he be blind in his passion, yet thinks not himselfe to be so, casting all his defect on false surmises, whereby he seeks not only to have his sinne worthy of excuse and pardon, but even of praise; the same say the covetous, ambitious, and voluptuous persons in defence of their imperfections, but, in fine, (as the Psalmist saith) all that must passe away, and the images thereof come to nothing, as the dreame of him that awaketh from sleepe.

" If a bucket of water be as truly water as all the sea, the difference only remaining in the quantity not in the quality, why shall we not say that our poore Brabander was a soveraigne prince for the space of foure and twenty houres: being that he received all the honours and commodities thereof, how many kings and popes have not lasted longer, but have dyed on the very day of their elections or coronations? As for those other pompes, which have lasted longer, what are they

else but longer dreames? This vanity of worldly things is a great sting to a well composed soule, to helpe it forward towards the heavenly kingdome."

To conclude this article, may be added another short relation of a similar circumstance, as quoted, without authority, in a marginal note by an author, who enriched his work with a crowd of references to earlier productions. "Pyrrhus, seeing a man dead-drunke in the streete, being willing to sport himselfe, caused him to be brought to his pallace, and there to be lodged, clothed, feasted, and attended like a prince; who, waking, over-ioyed with so suddaine an alteration, drunke himselfe as he was before, who then caused him to be stript and put into his rags againe, and to be brought where he was first found." *

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

* See p. 72 of *Quaternio, or a Fourefold Way to a happie life, set forth in a Dialogue betweene a Countryman and a Citizen, a Divine and a Lawyer. Per Tho. Nash Philopolitem.* 1633. Another edition, 1639. An attempt was lately made at an auction to raise an opinion that this curious and elaborate performance proceeded from the pen of Thomas Nash, the author of *Pierce Pennilesse*, and other tracts; but that writer died before 1606, and the address to the reader, prefixed to the Quaternio, is dated "from the Inner Temple, the 14th of May, 1632," to which may be added the following notice at p. 195. "See the picture of this man, [an usurer] lively set forth by Nash, in his booke entituled *Christ's Teares over Ierusalem*, in which I finde that verified of him, in the returne from Pernassus;

"His style was wittie, though he had some gall;
Something he might haue mended, so may all:
Yet this I say, that for a mother-wit,
Few men haue ever seene the like of it."

This coincidence of names might occasion the singular anachronism* in a modern

* The mistake was probably copied from *Cibber's Lives of the Poets*, I. 347, 348. In that book Nash the poet is placed in the reign of Charles I. and the above *Quaternio* ascribed to him. *Editor.*

ART. III. *The office and duetie of an husband, made by the excellẽt philosopher Lodouicus Vives, and translated into Englyshe by Thomas Paynell. Imprinted at London, in Pouls Churcheyarde, by John Cawood, Prynter vnto the Quenes Hyghnes. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. n. d. eights: to Sig. D d.*

Thomas Paynell, the translator, descended from an ancient family in Lincolnshire. He was very early made a canon regular of Merton Priory in Surrey, and from the interest that place had, according to Wood,* in the college of St. Mary the Virgin, situated in the parish of St. Michael and St. Peter in the Baylie, he was sent there to conclude his education. He afterwards became prior of a monastery of canon regulars, near London, and there is sufficient authority to suppose he for some time held the living of Cotyngham, near Hull and Beverley, in Yorkshire, and died March 22, 1563.

By the Epistle addressed "to the Ryghte Worshipfull Syr Antony Browne, Knyght, Thomas Paynell whyssheth helth and prosperitye."—"What thing (says the translator) should a man loue or intreate more amiably or more swetely then his owne wyfe, that is to saye, his owne fleshe and bloude; the whiche no man (except he be very brutishe and beastly) can

modern publication, which states Thomas Nash to have been born "at Lestoffe, in Suffolk, in the reign of Charles the First," and in a subsequent page that "Nash died about the year 1600, and at the early age of forty-two." *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. I. Art. Nash.

* Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. Col. 144.

or

or ought to mislyke, hate, or in any maner of wise abhorre. But yet how these poore silye wemen are handled, and of theyr owne husbandes misordered, contemned, abhorred, yea, and oftentimes without cause reiected, I reporte me vnto the gentle reader of this booke: the whiche yf he haue anye spareke of wytt or reason, shall easely conceaue this thyng to be true, and the vndiscrete electiō and choyse of the wife to be the onely and originall sprynge and occasion thereof; for in thys our time, a time (I saye) moste lamentable, menne choose not their wiues for their honestie and vertue, but for their intisinge beautie: not for theyr ciuile and womanly maners, but for theyr possessions and ryches: not to procreate and brynge forth children to the prayse and lawde of God, but for carnall lust and pleasure: not to be well and vertuously occupied at home, but ydely and wantonly to spend the tyme abroade: not to be godly but wor[l]dlye: not to be humble and meke, but to be prowde and hawte; not to regard theyr husbande's honestie, houshold and profyte, but theyr owne lustes and solace. Wherein is the cause then of theyre wrangelynge and gerre, but onelye in the vndiscrete election and choyse of theyre wyues, and because they doo not when they haue them informe them godly, and vertuouslye instructe them; for of whome shulde they be instructed and taughte but of theyr owne husbands?—Counsell wyth Mayster Viues howe to choose a wyfe, and choose her that feareth God and wyll be obedient and reformable, and suche a one, as shall geue no occasion of breache or of diuorsement, the whiche (O Lorde) is nothynge in these oure dayes regarded; for why, to haue many wiues at once, or to refuse her by som cautell or false interpretation

of

of God's moste holy worde, that myslyketh, is at this present but (as men call it) a shifte of descante. O heauen! O earthe!—"

The work is divided into several parts, or chapters, upon "the office and duetie of an husbande; election and choyse of a wyfe; accesse and goynge vnto mariage; discipline and instruction of women; of the house; exterior and outward thinges; apparell and rayment; husbandes absence; reprehention and castigation; proceding and going forwardes in matrimony; what vtilities and profites the mutuall love of those whyche are marryed doeth brynge; of those that haue children; and of her that is in age."

By the following anecdote it appears that Vives was not very accurately acquainted with English history. "In Englande King Henry ye. Second was driuen out of his realme by hys sonne, for after yt. he had bene longe in love with Philippe's the Frenche Kinge's sister, and that she was sente into England, & maried vnto him, his father being in loue with his fayre doughter in lawe, hys sonne making warre in Scotla'd, defloured her. The yong woman at the firste com'ynge home of her husband, opened vnto him what had chaunced, and being moued therewith, draue out his father, & occupied the kingdome." *

A panegyric

* The amorous disposition of Henry the Second is universally acknowledged, but the other circumstances related are not founded in fact. Sir John Trevisa,* who translated Higden's Polychronicon, has given the story in the following

* Sir John Trevisa was born at Caradoc in the county of Cornwall. At the time of making the translation, he was vicar of Barkley, co. Glouce.ter; canon of the collegiate church of Westbury, co. Wilts, and chaplain to Thomas Lord Barkley. He died about 1400. He was entitled to notice in the Bibliographia

A panegyric upon women possessing strength and constancy of mind concludes with a description of the noble superiority that attended the royal patroness of Vives.

"Christ wold not that euen in our time we should be without an exãple, the whiche shulde flowe & descend vnto our posteritie, left and exhibited vnto vs by Catharine y^e. Spaniard, Queene of Englande, and wyfe vnto Kynge Henrye the Eyghte of moost famouse memorye, of whome that maye be more truly spoken of, then that, that Valerius wryteth of Lucrece, that there was in her feminine bodye a man's hearte by the error and faute of nature. I am ashamed of myselfe, and of al those that haue redde so manye thynges, when I behold that woman so stroñgly to support & suffer so manye and diuers aduersities, that there is not one (although he were wel worthy to be remembred & spoken of among our elders), that with suche constancy of

following manner. "Also he [the king] had taken somtyme the kepyng of the kynges doughter [sister] of Fraũce, for he sholde marye her to his son Richarde of Peytow, but after the dethe of Rosamonde he laye by this mayde. Therfore his sone Rycharde refused the maryage; therfore the kyng cast to wedde this pucell, and therfore he prayed Huguncio the Cardynall for to come & make deuoors bytwene hym and Elyanor the quene. For he hoped so for to haue y^e. more helpe & fauour of Frẽsshe men to dysheryte his owne sones. Afterwarde fell warre bytwene hym and the kynge of Fraunce for castelle Raph, and kyng Henry axed this pucell to wedde her to his sonne John, & axed wyth her therldom of Peytow & of Angeo; but the kyng of Fraunce assented not to this axyng, but he sent the letters to Rychard by cause he sholde hem see; therfore aroos a greuous wrath bitwene the fader & his owne sone." Book 7, Cap. xxvij.

Bibliographia Poetica, and the omission appears singular, from the known researches of Ritson into the old Chronicles.—Ralph Higden was a monk of St. Werburge, co. Chester, and died 1377, aged . *Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library*, p. 53. Ed. 1776.

mynd

mynd hath suffred cruel fortune, or could so haue ruled flatteynge felicitie, as she dyd. If suche incredible vertue hadde fortuned then, when honor was the reward of vertue, thys woma" had dusked the brightnesse of the heroes, and as a diuine thynge and a godlye sente downe from heauen, had bene prayed vnto in temples; although she lacke no temples, for there can not be erected vnto her a more ample or a more magnificente temple then that, the whiche euery man among al nations, marueylinge at her vertues, haue in theyr owne heartes buylded and erected."*

In considering the instruction of women, it is questioned "whether it be expedient for a woman to be learned or no. Some there be that doe playnely deny it. But of this matter I haue euen wyth fewe woordes sufficientlye ynough disputed in my first boke of a christen woma". And therefore I wyll only say here that shall be sufficient to confute that opinion the whiche I doe not alowe, and reproue those that of one sorte of letters geue iudgemente by another. And in declarynge of that doctrine wherwith I woulde that the woman should be instructed & taughte, I thinke ther

* To this may be added "a notable sentence of the queene of England. Katherine of Spaine, the wife of Henry the Eight king of England, said, that she loued better a temperate and meane fortune then that which was either too easie and prosperous, or too sharpe and aduerse. Neuerthelesse that if she should be put to her choise which of the two last she would accept, she had rather haue the aduerse then the prosperous: because (said she) commonly they, which are vnfortunate, are not altogether destitute of some consolation and comfort: but they which liue in prosperitie for the most part do want the true vse of vnderstanding, reason and iudgement." *Memorable conceits of diuers noble and famous personages of Christendome, of this our moderne time. London, printed for James Shaw.* 1602. 16mo. *pp.* 234.

be

be but few yᵗ. wyll repine agaynst my mind & sayinges. Ther be some kind of letters & writynges yᵗ. pertayne only to adourne & increase eloquence withall; some to delite and please; some that make a man subtile and craftye; some to knowe naturall thynges, and to instruct and informe the mynde of man withall. The workes of poetes, the fables of Milesij, as that of the golden asse, and in a maner all Lucianes workes, and manye other which are written in the vulgar tongue, as of Trystram, Launcelot, Ogier, Amasus and of Artur, the whiche were written and made by suche as were ydle & knew nothinge. These bokes do hurt both man & woman, for they make them wylye & craftye, they kyndle and styr vp couetousnes, inflame angre, & all beastly and filthy desyre. So much knowledge of naturall thynges, as suffiseth to rule & gouerne thys life with all, is sufficient for a woman."*

Example forms a principal guide for the instruction

* Puttenham talks of "places of assembly, where the company shalbe desirous to heare of old aduentures & valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the round table, Sir Beuys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like;" but Meres has a censure upon romances in the section of "a choice is to be had in reading of bookes."—"As the Lord de la Nouue in the sixe discourse of his politike and military discourses censureth of the bookes of Amadis de Gaule, which he saith are no lesse hurtfull to youth, then the workes of Machiauell to age; so these bookes are accordingly to be censured, of whose names follow; Beuis of Hampton; Guy of Warwicke; Arthur of the round table; Huon of Bordeaux; Oliuer of the castle; the foure sonnes of Aymon; Gargantua; Gireleon; the Honour of Chiualrie; Primaleon of Greece; Palmerin de Oliua; the 7 Champions; the Myrror of Knighthood; Blancherdine; Meruin; Howleglasse; the stories of Palladyne and Palmendos; the blacke Knight; the maiden Knight; the history of Cœlestina; the castle of Fame; Gallian of France; Ornatus and Artesia," &c. *Wit's Commonwealth, Part II.* 268.

of

of a wife, supposed necessary to be given on the part of a husband. "Thou shalt not onely rehearse vnto her olde and aunciente names as Sara, Rebecca, Penelope, Andromacha, Lucretia, Colebolina, Hipparchia, Portia, Sulpitia, Cornelia, and of our sayntes, as Agnes, Catherine, Margaret, Barbara, Monica and Apollonia, but also those that [are] more fresher, as Catherin quene of Engla~d, Clara, Ceruerta, the wife of Vallearus, and Blanca Maroa, albet I doe feare to be reproued, that I doe thus commende my mother, geuynge my selfe to muche to loue and pitie, the which trulye doeth take muche place in me, but yet the trueth muche more. There can not lacke in euerye nation and citye honest and deuoute matrones, by whose examples thei may be styrred and prouoked; but yet the familier examples, as of the mother, the beldame,* the aunt, the sister, the cosyn, or of some other kinswoman or frende, shoulde be of more force and value. For why? suche examples as we do see, doe much moore mooue vs, and better we folowe theym then anye other."

The volume forms an amusing collection of moral precepts, and appears intended as a conclusion to the *Instruction of a Christen Woman*, noticed in CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 348.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IV. *The History of Great Britanie from the first peopling of this Iland to this presant raigne of o' hapy & peaceful Monarke K. James, by Will.*

* This passage confirms the primary meaning of the word beldame as supposed by Steevens, who appears to have sought in vain for an authority. "Perhaps, he says, beldame originally meant a grandmother." Reed's Shak. Vol. xi. p. 318, note 3.

Slatyer;

Slatyer. London: Printed by W. Stansby for Richd. Meighen, and are to be sold at his shop at St. Clement's Church. Fol.

This is in the centre of an engraved title-page, or frontispiece, which is explained by a poem on the opposite leaf. Anthony Wood gives this work the date of 1621. The chronological table ends with the date of 1619.

It appears by a marginal note to one of the prefatory poems, entitled *Authoris Votum*, that Slatyer was born at Tykenham in Somersetshire, not far from Bristol. His birth was about the year 1587, and in 1600, he became, at the age of thirteen, a member of Oxford University. He took orders, and was beneficed as early as 1611. In 1625 he was presented to the rectory of Otterden in Kent, which he had a dispensation for holding with that of Newchurch. * He was also treasurer of the cathedral church of St. David's in Wales. But by his own poem, just mentioned, it appears that he had preferment in both these situations before the publication of his book; and that he had already had a residence both in Wiltshire and London. After speaking of Oxford he goes on:

"Thence silver-founted christal Thames,
His forehead deck'd, clear limpid stream,
With dangling reeds, and flaggy flowers,
Conveyed her down to old Lud's bowers,
Where she beheld with wondring eyes
Both city's pride and courtly guise,
Whom noblest nymphs, that haunt the place,
Gently deign'd more than look'd for grace.
Next courtly troops, the country trains
Did hear her sing, and those wild plains

* Rymer's Fœd. XVIII. 647, 665. Hasted's Kent, II. 508.

That

That thee, dear DANIEL, so did bless,
And ravishing notions first* impress
Into thy soul! from whence she went
To CAMBERS wild, and flowry KENT,
Rhutupian furthest shores i' th' east.
Old holy *David's*† shrine by west
Did hear her tunes, and odes she ended
In those well-hop'd-of bowers intended
To Phœbus honour, of King James
Nam'd; west of London by fair Thames."‡

He died Feb. 14, 1646, æt. 59, and was buried in Otterden church.§

The following poetical address is worth transcribing.

"*Poetarum facile Principi, ac Coriphæo, Michaeli Drayton, Ar.*

περι της τω δε των Βιβλων Πολυ-Ολβιους και Παλαι-Αλβιους
προς αλληλους παρονομασιας
Επιγραμμα!
Φιλικωδε και υπομνημονευτικον.

"Dear divine Drayton, I admire
Thy lays inspir'd with Delphian fire,
On whose plain song seld one more blest,
For Grace's minion, Muse's guest;

* "So Master Daniel writes of himself; and *Wilton*, of which Wilton, *Wiltshire* (alluded to by some from the wild plains, *quasi Wilde-shire*) takes her name; ubi in villa Bedwyn antiquitus totius Comitatus pæne nulli secundâ, nec satis ignobili, tam ob incolarum rusticitatem, quam ob suarum olim celebritatum jacturam, aliquandiu moram traxit."

† "Rhutupiæ, or the coasts of Dover and Sandwich east, and St. David's, called *Menevia*, in the west, are, and are ordinarily accounted the utmost limits, those ways, of Great Britain."

‡ "Chelsea College is King James's foundation, and in the patent so called of his name."

§ See Hasted ut supra—and Topographer, I. 406. A list of his other works may be found in Wood's Ath. II. 111.

Seld one more seen in old Folk-mote,
Descants a most delicious note;
Do not envy me, though I sing
In rural tunes such highest things.
Your lays will live, tho' mine do die,
Sung long erst, I confess it, I;
Thy *Poly-Olbion* did invite
My *Palæ-Albion* thus to write.
Thy songs, mine Odes, thy poesy,
My harsh tunes, notes rude symphony;
Thine ancient *Albion's* modern glories,
Mine modern *Olbion's* ancient stories;
This th' only difference; mine's born dying,
Thine sure on Fame's wing ever flying.
Cease then, my Muse, and yet disclose
A never-dying love to those,
That wish their country well! All-hail
Dear Olbion, may thy fame ne'er fail,
But be grac'd still, till at Jove's call
Heaven crown earth's glories, thine and all
That Britain love, would honour nourish;
May they ne'er fade, but ever flourish!
May be, Albion then with Olbion may
Ken many a fair and happy day!
Whiles Avon's clear source that bears thee sing,
As she slides from her christal spring,
Shall teach our Severn's banks to sound
With echoes shrill to the sea-nymph round,
Thy Olbion's Odes, tuning with joy
Albion's chief pride, Thames and her Troy."*

The author addresses a copy of Latin hexameters to his friend S. Purchas, (whose Collection of Voyages

* Among the commendatory verses are those in Latin of N. Gwin, Jo. Slatyer, his brother, and Tho. Newton.

has

has preserved his name), in which he gives an amiable picture of his pursuits and the sentiments which they generate. Indeed his Latin poetry is so far superior to his English, that it seems to be rather his want of command of his vernacular language than his deficiency of genius that gives so uncouth and uninteresting a character to his English rhymes. The ensuing extract will justify my remark.

" Vivam igitur quocunque solo, aut ubicunque locorum,
Dissita quamque locis longe, procul inde remotis,
Cambria sive tenet, teneant seu Cantia rura
Propitiâ bonitate Dei, me crede scientem
Vivere contentumque illâque ex parte beatum:
Sic horas fallo, insumo sic temporis annos
Lusibus ingenii, ingenuis quoque mentibus aptos.
Forte equidem dices! Relevaminis otia quærens,
Talia sollicitus; nulli ut mea carmina prosint.
At mihi nempe viden! volat ætas; hinc voco Musas
Quas vereor venerorque volens; sicque invoco Divas;
His vitæ spatiis et verni temporis ævo
Florenti stadio: nec me formidine terrent
Immanes rerum fluctus, quibus æstuat ingens
Hæc hominum domus, ac mundi væsana vorago;
Non livor, levis ira, tumens jecur, atraque bilis
Torquebunt miserum, sapiam modo; sed neque sperem
Deposuisse, vel ante mea ista cadavera ponam
Corpus humi moriens, cineres atque ossa sepulchro:
Cum nemo his vitiis sine nascitur, optimus ille est,
Quem lacerant minime, retrahantve trahantve sequentem.
Sum vacuus curis, a turbine liber, amœnum
Rus geniale colo, lustro, lito, laudo Camœnas
Sylvestreis, quod aiunt, & agrestia, numina Faunos!"

The poem itself is divided into ten odes; and each ode is divided into many cantos.

1. The first ode contains a brief description of Britain and Ireland, with the first succession of Kings from Samothes, descended A. M. 1787, till Albion, A. 2200, by the space of 400 years.

2. The second, a second race of Kings: Albion & Bergion with their descent, with their defeat by Hercules, circa Ann. 225c.

3. The third sets forth the anarchy or interregnum of the giants that succeeded Albion and Hercules from Ann. 2300 to Brute, A. 285c.

4. The fourth, Brute and his succession from A. 2850 till Malmutius Dunwallo, A. 3500.

5. The fifth, Malmutius and his race, till the Roman Conquest under Julius Cæsar, A. 3900.

6. The sixth, from Cæsar's Conquest till Valentinian's days, A. 4400.

7. The seventh, the coming of Hengist, and seven kingdoms of the Saxons.

8. The eighth, the rapines of the Danes, and the kings of England from Egbert to Harold.

9. The ninth, the Norman Conquest to Hen. VII.

10. The tenth, the Union of England and Scotland under James I. In the end a brief touch of the Scotish, Irish, and French Histories.

The whole is written both in Latin and English verse, the Latin on one side, and English on the other. I will give the sixth canto of the first ode, as the nearest to poetry, and of the most general interest.

"Ειδυλλιον σ.

Encomium Britanniæ.

"Sed nimium neque stricta gelu, neque sidere ferves,
Insula, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli,

Sedes

Sedes antiqua, atque satis famosa Gygantum;
O nostræ regionis opes! O florida prata,
Pascuaque et colles, dumi, campique virentes!
Cincta O frondoso nemore, alta cacumina montium,
Umbrosæque specus, liquentia flumine rura!
Frugiferæ valles, Zephyri prædulcia anheli,
Flamina, sylvarum saltus, fluviique lacusque,
Muscosi fontes, et quæ circumfluus humor
Irrigat arva, hortos, mandataque semina terræ;
Totius ac terræ Tempe celebrata per oras
Thessala! cujus opes si possem, ac ditia dona,
Dicere, si cultus operosos, denique flores,
Ordine contextos et junctas vitibus almos!
Arboris aura comas, hominum tua carmina, Aëdon,
Turturis et gemitus dimulcent suaviter aures:
Alma quies, cum mobilibus sopita susurris,
Auræ, inter frondes densas, umbrasque virentes,
Prætentat sensus suadenti languida somno,
Ponere membra, super viridi lanugine ripam,
Prætextum, lene labentis murmure rivi;
Colle Lyæo uvæ, Bacchi pendere racemo;
Vellus ovis manibus tondentis, ut Indica Serûm
Lanugo! Dea Gargaridas succidier uncâ
Falce stupet messes! Tellus mitissima fruges
Producit! nostra O cœloque soloque beata
Insula: quid Scythicis nascens aconiton in oris,
Nescia, quid posset Pontus virosa venenis."

"CANT. VI.

The quality and richness of the soil.

"Thus lies our Isle, our pleasant seat,
Nor vex'd with cold, nor Cancer's heat:*

* In the temperate zone, the south parts of Britain, about the degree of 50: of north latitude reaching thence 10 degrees north; the longitude thereof being from the degree 17 to 25, or thereabouts. So the degrees of latitude measuring the length, of longitude the breadth of the island.

Doubtful whether for giants bold,
Or wealth, or war, most fam'd of old!
O our rich flowry fields and plains,
In summer's pride, when Flora reigns;
Green meadows, mountains, dales, and downs,
Whom many a grove with shadows crowns;
Lakes, riverets, floods, and fountains fair,
Where zephyr breathes his sweetest air!
Plenty and pleasure temper'd are,
So sweet, scarce Tempe may compare;
Those famous fields of Thessaly,
With this our pleasant Arcady:
Such beds of flowers and Hybla thyme,
The loving elm and spreading vine, *
Soft gentle air, sweet Philomel,
Kind turtle's moans, and shady cells;
Intice one's yeilding ears and eyes,
To taste such daintiest novelties:
Or rest or sleep by river's sides,
Whose streams with gentle murmur glides.
Our land doth yield Lyæan † vines,
The golden fleece, or twist as fine,

* That there hath been store of vines and vineyards in England as at Windsor and other places, appeareth in the records kept by the Clerk of the Pleas for that castle, the honours and forests; where is set down the charge of the vineyard in the little park, and making the wine, whereof tythe was paid to the abbot of Waltham.

† To these praises of the land, for the people's honour, add this as a corollary: since arts taught, scarce any nation more ingenious: since Christianity, more zealously given and religious; witness the many schools of learning, the universities, besides those in Scotland, two in England, comparable with any in the world; the fair churches, buildings, hospitals, monasteries, religious houses and colleges, though a multitude swept away and defaced, in the reign of K. Hen. VIII. yet monuments of the piety, art, wisdom, and industry of our ancestors, in such abundance, as scarce any nation able to equal, at least to surpass them.

Almost as Indian Seres weave;
Pomona's fruit, and Ceres' sheaves;
Thrice happy soil for earth and air,
Scarce knowing what (the less her care!)
To Scythian Aconitum strong,
Or Pontus poisons doth belong."

ART. V. *Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasvry. Being the second part of Wits Common Wealth. By Francis Meres, Maister of Artes of both Vniuersities. Viuiter ingenio, cætera mortis erunt. At London printed by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be solde at his shop at the Royall Exchange.* 1598. *Small* 8vo. *leaves* 174.

[Engraved title] *Witts Academy, a Treasurie of Goulden Sentences, similies and examples. Set forth cheefely for the benefitt of young Schollers. By Fr. M. M^r. of Arts of both Vniversities. Printed at London for Richard Royston,* 1636. *Io. Droeshout scul.* [In an arch having two whole-length figures of "Wisedome" and "Salomon," and on the plinth "Oxford" and "Cambridge." Second title same as above.] *London, printed by William Stansby, and are to be sold by Richard Royston, at his shop in Iuie Lane,* 1634.

Francis Meres was the son of Thomas Meres of Kirton in Holland, in the county of Lincoln. He was entered of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and took the degree of B.A. 1587, and of M. A. 1591. He was incorporated at Oxford July 10, 1593, and about that period was a minister and schoolmaster. He be-

came rector of Wing, in the county of Rutland, sometime in or near 1602, and held the same for the remainder of his life, which terminated in 1646, at the advanced age of 81.*

The Wits' Common Wealth was first printed 1598, and there is one, if not more, editions than the above. Wood considers it "a noted school book," which accords with the engraved title as "set forth chiefly for the benefit of young scholars." From the comparative discourse upon our English poets, the work obtained considerable repute. Heywood, in his Apology for Actors, calls him an approved good scholar, and tells us his account of authors is learnedly done.† Oldys speaks him "of no small reputation at that time for his moral and poetical writings." ‡ His reading was general and extensive, and the connecting his numerous transcripts shews taste, research, and strong critical judgment. It is not to depreciate his labour upon the subject of the "comparative discourse," that I notice the greater portion to be derived from the first book of Puttenham's Art of English Poesy, in particular the thirty-first chapter. § By the additions it forms a valuable chronology for that period, and the discovery of Henslowe's latent papers establishes its credit as being just and correct. As a new edition of Puttenham's work is reported to be in the press, and as it is not probable the booksellers will venture to reprint the Wit's Treasury, though scarce and of some pecuniary value, giving the whole discourse

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. Fast. 146, and MS. notes by Dr. Farmer, in a copy of Meres.

† Censura, Vol. VI. p. 343.

‡ Biog. Brit. Art. Drayton, p. 1746. § Censura, Vol. I. p. 339.

at

at this juncture appeared an useful article. To the readers of the CENSURA many of the names must be familiar as houshold ones; but to some I have ventured to add a few notes, and trust they will obtain candour and indulgence amidst their imperfections.

"*A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets.*

"As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and Italy, other three auncient poets, Liuius Andronicus, Ennius, & Plautus: so hath England three auncient poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate.

"As Homer is reputed the Prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets, so Chaucer is accounted the god of English poets. *

"As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity, so Piers Plowman was the first that obserued the true quantitie of our verse without the curiositie of rime. †

"Ouid writ a Chronicle from the beginning of the world to his own time, that is, to-raign of Augustus the Emperour: so hath Harding the Chronicler (after

* Whetstone has censured the old bard in a stanza of Cresid's Complaint, in the first part of the Rock of Regard, 1576.

"But as the hawke to gad, which knowes the way,
Will hardly leaue, to cheake at carren crowes,
If long unserude, she waites and wants her pray;
Or as the horse, in whom disorder growes,
His iadish trickes againe wil hardly loose:
So they in youth, which Venus ioye so proue,
In drouping age, Syr Chaucer's iestes will loue."

† Piers Plowman, i. e. Robert Langlande, flourished 1530. A specimen of his work may be found in Cooper's Muse's Library, p. 7.

his

his manner of old harsh riming) from Adam to his time, that is, to the raigne of King Edward the Fourth.*

"As Sotades Maronites ye· iambicke poet gaue himselfe wholy to write impure and lasciuious things, so Skelto͂† (I know not for what great worthines, surnamed the poet laureat) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such amo͂g the Greeks were called Pantomimi, with vs Buffons.

"As Consaluo Periz, that excellent learned man, and Secretary to King Philip of Spayne, in translating the Vlysses of Homer out of Greeke into Spanish, hath by good iudgement auoided the faulte of ryming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying: so hath Henrie Howarde that true and noble Earle of Surrey in translating the fourth book of Virgil's Æneas, whom Michael Drayton, in his England's heroycall epistles hath eternized for an epistle to his faire Geraldine.

"As these Neoterickes Iouianus Pontanus, Politianus, Marullus Tarchaniota, the two Strozæ, the father and the son, Palingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa, and Germanus Brixius haue obtained renown and good place among the auncient Latine poets: so also these Englishmen being Latine poets, Gualter Haddon,‡ Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland,§ Thomas Newton with his

* John Hardinge supposed to have died 1451, very aged.

† His life, taken from Wood's Ath. Ox. V. i. p. 22, was reprinted some time since in black-letter, 12mo. without date or printer's name. I am told there are only twenty-five copies. He died 1529.

‡ President of Magdalen College, and Doctor of Civil Law, Oxford. His poems were printed 1567. Died 15-2, aged 56. A copy of his monument may be found in Stowe's Survey of L ndon.

§ See title of his work. CENSURA, iv. p. 349.

Leyland,*

Leyland,* Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion,† [John] Brunswerd,‡ and [Richard] Willey,‖ haue attained good report and honorable aduancement in the Latin empyre.

"As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius and Claudianus: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouslie inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman.

"As Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently, as to giue vs *effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of a iust empyre vnder y^e. name of Cyrus (as Cicero saieth of him) made therein an absolute heroicall poem; and as Heliodorus writ in prose his sugred inuetio" of that picture of loue in Theagines and Cariclea, and yet both excellent admired poets: so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia in prose, and yet our rarest poet.

"As Sextus Propertius saide, *Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade:* so I say of Spencer's Fairy Queene, I knowe not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written.

* *Illustrium aliquot Anglorum Encomia.* At the end of Jo. Leland's *Encomia Trophæa*, &c. Lon. 1589.

† "Tho. Campiani poema," licensed to Richard Field, 1594. He is mentioned in Camden's list of "pregnant wits," and by Wood as "an admired poet and musician."

‡ Or Brownswerd, educated at both universities; settled at Macclesfield in Cheshire. Died Ap. 15, 1589, the same year his poems were printed.

‖ Ricardi Willeii poematum liber. 1573. Her. 8vo.

"As

" As Achilles had the aduantage of Hector, because it was his fortune to bee extolled and renowned by the heauenly verse of Homer: so Spenser's Elisa, the Fairy Queen, hath the aduantage of all the Queenes in the worlde to bee eternized by so diuine a poet.

" As Theocritus is famoused for his Idyllia in Greeke, and Virgill's for his Eclogs in Latine: so Spencer, their imitatour in his Shepheardes Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poeticall inuention, and most exquisit wit.

" As Parthenius Nicæus excellently sung the praises of his Arete: so Daniel hath diuinely sonetted the matchlesse beauty of his Delia.

" As euery one mourneth, when hee heereth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice: so euery one passionateth, when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond.

" As Lucan hath mournefully depainted the ciuil wars of Pompey & Cæsar: so hath Daniel the ciuill wars of Yorke and Lancaster; and Drayton the civill wars of Edward the Second, and the Barons.

" As Virgill doth imitate Catullus in ye. like matter of Ariadne for his story of Queene Dido: so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ouid in his England's Heroical Epistles.

" As Sophocles was called a bee for the sweetnes of his tongue, so in Charles Fitz-Iefferies' Drake,* Drayton is termed golden-mouthed for the purity and pretiousnesse of his stile and phrase.

* Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem was entituled " Sir Francis Drake, his honorable life's commendation, and his tragicall death's lamentation, newly printed, with additions, 1596," 12mo. *Review of the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum*, written by Mr. Park. Fitzgeffrey was rector of St. Dominic, Cornwall, and died Feb. 22, 1636, aged 61.

" As

" As Accius, M. Attilius, and Milithus were called Tragædiographi, because they writ tragedies: so may wee truly terme Michael Drayton Tragædiographus, for his passionate penning the downfals of valiant Robert of Normandy, chast Matilda, and great Gaueston.

" As Ioan. Honterus in Latine verse writ 3 bookes of Cosmography w^t. geographicall tables, so Michael Drayton is now in penning in English verse a poem called Polu-olbion, geographical and hydrographicall, of all the forests, woods, mountaines, fountaines, riuers, lakes, flouds, bathes and springs, that be in England.

" As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among al writers to be of an honest life and vpright conuersation, so Michael Drayton *(quẽ toties honoris & amoris causa nomino)* among schollers, souldiours, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conuersation, and wel gouerned cariage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man, & whẽ cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisedome.

" As Decius Ausonius Gallus in libris fastorum, penned the occurrences of y^e. world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the raigne of the Emperor Gratian, so Warner, in his absolute Albion's Englande hath most admirably penned the historie of his own country from Noah to his time, that is, the raigne of Queene Elizabeth; I haue heard him termd of the best wits of both our vniuersities, our English Homer.

" As Euripedes is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner amõg our English poets.

" As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to liue in Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ouid liues in mellifluous & hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

" As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare, among ye. English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his Ge~tleme~ of Verona, his Errors, his Loue Labor's Lost, his Loue Labour's Wonne, his Midsummer's Night Dreame, & his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy, his Richard the 2. Richard the 3. Henry the 4. King Iohn, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Iuliet.

" As Epius Stolo said that the muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

" As Musæus, who wrote the loue of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras & Hercules: so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subiect, Christopher Marlow, and George Chapman.

" As Ouid saith of his worke,

Iamq. opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

" And as Horace saith of his; *Exegi monumentum ære perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; non Aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis series & fuga temporum:* so say I seuerally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spencer's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's and Warner's workes;

Non Iouis ira, imbres: Mars: ferrum: flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus, vnda: lues: turbo: venena ruent.

Et

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Dij conspirabu"t, Cronus, Vulcanus, & pater ipse gentis;
Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Æternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.

"As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano and Ariosto: so England had Mathew Roydon,* Thomas Atchelow,† Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid,‡ Robert Greene, & George Peele.

"As there are eight famous and chiefe languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Syriack, Arabicke, Italian, Spanish and French: so there are eight notable seuerall kindes of poets, heroicke, lyricke, tragicke, comicke, satiricke, iambicke, elegiacke & pastoral.

"As Homer and Virgil among the Greeks and Latines are the chief heroick poets, so Spencer and Warner be our chiefe heroicall makers.

"As Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines are the best lyrick poets: so in this faculty the best amo"g our poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds) Danjel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretto".

"As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Aes-

* Author of some occasional introductory lines in commendation of his contemporaries, and of an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, inserted in "The Phœnix Nest," 1593.

† Or Acheley. See Cens. Vol. vii. p. 167.

‡ The title of Kyd to be considered the English Tasso appears at present very slender. He has been pointed out by Mr. Park as a contributor to the "Belvedere," and also "England's Parnassus." It is conjectured by Hawkins, he wrote the tragedy of "Soliman and Perseda," which arises from an apparent connection it seems to have with his play of "The Spanish Tragedy, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia." Upon the last he was universally ridiculed, and the effect seems to have been an increased demand by the public. The editions were, besides one without date, 1602, 1603, 1610, 1615, 1618, 1623, 1633. It is inserted in Dodsley's Collection, as also his other play of Cornelia.

chylus,

chylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achæüs Erithriæus, Astydamus Athenie˜sis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca: so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst,* Doctor Leg of Cambridge,† Doctor Edes of Oxforde,‡ Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates,§ Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Iohnson.

"As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called Medea, the other de Incendio Troiæ cum Priami calamitate: so Doctor Leg hath penned two famous tragedies, y^e^. one of Richard the 3, the other of the destruction of Ierusalem.

"The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis, Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxa˜drides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus, Athenie˜sis, and Callias Athenie˜sis; and among the La-

* Jointly with Thomas Norton wrote Ferrex and Porrex. See Dodsley's Collection, 2d Edit. Vol. i. p. 101.

† Vice-chancellor of Oxford, author of two tragedies not printed. Died 1607, aged 72.

‡ Dean of Worcester, died Nov. 19, 1604.

§ Dr. Farmer had noticed in the margin the christian name of Ferrers as George, which seems a doubtful question. The words in Puttenham are "that for tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserue the hyest price:" and Warton was inclined to consider them the same person, but Ritson has attempted to prove the contrary, in the Bibliographia Poetica. If Puttenham alluded to the writer in the Mirrour for Magistrates, does it not appear singular the omitting to mention Baldwin and the other persons concerned in that production?

Alexis

tines, Plautus, Terence, Næuius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for comedy amongst vs bee, Edwarde Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde,* Maister Rowley once a rare scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge,† Maister Edwardes, one of her Maiestie's Chappell,‡ eloquent and wittie Iohn Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare; Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter,§ Wilson,‖ Hathway,** and Henry Chettle.††

* William Gager. Baker, in his Companion to the Play House, 1764, has the following passage.—"The commendation which Anth. à Wood gives of him as to his poetical talents is somewhat extraordinary. He was (says that author) an excellent poet, especially in the Latin tongue, and reputed the best comedian (by which I suppose he means dramatic writer) of his time, whether, adds he, it was Edward Earl of Oxford, Will. Rowley, the once ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Richard Edwards, John Lylie, Tho. Lodge, Geo. Gascoigne, Will. Shakespeare, Tho. Nash, or John Heywood. A combination of names, by the bye, so oddly jumbled together, as must convince us that Mr. Wood was a much better biographer than a judge of dramatic writings." This "odd jumble" is continued in the Biographia Dramatica by Reed; the origin of which the reader will now easily discover. Dr. Gager was living 1610. His controversy with Rainoldes respecting stage-plays is known to all readers of theatrical works.

† I consider this as *Samuel* Rowley the player, as well as poet; and that a portion of the character of *William* Rowley, given in the Biographia Dramatica, should be transferred to the preceding article. Reed's Shak. Vol. 3. Henslowe's list *passim*.

‡ Author of various poems in the Paradise of Dainty Devises. Died about 1566.

§ Wrote the pleasant history of the two angry women of Abington, printed 1599, a second part acted 1598, n. p. and Love prevented, acted 1598.

‖ See note *postea*.

** Richard Hathwaye was concerned in writing six dramatic pieces, not printed. The researches of Mr. Malone first discovered their titles, which are enumerated in *Barker's Continuation of the Theatrical Remembrancer to* 1803.

†† This writer assisted in 29 pieces also mentioned by *Barker*.

" As Horace, Lucilius Iuuenall, Persius & Lucullus are the best for satyre among the Latines, so with vs in the same faculty these are chiefe, Piers Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Imanuel Colledge in Cambridge; the author of Pigmalion's Image, and certaine satyrs;* the author of Skialetheia.†

" Among the Greekes I wil name but two for iambicks, Archilochus Parius, and Hipponax Ephesius: so amongst vs I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Haruey, and Richard Stanyhurst, bicause I haue seene no mo in this kind.

" As these are famous among the Greeks for elegie, Melanthus, Mymnerus, Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicæus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassæus; and these among the Latines, Mecænas, Ouid, Tibullus, Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Seuerus, & Clodius Sabinus: so these are the most passionate among vs to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of loue, Henrie Howard, Earle of Surry, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page, some time fellowe of Corpus Christi Colledge, in Oxford,‡ Churchyard, Bretton.

" As Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the authour of Amyntæ Gaudia and Walsingham's Melibæus are the best for pastorall, so amongst vs the best in this kind are Sir

* Printed 1598, by Marston. † CENS. LIT. IV. p. 137.

‡ Vicar of Deptford, als. West Greenwich, Kent. Died Aug. 8, 1630, aged about 56. His poetical pieces are unknown, and his name is omitted in Ritson's Bib. Poetica.

Philip

Philip Sidney, Master Challener,* Spencer, Stephen Gosson,† Abraham Fraunce and Barnefield.

"These and many other epigrammatists y^e. Latin tongue hath, Q. Catulus, Porcius Licinius, Quintus Cornificus, Martial, Ch. Getulicus, and wittie Sir Thomas Moore, so in English we haue these, Heywood, Drāte, Kendal, Bastard, Dauies.

"As noble Mecænas that sprung from the Hetruscan kinges not onely graced poets by his bounty, but also by beeing a poet himselfe; and as Iames the 6. nowe king of Scotland is not only a fauorer of poets, but a poet, as my friend master Richard Barnefielde hath in this disticke passing well recorded;

'The King of Scots now liuing is a poet;
As his Lepanto and his furies show it.'‡

So Elizabeth our dread soueraign and gracious Queene is not only a liberal patrone vnto poets, but an excellent poet herselfe, whose learned, delicate, and noble muse surmounteth, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or in any other kinde of poem heroicke, or lyricke.

"Octauia, sister vnto Augustus the Emperour, was exceeding bountifull vnto Virgil, who gaue him for making 26 verses, 1137 pounds, to wit, tenne sestertiaes for euerie verse, which amount to about 43 pounds for euery verse: so learned Mary, the honorable Countesse of Pembrook, the noble sister of immortall Sir Philip Sidney, is very liberall vnto poets; besides shee

* Ritson has a probable conjecture of this being Sir Thomas Chaloner. Meres, copying verbatim from Puttenham, might retain the style of master, although he was knighted in 1591.

† Born about 1556, and alive 1615. His *pastoral* pieces are unknown.

‡ See Royal and Noble Authors by Mr. Park, Vol. I. p. 117.

is a most delicate poet, of whom I may say, as Antipater Sidonius writeth of Sappho:

' Dulcia Mnemosyne demirans carmina Sapphus,
Quæsiuit decima Pieris vnde foret.'

Among others in times past, poets had these fauourers, Augustus, Mecænas, Sophocles, Germanicus, an emperour, a nobleman, a senatour, and a captaine; so of later times poets haue these patrones, Robert King of Sicil, the great King Francis of France, King Iames of Scotland, & Queene Elizabeth of England.

" As in former times two great cardinals, Bembus & Biena, did countenance poets, so of late yeares two great preachers haue giuen them their right hands in felowship, Beza and Melancthon.

" As the learned philosophers Fracastorius and Scaliger haue highly prized them, so haue the eloquent orators Pontanus and Muretus very gloriously estimated them.

" As Georgius Buckananus' Iephthe, amõgst all moderne tragedies, is able to abide the touche of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripedes examples, so is Bishop Watson's Absalon *

" As Terence for his translations out of Apollodorus & Menander, and Aquilius for his translation out of Menander, and C. Germanicus Augustus for his out of Aratus, and Ausonius for his translated epigrams out of Greeke, and Doctor Iohnson for his Frogge-fight out of Homer, and Watson for his Antigone out of Sophocles, haue got good commendations,† so these versifiers

* Bishop of Winchester, died Jan. 23, 1583, aged 63.

† " That no reader may be misled (says Warton upon this article) I observe here, that Christopher Johnson, a celebrated head master of Winchester school, afterwards a physician, translated Homer's Frogs and Mice into Latin

versifiers for their learned translations are of good note among vs, Phaer for Virgil's Aeneads, Golding for Ouid's Metamorphosis, Harington for his Orlando Furioso, the translators of Senecae's Tragedies,* Barnabe Googe for Palingenius, Turbeuile for Ouid's Epistles and Mantuan, and Chapman for his inchoate Homer.

" As the Latines haue these emblematists, Andreas Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so we haue these, Geffrey Whitney, Andrew Willet,† and Thomas Combe.

" As Momus Panapolyta writ the gospell of Saint Iohn in Greeke hexameters, so Ieruis Markham hath written Salomon's Canticles in English verse.

" As C. Plinius writ the life of Pomponius Secundus, so young Charles Fitz Ieffrey, that high touring falcon, hath most gloriously penned the honourable life and death of worthy Sir Francis Drake.

" As Hesiod writ learnedly of husbandry in Greeke, so hath Tusser very wittily and experimentally written of it in English.

" As Antipater Sidonus was famous for extemporall verse in Greeke, and Ouid for his *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*, so was our Tarleton, of whome Doctour Case that learned physitian thus speaketh in the seuenth booke, & seuenteenth chapter of his poli-

Latin hexameters, which appeared in quarto, at London, in 1580. Thomas Watson, author of a Hundred Sonnets, or the passionate century of Love, published a Latin Antigone in 1581." Hist. of Eng. Po. V. iii. p. 433.

* Jasper Heywood, John Studley, Thomas Nuce, Alexander Nevyle, and Thomas Newton. A critical account of the work may be found in Warton, Vol. iii. p. 382; and further specimens will be found in the present volume.

† See Cens. Vol. I. p. 312.

Art. VI. *Mar-Martine.*

I know not why a trueth in rime set out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose-books cast about
Marpriests, & prelates, and subvert whole states.
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes,
One truth in rime, is worth ten lies in prose.

This farrago of rimes appears to be the performance of more than one writer. There are eighteen pieces, of various length, from the galling couplet to the string of desultory stanzas, and equally dissimilar in point of measure.* They are printed on four leaves, in folio, without date or name of printer. The first page is occupied with the above lines as a title, and which general title is considered sufficient for the whole; the only division between the respective pieces being a black line. The following is the second piece; it is the longest and the lightest.

" England was wont by auncient rites,
To stand and so endure:
But now new faulkeners make men birds,
And call vs to the lure.
The painted lure the hauke deceaues,
Men find no grapes on painted leaues.

This catching sport will scratching make,
The quarrell heere will grow
Twixt hauke and faulkener at the last;
Each one will make a showe;
I flew, I caught, the hauke may say,
The faulkener what? I'le haue the praie.

* Herbert says it " consists of different epitaphs, or satirical verses, of various metres." It has only *one* epitaph at the end.

The

The cleargie man like sillie hauke
Hath flowen at lai-man's lore;
And nowe perceaues that flying still
Yet flie he may the more;
If ought be caught by flight of thine,
The lai-man saith all must be mine.

I swoopt at fair'st bothe church and lande
To lay to cleargie vse;
But lai-man laies, lai-man so calde,
And vowes to lay abuse;
O greedie dirt thy craft I see,
Be hauke and faulkener both for me.

Is this thy sigh, thy hand devout,
Turn'd vp with white of eie?
Thy gape, thy grone, to cosen him
That sits in heauen so high?
O greedy dirt, O hellish hart,
Thy cunning coven will make thee smart.

Poore John and Ioane are eaten vp,
The country cleane forlorne,
Men turn'd to sheepe, let *pecus* fight,
Men cannot long be borne;
O blessed Prince, looke wel to this,
Twill shorten soone our countrie's blisse.

Abbots were fat & friers frimme,
The whoresons lov'de their ease;
Yet standing house by them was kept,
Which did the poore man please;
Now much of theirs to them is gone,
Who having much yet spend they none.

They fly to wood like breeding hauke,
And leaue old neighbour's loue,
They pearch themselues in syluane lodge,
And soare in th' aire aboue;

There magpy teacheth them to chat,
And cookow soone doth hit them pat.

When winter comes our Eues lacke heate,
And cast off Adam olde;
And then hot sprites must needs be had,
To put in heat to colde;
To townes they goe, within a while,
Looke home old Adam. Marke this wile

The holy whore no fellow hath,
The Pruritane is shee;
That midst her praiers sends her eie,
The purest man to see;
The purer man, the better grace,
The clearest hue the cherefulst face.

Sprite moues her first to wish him wel,
And discipline decaied
Doth make her seeke so far from wood,
To haue God's word obaied;
I'le tel you plaine, the matter is fresh,
They gin in sprite, but end in flesh.

A displing rod must needs be had;
Good Martins say not so;
This displing rod, will make you nod,
And cause your heads to grow:
Get home, keepe house, ware tounes so pure:
Their zeale is hot, they'le plaie you sure.

When home you come, ioine faith & loue,
Let priest his portion hatie,
Let neighbours field be as it was,
Cast off your garments braue;
Loue God and gospel as you ought,
And let that goe, that was il sought.

Must

Must churches doune to maintaine pride
And make your sailes to swel?
Few mighty subiects fit a state,
A few doe verie wel.
Crack me this nut, thou gentle blood,
Whose father was but Robin-hood.

Shall prince say no, and pearlesse men
Detest this wrangling broode;
Who neither prince nor peere will knowe
In this their traiterous moode?
And do they liue, and liue they stil
Their poisoned cup of gal to fil?

Martin's farewel, and let's be friends,
And thanke God for his word,
And prince and peers, and peace and al,
And skaping forraine sword;
Yet no man's sword could strike so sore
As Martin's would. I'le say no more."

This is succeeded by six ten-line stanzas of a strange epithetical compound of garbled sentences, with a studied phraseology, in part imitating the Scotish language. A few lines will suffice.

"Thou caytif kerne, vncouth thou art, vnkist thou eke sal bee,
For aiming thus in coverture at prelatis hie in gree.
Thy spell is borrell, spokis bin blunt, thy sconce rude rusticall,
But to the heefor fell and fierce short hornis done eft befall.—St. 1.

Quhat zeale were thilke that kingis gwerdons, whae are iclad in clay,
Quhilk they bequeathit to the kirke as monuments for aie,
Should be so robd and ransackit, contrair to their behests,
To make new vpstart lacks Lor-Danes, with coin to cramm their chests?
That they whaes fathers were bot kernis, knauis, pesants, clownis, & booris,
Moght perke as paddocks, ligg in soft, & swath their paramoris.—St. 3.

Thilke

Thilke men of elde that han from God the spirite of prophecie,
Quhilk thou dost reke, did not as thou, spekes scoffes and ribaudrie.
Weil lettred clarkis endite thair warkes (quoth Horace) slow & geasoun,
But thou can wise forth buike by buike at euery spurt & seasoun.
For men of litrature t' endite so fast, them doth not sitte,
Emounter in them, as in thee, thair pen outrun thair witt;
The shaftis of foolis are soone shotte out, bot fro the merke they stray,
So art thou glibbe to gulbe and taunte, but rouest all the way.
Quhen thou hast parbrackt out thy gorge, & shot out all thy arrowes,
See that thou hold thy clacke, & hang thy quiver on the gallowes."

St. 5.

The epigrams have more abuse than wit.

" New-fangled bores I thought to terme the birdes of Martin's nest,
But that I see in getting boies, like men they doe their best.
The veriest knaves cheese Pruritans, and Martinists are found;
And why? they saie where sin was great, there grace will most abound."

The merit or demerit of controversial publications is seldom a matter worth inquiry; their ephemerical purpose served, they are generally destroyed and forgotten. In the present instance, tracts that once created an universal ferment in this kingdom, now only occur among the rarest preservations of chance, and the most industrious research will not gratify the collector with obtaining possession of the whole pro and con. Literary curiosities they must remain while the history of the press forms a prominent feature in that of our country; but of their origin the following lines give such an indifferent description, as to leave that scarcity unregretted by general readers.

" If any mervaile at the man, and doe desire to see,
The stile and phrase of Martin's booke, come learn it here of me.
Holde my cloke boy, chill have a fling at Martin, O the boore,
And if his horse play like him well, of such he shall have store.
He thus bumfeges his bousing mates, and who is Martin's mate?
O that the steale counters were knoune, chood catch them by the pate,

Th'

Th' vntaught snuffes first iesting booke, though clownish, knauish was,
But keeping still one stile, he prooues a sodden headed asse.
Beare with his ingramnesse awhile, his seasoned wainscot fate,
That brought that godly cobler Cliffe,* for to disproue his grace.

But, O, that godly cobler Cliffe, as honest an olde lad,
As Martin (O the libeller) of hangbyes ever had:
If I berime thy worshipnes, as thou beliest thy betters,
For railing see which of vs two shall be the greatest getters.
But if in flinging at such states, thy noddle be no slower;
Thy brother hangman will thee make, be pulde three asses lower.
Then mend these manners Martin, or in spite of Martin's nose,
My rithme shall be as dogrell, as vnlearned is thy prose.

These tinker termes, and barber's iestes first Tarleton on the stage,
Then Martin in his bookes of lies, hath put in euery page:
The common sort of simple swads, I can there state but pitie,
That will vouch safe, or deygne to laugh at libelles so vnwittie.
Let Martin thinke some pen as badde, some head to be as knavish,
Some tongue to be as glibbe as his, some rayling all as lavish;
And be content, if not because we know not where to find thee,
We hope to se thee where deserts of treason haue assign'd thee."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VII. *Supplement to some articles in the letters on Simon's coins.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I now find that the second tom. of Kircher's *Œdipus* was published at Rome in 1653, but as the transmission of books from foreign countries was not then so quick as it has been since, it is still very possible that Walton might know nothing of the contents of that book when he published his own in 1657. I find

* See Herbert, p. 1687.

however

however that the coins of Simon had been made known to the public before the appearance of Kircher's book by a Jew of the name of Moses Alaschar; for that book of Alaschar is quoted by Morinus in his tract *de Samarit. pentat. p.* 209, which was published as early as 1631: it does not however appear whether Alaschar had or not discovered the name of *Simon* on them, but he had deciphered the legend of *liberation of Zion*, yet this alone was not sufficient to prove to Walton that they were coined since the captivity.

All legends, which had been found on Jewish coins before Alaschar, were only *shekel of Israel* or *Jerusalem the holy*, and they were of the larger kinds called shekels, which are now generally conceived to be all of them forgeries by the Jews to impose on Europeans, who were studious of Jewish antiquities: so that the too confident assertions of Scaliger, Walton, and Prideaux, were founded merely on error, or at best on coins not so sufficiently authenticated as those of Simon have been since.

Hence we see how very slowly truth comes to light; but for the examiner of Mr. Hurwitz to remain under such an old error, and make use of an exploded argument after better evidence and more certain and later facts have been laid before the public, is less excusable. As to Prideaux it seems scarcely possible, but that he must have known the name of Simon to have been found on the only Jewish coins now esteemed genuine; since I have pointed out so many authors by whom that name is mentioned before 1715 as found on such coins: his omission then of all notice of them seems to have arisen from his conviction, that coins struck

under

under the Maccabees in so late an age as 500 years after the captivity could never prove the use of Samaritan letters before the captivity; and yet the examiner of Hurwitz has taken up as a capital evidence that very one which Prideaux rejected, and so have others. But the date of the coinage of the larger shekels was also at least uncertain, if not worse proof for Prideaux to employ.

To my former catalogue of authors who had mentioned the name of Simon being on those coins before 1715 I may now add M. Simon in his *Bibliotheque de Sanjore* in 1708, on account of his remarkable recantation of that argument in favour of the *pristine antiquity* of Samaritan letters founded on Jewish coins: his 27th and 28th chapters of tom. 2 are expressly concerning this subject. He begins thus: "One ought not to be surprised, that I have in some measure changed my opinion concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters among the Jews; in matters of criticism one often makes new discoveries: when I first published my works, I was in the common opinion concerning this subject with almost all other learned men; but I have since had evident proofs that what has been generally said concerning the antiquity of shekels in Samaritan letters, is not altogether well founded." *P.* 389.

"Ancient Jews, and others who have followed them, did not know that these shekels were struck long after Solomon under the Maccabees; as appears visibly, because they were struck in the name of the chief priest Simon, which name is to be found on several coins where some learned authors have read different legends." *P.* 410.

"It

"It cannot be denied that the Maccabee chiefs made use of Samaritan letters, but it does not necessarily follow hence, that the Jews made use of them in their *most early* times." *P.* 409.

Possibly Prideaux might have been as well convinced as M. Simon, or by him that no argument in favour of the antiquity of Samaritan letters could be drawn from those coins having the name of Simon on them, yet he appears to have thought otherwise concerning the shekels with the legend of *Jerusalem the holy*; and yet Reland and Ottius had before 1715 equally reprobated these for not affording any adequate evidence, as M. Simon has both classes. But thus it happens, that some well-known and popular authors instead of assisting us to make further advances in knowledge often pull men back again into the errors of a century or two before, and mislead others to adopt their own exploded errors: it is the business then of those, who sit in judgment upon new books, to form such a better acquaintance with the criticisms of former times as to be able to correct such errors, instead of lending a helping hand to lead us back again into an age of ignorance; of which misconduct the examiner of Mr. Hurwitz has by no means afforded any singular specimen among the public critics.

M. Simon goes on to support the propriety of his recantation by quoting some further information concerning Jewish coins from *Bouteroue* in his *Recherches des Monnoyes de France*, published as early as 1666; which being a scarce book, and containing some particulars not noticed by Reland and Ottius, I shall copy some articles in further illustration of my preceding letters. Now *Bouteroue* mentions one silver coin, which

which is exactly like the coin of Henrion, having a bunch of grapes on one side and on the other a lyre with the legend *liberation of Jerusalem*; but in this coin the first letter of *Schemoun*, namely *S*, is visible as well as the last two letters: he mentions also another coin, on which it is only the two last letters, which are defaced. These confirm the name to have been *Schemoun*. The *former* of these is in silver, but the *latter* is in bronse: this confirms that the four silver ones of the second class, struck on coins of Trajan, were of the same nature in other respects with the bronse ones, and relative to the same event with those coins examined by Reland and Ottius, which were *all* in bronse with *liberation of Jerusalem* on them also; and it does not appear that they knew of any silver ones of those smaller sizes, but only of the large silver shekels worth two shillings and four pence. Bouteroue calls the *latter* of his above two coins, viz. that in bronse a *quarter shekel*, but another in bronse he calls a *shekel*; which cannot be rightly *surnamed*, yet it still shews how great a difference there must be in the *sizes* of those bronse coins as well as *values*. Which then of these different sizes in bronse did Barthelemy mean to say were conformable to the *fabric* of coins of Syrian kings?

It appears by Bouteroue's account of their types and legends, that these were *all* the very same with those on the smaller bronse coins of Reland and Ottius, which Ottius also had found to be of very different *weights*. Bouteroue seems more right in the *name* with respect to the silver coins; for his *first*, which was like the silver one of Henrion, he calls a quarter shekel, or *dracme*, of silver. Now a *draeme*, in French,

is an eighth part of an ounce troy; if then an ounce was worth five shillings, the eighth would be seven pence halfpenny, and thus be a quarter part of two shillings and four pence, the greatest value of a shekel. It would be curious therefore to know, whether the two silver ones, in Mr. Hunter's collection, struck on coins of Trajan, weigh a *dracme* likewise: if they do, or apparently did so before worn and defaced, it would prove that *all* these silver coins were rather formed in *conformity* to the silver coins of the Roman Emperors than of Hebrew weights or the Syrian kings. It is indeed possible even that these silver ones of Bouteroue might have been originally coins of Trajan also, although so well superstruck, as that the Roman letters were all obscured: it would also be of some use to know whether there be any others of these silver coins of a different weight from those of a *dracme* (except the shekels,) or whether all of them are not conformed to the weight of Trajan's silver coins, rather than to Hebrew weights, or to the coins of the Syrian kings. Without knowing some more of these particulars it is impossible to make any thing of Barthelemy's proof of there being a *first* class conformable to Syrian royal coins: for as Bouteroue confirms the account of Ottius, that the bronse ones are of very different *weights* and *sizes*, did Barthelemy mean that *all* of these were conformable to royal Syrian coins, or only *some* of them; if the latter what are we to think of the rest? Which nevertheless Reland and Ottius thought to be *all* equally coins of Simon Maccabee; and can any distinction in point of antiquity be made while they are *all* so similar in their types and legends? Every way thenthat we can survey Barthelemy's argument from such

such *conformity*, for making a difference between the *first* and *third* classes it amounts to nothing satisfactory: all the above authors have indeed omitted to mention many necessary articles of information, for which reason I have added those of Bouteroue from Simon's *Bibliotheque*, as the work itself of Bouteroue is scarce.

It appears further from Morinus in his *Exercitat. Samaritan. p.* 125, that a Moses Nachman, who lived before 1300, had mentioned his seeing some Jewish shekels of the larger class, which had on them *shekel of Israel and Jerusalem the holy*, together with pots of manna and Aaron's rod for types: if these were genuine, still from the similarity of their types to the lesser ones there is no reason to suppose these also to be of greater antiquity than those having Simon on them; therefore Prideaux had no sufficient authority for speaking so confidently of their antiquity, and of the proof arising from such shekels concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters. But possibly Bayer, whose book is scarce also, may have cleared up some of the above articles of insufficient information; at present I can find no foundation for attributing greater antiquity to *some* than to others; and as four of them are now with certainty proved not to be more ancient than Trajan, the same is probably the case with *all* the rest, especially as I have pointed out several circumstances attending them more suitable to Barcochebas than to Simon Maccabee.

After having thus invalidated this favourite evidence for the antiquity of Samaritan letters, readers possibly may wish to know whether there be any other which is more solid. I confess that I think there is not;

what Mr. Hurwitz has urged against them I am ignorant, having not read his book; but the only other evidence for them is from Jewish tradition in the Talmud. M. Simon however himself acknowledges, that the traditions there on this subject are in direct opposition to one another, as Buxtorf has also proved ever since 1662, in his *Dissert. de origine ling. Hebr.* He says "that he is convinced that Buxtorf has sufficiently proved from the Talmud, that although in one passage [*according to the common interpretation of it*] Mar Sutra affirms the antiquity of the Samaritan letters, yet in the same place of the Gemava of the same tract, *Sanhedrin*, R. Simeon says the directly contrary after Rabbi Eleazar, and affirms that neither the Jewish language nor letters had undergone any change by Ezra." P. 425, *tom.* 2.

Such contradictory traditions then can amount to no evidence, especially since Simon adds, "that no dependence whatever is to be placed on any traditions in either of the Talmuds." Les traditions qui n' ont point d'autre fondation que le Talmud sont peu croyables; ce vaste ouvrage est si plein de contradictions, que le plus souvent il ne merite pas qu'on y ait egard: on y voit des docteurs, qui se combattent avec force les uns les autres sur leurs traditions," *p.* 427. Accordingly, learned Jews themselves have had different opinions on this subject ever since; but one further evidence has occurred to me of which I have seen no hint before, which is, that even that passage of Mar Sutra, above mentioned, which has been made the *only* foundation for the antiquity of Samaritan letters, appears to me to have been altogether misinterpreted by Raf Chasda, whose interpretation of it is subjoined in

in the Talmud; and that Mar Sutra actually *meant* to affirm the directly contrary to what Raf Chasda supposes him to mean: now it is that interpretation by Raf Chasda which the Jews and Christians have adopted ever since, but I apprehend very erroneously, and this is the only passage in the Talmud in favour of Samaritan letters.

I was led to this opinion by a remark in the above work of Simon, in which he asserts "that there is *one* evident *error* in the common interpretation of that passage in question (which I will mention afterwards) in regard to one assertion in it," *p.* 426. Now I wonder that the perception of this *error* did not carry him further, and as far as myself to perceive that the *whole* interpretation was erroneous, and has made Mar Sutra affirm the directly contrary to his real meaning. Let me first quote the whole passage itself, and then point out the above *error*; the words added in Italics, between crotchets, ascertain the senses which Raf Chasda gives to the preceding words, and which have been given to them ever since; but the question is whether those be the right senses. "Dixit Mar Sutra; in principio data est lex Israeli scripturâ Ebræâ *(Samaritanâ)* et linguâ sanctâ *(Ebræa)*: iterum data est ipsis in diebus Ezræ scripturâ Assyriacâ *(Ebræâ)* et linguâ Aramæâ *(Chaldæica)*. Elegerunt pro Israelitis *(Judæis)* scripturam Assyriacam *(Ebræam)* et linguam sanctam *(Ebræam)*; et reliquerunt Idiotis (Samaritanis) scripturam Ebræam *(Samaritanam)* et linguam Aramæam *(Chaldaicam)*. Quinam sunt Idiotæ? Raf Chasda dixit Cuthæi *(Samaritani)*. Quænam est scriptura Ebræa? Raf Chasda dixit Libonaah *(Samaritana)*."

Now, at the mere reading of the above so interpreted, I think that every reader must find himself astonished at almost every *national* name being made to have a sense quite different from what he had ever been used to before; yet such is the interpretation of Chasda, if *Israelitis* means *Judæis*, as it must do if *Idiotis* means *Samaritanis*; and accordingly so all Jews and Christians understand those words, even Simon himself. But what is the *error* above referred to? It is "that these Rabbins do not say what is really *true*, when they affirm "that there was left to the Arthæans *(Samaritans)* the *scriptura Ebræa* and *lingua Chaldaica*.' For it is certain that the Samaritan pentateuch is in *lingua sacra (Ebræa)* not in *Chaldaica*, and in the same language with that of the Jews themselves, although it is writ in Samaritan letters, not in the letters of the Jewish pentateuch."

This is such an evident and gross blunder, that it seems very wonderful how the interpretation by Raf Chasda could be so generally adopted, and he must therefore certainly have mistaken the sense of *Idiotis*, when he explains it to mean the *whole nation of Samaritans* instead of the *private commonalty of the Jews*, which is the most proper and general meaning of *Idiotis*; and of whom it is actually true that their paraphrases of the pentateuch in the *lingua Chaldaica* were writ in the letters of the *lingua sancta*, i. e. in Hebrew letters; but it is not true of the Samaritans, as Simon rightly remarks: the latter had indeed a paraphrase likewise, but this was in Samaritan letters as well as language. Now this alteration of the sense of *Idiotis* necessarily alters the sense of every *national* name throughout the whole passage, and restores them

to

to such senses, as they have every where else and ought to have here also. The explications in the crotchets will then stand thus. " Dixit Mar Sutra: In principio data est lex Israeli (et Judæis et Israelitis) scripturâ Ebræâ (Ebræâ et linguâ sanctâ (Ebræa): iterum data est lex ipsis diebus Ezræ scripturâ Assyriacâ (Syriaca et Samaritana) et lingua Aramæâ (Chaldaica). Elegerunt pro Israelitis (Samaritanis) scripturam Assyriacam (Samaritanam) et linguam sanctam (Ebræam) et reliquerunt Idiotis (privatis Judæis) scripturam Ebræam (Ebræam) et linguam Aramæam (Chaldaicam)."

Thus every assertion is true and every name has its right and common sense: but it must be observed that when Mar Sutra says that *iterum data est lex scripturâ Assyriaca et linguâ Aramæâ,* he cannot mean that these two innovations were united in *one* and the same copy, for this would not be true; but only that these *two* innovations were certainly made under Ezra, in two *different* copies however of the pentateuch. For the Samaritan copy was afterwards writ in Samaritan *letters* for the *Samaritans* (Assyriaca,) and the Jewish copy was afterwards paraphrased in the Chaldee *language* (Aramæa) for the use of *private Jews.* That Sutra thus meant *different copies* for the use of *different persons* is evident by his subsequent words, *eligerunt* and *reliquerunt.* When persons make *choice* of any thing, they must necessarily choose one out of *two* or more things; and thus out of the *two* innovations they *chose* Assyrian letters for the Samaritans; but thus the *second* innovation of Chaldee language they left *(reliquerunt)* to the *private Jews.* He could not have used *reliquerunt* with any pro-

 priety,

priety, if he had not meant that what was thus *left* was the remainder of the *two* innovations before mentioned, and which were after this manner *divided* between the copies by the Jews and Samaritans.

By this exposition, which necessarily results from giving the right sense to *Idiotis*, it appears that even this passage in the Talmud, if rightly explained, affirms the present Hebrew letters to have been the original letters of the pentateuch, not the Samaritan ones: and this also several Jews have asserted in the same chapter of the Talmud, and others expressed their astonishment that *Sutra* should say that the Samaritan letters were the original ones, as Simon himself thus affirms, "in the very same place of the Gemava of the tract *Sanhedrin*, R. Simeon says expressly after R. Eleazar the directly contrary to Mar Sutra above; he there affirms, that as the language of the people of Israel was not changed by Ezra, so also there was no change in their letters at that time." P. 425.

Buxtorf also produces the testimony of R. Abraham Harophe in these words—"*Obstupescit* cor meum, quomodo id ascendere potuerit in animum Mar Sutræ: an instar hominis est Deus, ut mutet aliquid circa scripturam legis, prout ab ipso metest data lex publice in oculis totius Israelis in monte Sinæ? Aut ut poeniteat ipsum *linguæ illius* propriæ Judæorum—mutando eam in *alienam scripturam* tempore Ezræ," *p.* 199. He was misled by the false interpretation of Sutra's words, which Raf Chasda had given in the Talmud, as all others have been ever since, and his implicit reverence for the Talmud would not permit him to suppose that there was any mistake concerning the *sense* of any thing affirmed there: he differed so far however

however from Raf Chasda, that he attempted to explain *Assyriaca* in a little different sense, but it is a puerile and unsolid evasion; he did not perceive where the real and original error existed, i. e. in the erroneous sense of *Idiotis*; and if this word be capable of such a further sense in Hebrew as it has sometimes in Greek and Latin of expressing contempt on account of ignorance, I should not wonder if Chasda was not hence only induced to apply it to the *Samaritans* rather than to the Jews; but almost certainly he has given a blundering explication of the true facts which Mar Sutra had expressed both properly and intelligibly, and also agreeably to the common senses elsewhere of the words he employed. Chasda is moreover equally singular in the use of his own word *Libonaah*, which, I believe, does not occur any where else to mean *Samaritans*: once I supposed it to be derived from *Libanus*, that mountain being the boundary between Cœlosyria and Palestine, beyond which latter the Jewish territories did not extend; but then it would rather denote Syrian than Samaritan letters. Therefore I rather presume the word to be formed from *Lebonah*, a town mentioned in Judges, xxi. 19, and situated near Bethel and Sichem in Samaria. We know, that in Ecclesiasticus, chap. 50, Samaritans are meant by *men of Sichem*, and might therefore be as well denoted by men of Lebonah.

Upon the whole then it hence appears, that there never was from the first any good foundation for conceiving the Jewish scriptures to have been writ in Samaritan letters originally, from any ancient traditions in the Talmud any more than from any ancient Jewish coins discovered in modern times, and the opinion has been

been founded altogether upon error in both cases; in the one case upon an error in language, in the other on an error in reasoning, or in reading, or both.

It is however true that there is so much similarity between Hebrew letters and Samaritan ones, that they seem to have been originally both of the same stock, and either that the less complicated Hebrew letters were an abridged manner of writing Samaritan letters, or else contrariwise the Samaritan ones a more laborious and intricate mode invented afterwards for forming Hebrew letters. M. Simon is of the former opinion, that Hebrew letters were a cursory and epistolic mode of writing Syrian ones, which may thus be considered as capitals when contrasted with a small running hand. But I do not perceive how we can hence form any conclusion as to which of the two is most *ancient*. For mankind sometimes indeed refine through time by adopting greater simplicity, but at other times by introduction of more intricate modes of ornament; thus the Saxon letters were only Latin letters spoilt by an excess of intricate ornament, while, on the contrary, Greek and Latin letters seem to have been simplifications of the more intricate oriental letters. No objection then against the *pristine antiquity* of Hebrew letters in the Jewish scriptures can be formed upon this foundation any more than on any others: and possibly the sole cause of any such opinion having become current among the Jews, as that Ezra had introduced a new species of letters, may have been, that those Jews and Israelites who remained in Judea and Israel during the captivity, had then so entirely lost the use of their pristine Hebrew letters, and so universally along with the Samaritans adapted Syrian letters, that upon the return

return from captivity they thought the original Hebrew letters of the Jews to be quite a new set brought with them from Babylon; although they were in reality only the ancient Hebrew letters preserved there, when they had been lost and forgot every where in Judea itself and in the kingdom of Israel.

Lastly, the above right explication of Mar Sutra's words gives information also concerning a fact, which has been much disputed among learned Christians, this is, what the *origin* was of the Samaritan pentateuch, and what *antiquity* ought to be attributed to it; for some have supposed it to be a copy derived from such as were current in the kingdom of Israel, before it ceased to be a kingdom; but this is no way probable, for Hebrew letters were then understood and current there, not Samaritan ones, which were not introduced there until afterwards. Leclerc again has supposed it to be derived from that copy of the scriptures, which was carried to Samaria by the priest, whom Esarchaddon sent there to teach the Samaritans the law of the Jews, and who turned, as he supposed, the Hebrew letters into Samaritan ones. Others have ascribed a later origin to it, but without being able to determine the precise time. Now Mar Sutra has there determined the time, so far as his own opinion and information are able to determine it, namely, when Ezra formed a corrected copy of the Hebrew bible; and this seems no way improbable: for Ezra finding, that all the Jews as well as Israelites, who had not quitted Palestine had forgot the Hebrew letters, and many of those also who returned from captivity were better acquainted with Chaldean or Syrian letters than the original Hebrew ones; might just as naturally direct the Hebrew letters

to

to be turned into Syrian or Samaritan ones for the benefit of the Israelites, as to paraphrase the Hebrew language by a Chaldee translation for the benefit of those Jews who had lost the Hebrew tongue. And Simon is himself of opinion that *Chaldee paraphrases* were in use as early as the time of Ezra, although not the same paraphrases which we have now; why then also not just as well the scriptures be writ then first in *Samaritan letters*, both alterations being of equal benefit to some or other of the Jews and Israelites. "Les paraphrases Chaldaiques on peut a la verité faire remonter jusqu' au tems d' Esdras," *p.* 426. These circumstances confirm the fact asserted by Sutra, *that the law was then given in two new modes, namely, of Samaritan letters, and also of the Chaldee language; the former for the benefit of the Israelites, the latter for that of the Jews chiefly.* The above true state then of the question concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters shews with what caution readers ought to trust implicitly to the opinions even of such writers, as in general appear to be writers of fidelity; for sometimes they hastily or negligently take up with ill-founded facts, and draw from them such ill-founded consequences as to form an intricate mass of error, from which the subject is scarcely ever altogether extricated in future times to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, while the authority of former learned men stands so much in contradiction to the evidence of our own reason, that many are almost tempted to disbelieve it, when thus opposed by the respect due to the reason of others during a century or two before. It is fortunate, however, that I have been anticipated by an author

author so intelligent concerning such subjects as M. Simon. S.

P. S. It seems probable that the Hebrew word expressing *Idiota* does admit of a like contemptuous sense as in Greek and Latin, because I find that it admits it in Arabic. In the *Coran Sur* lxii. 2, Mahomet says, "that he was sent *an apostle among Idiotas*," and immediately adds, *for they were before in gross error*. Also in the Arabic translation of Erpenius of the N. Test. *Greeks* as opposed to Jews is rendered by *Idiotas* in Acts xix. 10 & 17; also in xxi. 28, as being still in error from ignorance. And this sense might mislead R. Chasda to apply it to Samaritans, when it only meant to distinguish *private* Jews from their rulers and teachers. S.

ART. VIII. *Reply to S.'s Defence of Grotius.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

The kind but flattering *note*, appended to the learned and ingenious vindication of Grotius, by your correspondent *S.* obliges me to say a few words, contrary to my original intention, explanatory of my first letter on that subject. It was very far from my wish to be drawn into a controversy concerning the merits of Grotius, for which I have neither time nor inclination; and my only reason for writing any thing concerning him, was to obtain some account of the story of Nehumias. Being satisfied in that by the obliging attention of your friend *S.* I should have left your readers to draw their own conlusions from our different ideas of Grotius's theological writings, had you not, by your *note*, seemed to think it incumbent on me to explain some part of my meaning, which *S.* has perhaps mistaken.

On

On referring to my letter, p. 92, I believe it will be found that I accused Grotius, first, of paying too much attention to Jewish and Talmudic writings; and, secondly, of contradicting himself; of which I produced what appeared to me to be an instance. Concerning the first of these, I spoke from the general impression upon my mind, occasioned by a not inattentive perusal of his observations upon those prophecies principally which are commonly referred to the Messiah. And I think this impression justified, not only by his frequent quotations of the opinions, both of the ancient and modern Jews, and what seems, to me, his general disinclination to apply to the Messiah several prophecies which are usually so applied by Christian writers; but also, because in his own preface, he avows that he was chiefly guided by the Jewish interpretations in his Commentary on the Law;* in which division of the Old Testament several of the most remarkable prophecies of the Messiah are included.

But this, as your correspondent *S.* justly observes, is merely an opinion; and those who study Grotius, will of course judge for themselves, and form their own conclusions. Of the second accusation I produced an example; but concerning this, let it be observed, that I did *not* say that Grotius took his explication of the 52d and 63d chapters of Isaiah from the Talmud. I know that several passages of the Talmud apply parts of those chapters to the Messiah, though the more modern, and some of the ancient Jews did not. The expression with which I introduced it, was " Misled

* As I have not at present that preface by me, I mention this particular from memory.

in

in this manner;" i. e. by this too great attention to the opinions of the Jews after Christ; and it seems remarkable, that in his observations on this prophecy, in his book "De Veritate, &c." he never mentions the name of Jeremiah at all, nor seems to think it worth his while to contradict the application of it to him. Whether, when a writer says of the very same passage, "Hæ notæ in Jeremiam congruunt prius sed potius in Christium;" and "Quis potest nominari aut regum aut *prophetarum* in quem hæc congruunt? nemo sane," he contradicts himself or not, I leave to your readers to determine.*

With respect to the rest of your correspondent's able defence of Grotius, I have only to observe, that it is nothing to my argument, whether Le Clerc, and other Christian writers, have agreed with him or not. For I have said nothing concerning them, nor mentioned Le Clerc's name, but as a translator of Grotius. If I had, it would not have been in a very favourable manner; nor can I think him a sincere friend to the Christian religion, who wrote with so much violence against Leslie, one of the most close and powerful reasoners that has ever exercised his pen in the cause of that religion.

I cannot find by my own observation, nor have I heard before, that the criticism of Grotius was chiefly

* Since I made the observation upon this passage, I have found it strongly confirmed by the respectable opinion of Whitby, in his note on Acts viii. 31. "And though Grotius, in his notes upon this chapter, *endeavours* to interpret the words concerning the prophet Jeremy, yet in his excellent book of the Truth of the Christian Religion, having cited this whole chapter (Isaiah liii.) he inquires, *Quis potest nominari*, &c." The word *endeavours* clearly shows Whitby's idea of the commentator's bias.

applied

applied to the *literal* sense of the Bible, as *S.* affirms. Neither in his own, nor in the more elaborate preface of Moody, is there, I believe, any intimation of that kind. In his own, if I remember right, he says, that in his Commentary on the Prophets, he has principally endeavoured to reconcile the historical with the mystic, or prophetic sense. He professes, therefore, to attend to them both; for which reason it has always seemed very strange to me, that he should take so little, or sometimes even no notice, of passages in his Commentary, upon which he lays a considerable stress in his treatise De Veritate Relig. Christ.

That the story of Nehumias rests upon no sufficient foundation is very evident; but I never said that Grotius took it either from the Talmud, or from the Jews. Jenkin said he found it in the Talmud; and Le Clerc thought he remembered that he said he had received it from a Jew. But it is obvious that it could not be a Jewish fable, because it would be so strong a proof against them; and in that light Grotius certainly considered it, and therefore introduced it, though very injudiciously, into his work, in confirmation of a truth which stands in need of no such assistance.

And here, Sir, I must enter my protest against Rosenmuller's doctrine, as quoted by *S.* that the New Testament is of no authority in determining the sense of passages in the prophets supposed to relate to the Messiah. It is well known, that not every accommodation, or coincidence of local circumstances or expression, which is merely introduced by *that it might be fulfilled*, shews that the passage so applied was really a prophecy; but when a prophecy is expressly cited, and the attention of the people called to the present accomplishment

accomplishment of it, it cannot be supposed but that the prophecy was really completed by such event. In the instance which Rosemuller brings, of Matt. xii. 18, &c. there seems to be a strange mistake; for the passage there quoted, "locus noster," does not relate to the chapters of Isaiah there spoken of, the 52d and 53d, but to the 42d. But that prophecy is quoted by St. John, ch. xii. 38, and applied in a manner so remarkable, as to leave no room to suppose it to be a mere accommodation: *These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him.* It is also applied directly by Philip, Acts viii. 35, when the Ethiopian eunuch was reading the prophecy without understanding it, "He opened his mouth, and began *at the same Scripture*, and preached unto him Jesus." Can there then be a doubt, that both John and Philip understood that prophecy to relate to Jesus?

I am very glad to find that *S.* intimates his opinion to be different from Rosemuller's concerning that wonderful prophecy, which I consider as one of the bulwarks of Christianity; and wholly inapplicable to any other person, or persons, than Jesus. It was indeed very little to be expected that any scholar of the present age would revive the obsolete application of it to the Jewish people, which has been so often proved to be unfounded, by men, at least, as eminent as Rosemuller. But this is not the place to enter upon such a controversy; and in taking my leave of Grotius, I would willingly make him an *amende honorable*, by quoting his refutation of this opinion first broached by Celsus's Jew; but that the passage is

too long, and the work itself to be found in every library.*

P. M.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, upon looking into Dr. Gregory Sharpe's "Second Argument," I find these words, in speaking of the prophecy of Micah, used by that able and eminent author: "If Grotius had not wrested every word of this oracle from its obvious meaning, that, *blinded with Jewish prejudices*, he might apply it in a primary sense to Zerubbabel," p. 188. Again, in the next page, after quoting Grotius, he adds, "Here one would be almost tempted to think that the Jew had snatched up the pen, and inserted the word *recte*." And again, in another place, p. 190, "Strange interpretation of an oracle, so hard to be wrested from the Christians, by a Christian; though in his interpretation of ancient oracles, applied to Christ, *recte dicatur*, a Jewish interpreter." To this Dr. Sharpe adds, in p. 361, Houbigant's opinion of his Commentary: ". Pere Houbigant, who has reason to be displeased with Grotius for interpreting so many prophecies concerning the Messiah, as if in a primary sense they related to other persons, here entirely agrees with him," &c. These passages need no comment.

P. M.

Aug. 12, 1808.

* See Grot. de Verit. &c. Lib. v. sect. xix. See also upon this interesting subject, Chandler's very able, learned, and masterly "Defence of Christianity;" Leslie's Truth of Christianity demonstrated;" Lowth's Isaiah; Dr. Gregory Sharpe's "Second Argument;" and Granville Sharp on the Prophecies.

ART.

ART. IX. *Old Poetry.*

[*Robert Davy,*

Author of a few compositions in verse inserted in the MS. volume repeatedly noticed in this work as of the age of Elizabeth. His name is believed to be now first known. The pieces are of a religious cast, and are remarkable for their smoothness of numbers, when compared with some of the contemporary writers. If there are not the words that burn, there is sufficient merit to claim preservation.]

"*A Dittie of Defence againſt the fleſhe, the worlde, and the Devill.*

" Each wight geeve eare to this approved lore,
that I ſhall ſinge in waie of good advice;
Call to thy mynde the lief thow ledd before,
and thinke what thinges to ſinne did the entice:
Bewaile with teares, for that thow did offend,
And vowe in harte hereafter to amend.

Abhor in mynde thy lawleſse lothſome luſt,
that yeldes in fine, but poiſoned ſweet delight:
With moſt chaſte mynde, his force ſubdue thow muſt,
by ſober foode and by continuall flight.
Doe thus, defie the fleſhe and all his force,
To keep the ſowle in ſafetie have remorſe.

The worlde likewiſe with glittring glimſe of toyes,
bedecked and full fraught with vanitie
regarde thow not, reſpecting heavenly ioyes:
his peevishe pompe doe vtterly defie;
Make wealth a ſlave to ſerve thee at thy need,
And God (no dowte) will geave thee better ſpeed.

The Divell alſo that fowle filthy feende,
that doth but ſeek to geeve thee overthrowe;
Abhorr his baites working thy wofull ende,
and ſhone likewiſe the dainger of his bowe:
Tread downe his ſeed, cutt of occaſion ſought;
by praier to God his ſleighte ſhall come to nought.

Oh God, our God! graunte pardon wee thee praie
for each offence, that wee committed have;
Be thow our guide, to lead vs in the waie,
to shunne the wiles that wold vs soone deprave;
And be our strength, their force for to defend
Our deadly foes that seek our dolefull end.

Ro. DAVY."

[Upon a slight retrospect of the history of letters in the last century, imposition and intended fraud are leading characteristics. The Formosa island of the canibal Psalmanasar; the forgery of Lauder; the yet doubtful Ossian; that offspring of sportive genius Rowley, and the truly venal attempt hight pseudo-Shakspeare:—a combination sufficient to engender some new monster more malignant than Suspicion to slur with venom every discovery in the range of literature.—To preclude doubt, the MS. referred to in any article by me may be easily inspected.]

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N°. XLIV.

On the Latin poems of Cowley.

The Latin poems of Cowley,* which are not printed among the common editions of his works, are not so

* First printed 1668, 8vo. in which are included *Plantarum Libri Duo*, which had been printed *Lond* 1662, 8vo. The title of the second edition runs thus: *Abrahami Couleii Angli, Poemata Latina: in quibus continentur Sex Libri Plantarum, viz. Duo Herbarum, Florum, Sylvarum; et unus Miscellaneorum.*

Habeo quod carmine sanet & herbis. *Ovid Metam.* 10.

Huic editioni secundæ accessit Index Rerum antehac desideratus. Londini typis M. Clarke, Impensis Jo. Martyn, ad Insigne Campanæ in Cœmeterio D. Pauli 1678, 8vo.

well

well known as they ought to be. Dr. Johnson and T. Warton* differ in the degree of their merit; but it must be admitted that they discover great skill in the Latin language, as well as great genius.

I think some of my readers will not be displeased at having two or three of them again brought into notice. I embrace the opportunity more willingly, because I have heard it objected, I think, with too narrow views, that my ruminations are not sufficiently confined to subjects of literature. Limits I have always imposed on myself, which have restrained me from discussing many topics of life and manners, that would both have been pleasing to myself, and have given a greater diversity to my pages. But there are those who would confine me within bounds, to which I cannot submit to be chained.

Cowley is never more eloquent than when he descants on the pleasures of Solitude, whether in Latin or English.

"*Solitudo.*

" Rura laudamus merito poetæ,
Rure floremus; dominoque laurum
Sole gaudentem necat oppidorum
Nubilus aer.

Nam prius crescet seges in plateis,
Et coronabunt fora densa flores
Sponte nascentes, prius ipsa civis
Fiet et herba.

Urbe quam surgat media bonorum
Carminum messis; bona semper urbem
Carmina oderunt, neque nutrit omnis
Omnia tellus.

† See Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and Warton's Preface to Milton's Juvenile Poems.

Rure, Persarum veluti tyrannus,
Abditus longo maneam recessu,
Sæpe legatum satis est ad urbem
Mittere carmen.

Arbores salvete, bonæque sylvæ,
Civitas fœlix avium innocentum!
Regna Musarum! sacra rusticantum
Villa Deorum!

Hic jacens vestris temere sub umbris,
Audiam supra Zephyros volantes,
Cumque fœcundis bene disputantes
Frondibus auras.*

O sacrum risum juvenilis anni!
Cum calor totos penetrans per artus
Fertilem pubem, Veneremque adulti
Suscitat orbis.

Hic mihi æstivo domus apta sole,
Pulchra naturæ domus architectæ!
Quis trabem excisam prius æstimabit
Arbore vivâ?†

* This is a translation of some beautiful lines in his English poem on Solitude.

"Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute."

† "Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise,
That can the fair and living trees neglect;
Yet the dead timber prize." *Ibid.*

Audiam

Audiam hic proni per aprica collis
Luce turgentes liquidisque gemmis,
Dulce ridentes properare rivos,
Dulce loquentes.*

Esse qui secum nequit occupatus,
Aut laborabit miser ille vitæ
Tædio, aut caras male collocabit
Prodigus horas.†

Tu Deum longis comitata sæclis
Sola tu rerum, sacra Solitudo,
Antequam trunco numerorum abiret
Arbor ab uno.‡

Impetus mentis nimium evagantes
Instar aurigæ cohibes periti,
Et jubes pulchrum breviore gyro
Claudere cursum.§

* "A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk." *Ibid.*

† "Ah wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away." *Ibid.*

‡ "Tho' God himself, thro' countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of numbers three
Sprang from the trunk of one." *Ibid.*

§ "Thou, tho' men think thine an unactive part,
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move well-manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace." *Ibid.*

Languidos mentis fluidæ calores
Et nimis multum spacii occupantes
Rite constringensque fovensque pulchros
Elicis ignes.*
Quid mihi æterno populum, fluentem
Fonte, Londinum, numerosque jactas?
Quid mihi ingentes nihil invidenti
Objicis arces?
Eximam stultos numero tuorum,
Eximam densum genus improborum,
Vicus obscurus prope, Solitudo,
Tu quoque fies."†

The following ode is, with one or two transpositions, a literal version of the poet's beautiful English lines in the essay "on the Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches," beginning

"*Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit?*"

"*Ode.*

"Quid relinquendos, moriture nummos,
Sarcinas vitæ, fugiture, quæris?
Si relinquendos; dominum relinquunt
Sæpe priores.

* "Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost like a burning glass unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget." *Ibid.*

† "Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.
Let but the wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost." *Ibid.*

Quid

Quid struis pulchros thalamos in altum
Membra sub terrâ posituras ima?
Conserens hortos, sed in omne tempus
Ipse serendus?
Nam tuas te res agitare credis?
Esse te frugalem? aliis laboras
Servus infœlix, aliena curas
Ardelio ingens.
Longa momento meditantur uno,
Dum senes rebus venientis ævi
Lineæ puncto brevis in supremo
Acrius instant.
Jure formicæ cumulant acervos
Providæ, et brumæ memores futuræ,
Sed male æstivas eadem deceret
Cura cicadas.
Gloriæ mendax nitor atque honorum
Posset excusare suos amantes,
Si diem vitæ valuisset, uti sol,
Pingere totum.
At brevem post se sonitum relinquens
Fulguris ritu, simul ac videtur
Transit, illustri loca multa inaurans
Non sine damno.
O rudis pulchræ prope contuenti
Scena fortunæ! Mala fastuosa
Ore larvato! Lachrymæque pictæ
Iridis instar!
Magna contemnens, miseranosque magnos,
Invidens nullo, minimo invidendus,
Vive Coulei; lege tuta parvâ
Littora cymbâ.
Hospitem cœlorum, imitare alaudam,
Sis licet nubes super ire cantu
Doctus, in terris humilem memento
Ponere nidum."

N°. XLV.

The same subject continued.

Having in my last paper given Cowley's Latin versions of his odes on Solitude and Riches, I now proceed to insert his version of his beautiful *Hymn to Light*, whence Warton has extracted stanzas, which furnish him with instances of our poet's inferiority to Milton in classical purity. But perhaps the ingenious critic's zeal for Milton has made him a little too severe on his rival. If he has made a bold and perhaps rash endeavour to clothe his metaphysical conceits in the Latin language, and has sometimes failed accordingly, he has surely sometimes succeeded beyond all hope; there are passages, in which his happiness appears to me really astonishing; and though Johnson went a little too far on the occasion, there is certainly great acuteness in his remarks; and there is, I think, more originality in the Latin poems of Cowley than of Milton. There are many passages in the following ode which affect me with exquisite pleasure.

" *Hymnus, in Lucem.*

" Pulchra de nigrâ sobole parente,
Quam Chaos fertur peperisse primam,
Cujus ob formam bene risit olim
Massa Severa!

Risus O terræ sacer et polorum!
Aureus vere pluvius tonantis!
Quæque de cœlo fluis inquieto
Gloria rivo!

O salus

O salus rerum, et decus omne, salve;
Vita naturæ vigil actuosæ!
Omnium mater bona cum calore
Juncta marito!
Unde, momento, quibus e pharetris
Tela per totum jacularis orbem?
Præpotens, divesque Deique verbum
Fassa paternum!
Carceres ipsos simul, atque metam
Linquis, attingisque, animi sagittis
Ocyor strictes, rapidâ angelorum
Ocyor alâ.
Aureo lunæ bene læta curru
Auream astrorum peragrare sylvam, et
Vere nocturno reparatâ semper
Visere prata,
Regiam gaudens habitare solis
More in æternum Scythico vagantem, et
Divitem mundi redeunte gyro
Ducere pompam:
Inter et tantos humilis triumphos
Vermium dignata animare caudas,
Pauperes dignata hilarare parvâ
Lampede vepres.
Discolorato glomerans racemo
Turba pictorum vaga somniorum
Avolat; mixtas sine more formas
Trudit et urget.
Quin et obscenas repetunt latebras
Sœcla serpentum male consciorum,
Nec tibi natura pudens sinistrum
Objicit omen.
Ad tuos quondam Dolor ipse vultus
Fertur invitam recreasse frontem;
Cura subrisit, pepulitque rugas
Ore maligno.

Ad tuos quondam Timor ipse vultus
Exculit turpem genubus tremorem;
Pallor ignescit; capite insolenti
Cornua vibrant.
Inverecundi Dominator oris
Te tamen testem metuit Cupido;
Flamina cognatis rotat in tenebris
Sordida fumo.
Tu, Dea, Eoi simul atque cœli
Exeris pulchrum caput e rosetis,
In tuas laudes volucrum canoris
Personat hymnis.
Aula gaudentis reserata mundi;
Spectra discedunt, animæque noctis,
Vana discedunt que tenebrionum
Monstra Deorum.
Te bibens arcus Jovis ebriosus
Mille formosos revomit colores,
Pavo cœlestis; variamque pascit
Lumine caudam.
In Rosâ pallam indueris rubentem,
In Croco auratum indueris lacernam,
Supparum gestas quasi nuda rallum
Lilia complens.
Fertilis Floræ sobolem tenellam
Purpurâ involvis violas honestâ
Veste segmentata operis superbas
Larga Tulippas.
Igne concreto fabricata Gemmas
Floreum immisces solidumque fucum;
Invidet pictus; fragilesque damnat
Hortus honores.
Parciot fulvis utinam fuisses
Diva largiri pretium metallis!
Parcior, quantis hominum allevasses
Pectora curis!

Mi quidem solis nitor, et diei
Innocens fulgor magis allubescit,
Pars quota humani generis sed aurum
Non tibi præfert!
Ætheris gyros per inexplicatos,
Aeris campos per et evolutos,
Æquoris per regna laboriosi
Flumine vivo.
Lucidum trudis properanter agmen,
Sed resistentum super ora rerum
Leniter stagnas, liquidoque inundas
Cuncta colore.
At mare immensum, oceanusque lucis
Jugiture œlo fluit empyræo,
Hinc inexhausto per utrumque muudum
Funditur ore."

It may be acceptable to some of my readers to transcribe the poet's epitaph in Westminster Abbey, as it is not inserted in the common accounts of his life.

" Epitaphium
Autoris
In Ecclesia D. Petri apud Westmonasterienses
Sepulti
Abrahamus Coulerus.
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hic juxta situs est.
Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem,
Et famâ æternum vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie: Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ;
Sit sacer iste locus; nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilegâ turbare manu venerabile Bustum.

Intacti

Intacti maneant; maneant per sæcula dulcis
Coulbii cineres, serventque immobile saxum.
Sic vovetque
Votumque suum apud Posteros sacratum esse voluit,
Qui viro incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor,
Georgius Dux Buckinghamiæ,
Excessit e vitâ Anno Ætatis suæ 49° et honorificâ pompâ elatus ex Œdibus Buckinghamianis, viris illustribus omnium ordinum exequias celebrantibus sepultus est die 3° M. Augusti, Anno Domini 1667."

N° XLVI.

Armorial Bearings on the Shields of the Grecian Chiefs, as described by Æschylus.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

A friend the other day pointed out to me several passages in Æschylus, which rather surprised me, and have much engaged my attention. Some articles in the late numbers of your Censura have induced me to make these passages the subject of a letter for your Ruminator, which professes to admit topics of criticism as well as moral essays.

The origin of heraldry has been a point of long and tedious dispute among a particular class of antiquaries; into which I shall refrain from entering. I may, however, slightly hint, that it is now generally admitted, on the soundest authorities, that arms, considered as hereditary marks appropriate to the shields of particular families, and modified in their formation by rules of

of blazonry, certainly did not exist before the age of Charlemagne; and in England, did not prevail till after the Norman Conquest; nor were generally settled, even among the nobles and greater gentry, till nearly two centuries afterwards.*

With this conviction, I confess I felt a momentary astoniahment, when my friend produced Æschylus's description of the figures painted on the shields of some of the Grecian heroes. It must be admitted, that they appear very like a modern coat of arms. These passages are alluded to by Spelman; but as I do not recollect seeing them copied into any treatise of heraldry, I think the transcript of them will be curious to many of your readers. They are to be found in the tragedian's ΕΠΤΑ ΕΠΙ ΘΗΒΑΙΣ.

First, the shield of TYDEUS.

Ἔχει δ' ὑπερφρον σημ' ἐπ' ασπιδος τοδε, *line* 389.
Φλεγουθ' ὑπ' αστροις βραχον τετυγμενον·
Λαμπρα δε πανσελήνος εν μεσῳ σακει,
Πρεσβιστον αστρων, νυκτος ὀφθαλμος, πρεπει·

Viz. "He bears this proud impression on his shield, the heaven flaming with stars; and in the midst is conspicuous a splendid full moon, the eye of night, and the most venerable of stars (*i. e. in modern blazon, semée of stars, and a moon in her complement, Arg.*)

* The authority on which I most pin my faith, is Sir Henry Spelman's excellent treatise, entitled *Aspilogia*; but see also the *Historical Enquiry* in *Edmondson*, written by Sir Joseph Ayloffe; and see *Dallaway's Inquiry*, 4to, 1793. The *Tabula Elienses*, for which see *Fuller's Church History*, and *Bentham's Ely*, I cannot believe to be genuine.

Second

Second, CAPANEUS.

Εχει δε σημα, γυμνον ανδρα πυρφορον, *line* 433.
Φλεγει δε λαμπας δια χερων ἁπλισμενη·
Χρυσοις δε φωνει γραμμασι. ΠΡΗΣΩ ΠΟΛΙΝ·

Viz. "He bears in his shield a naked man, bearing in his hand a naked torch, with this inscription in golden letters: I WILL BURN THE CITY."

Third, ETEOCLES.

Εσχηματισται δ' ασπις ϐ σμικρον τροπον. 467.
Ανηρ δ' ὁπλιτης κλιμακος προσαμϐασεις
Ζτειχει προς εχθρων πυργον, εκπερσαι θελων,
Βοα δε χ 'ϐτος γραμματων εν ξυλλαϐαις,
Ως ϐδ' αν Αρης σφν εκϐαλοι πυργωματων·

Viz. "His shield is marked in no common manner; for a man in armour is attacking the tower of the enemy upon the steps of a scaling ladder, and exclaiming, 'Even Mars himself shall not expel me from the walls."

Fourth, HIPPOMEDON.

Ο σηματϐργος δ' ϐ τις ευτελης αρ' ην, 493.
Ος τις τοδ' εργον ωπασε προς ασπιδι,
Τυφων 'ιεντα πυρπνοον δια στομα
Λιγνυν μελαιναν, αιολην πυρος κασιν·
Οφεων δε πλεκταναισι περιδρομον κυτος
Προσηδαφισται κοιλογαστορος κυκλϕ·

Viz. "It was a skilful workman who made this engraving on his shield; a Typhæus vomiting flames from his mouth, within a border of twisted serpents."

Fifth, HYPERBIUS.

Υπερϐιω δε Σευς πατηρ επ' ασπιδων 514.
Θεας. Ο μεν γαρ πυρπνοον Τυφων εχει·

Viz.

Viz. " On the shield of Hyperbius is placed the image of Jupiter Stator, bearing in his hand a flaming javelin."

Sixth, PARTHENOPÆUS.

Σφιγγ' ωμοσιτον προσμεμηχανευμενην 543.
Γομφοις ευημα, λαμπρον εκκρυστον δεμας.
Φερει δ' υφ' αυτη φωτα Καδμειων ενα.

Viz. " He bears a sphinx devouring raw flesh, with a Theban beneath her feet."

Seventh, AMPHIAREUS.

He bore no figure on his shield.

Eighth, POLYNICES.

Διπλην τε σημα προσμεμηχανευμενον.
Χρυσηλατον γαρ ανδρα τευχηστην ιδειν
Αγει γυνη τις σωφρονως ηγουμενη.
Δικη δ' αρ ειναι φησιν, ως τα γραμματα
Λεγει. ΚΑΤΑΞΩ Τ' ΑΝΔΡΑ ΤΟΝΔΕ, ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΙΝ ΕΞΕΙ, ΠΑΤΡΩΩΝ ΔΩΜΑΤΩΝ Τ' ΕΠΙΣΤΡΟΦΑΣ.*

Viz. " He bore a double impress, Justice leading a man in golden armour, with this motto: " I WILL BRING BACK THIS MAN, AND HE SHALL POSSESS THE CITY, AND HIS PATERNAL MANSION."

Potter, in his excellent translation of this play of " *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes*," says in the preface, " The shields of six of these chiefs are charged with armorial bearings expressive of their characters,

* The edition of Æschylus used is the German one of Schultz, 2 vols, 8vo, 1782.

me, in the reflection that all this was as but for a moment; that a period would come, when wrong and injury, and trouble, should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world?"

In his poetical pieces, is the following fine picture of genius in distress:

"Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His mutt'ring mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if genius could inhabit there.

Oh yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circle stream'd!
But now neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more."

The penultimate line occurs again in the ode to Lord Carlisle, and it is to be feared was drawn too truly from the life.

The following is an extract from the essays entitled "Melancholy Hours:"

"If I am destined to make any progress in the world it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead." P. J.

ART.

ART. XI. *Republications of Old Works*

A friend having suggested the propriety of giving, either regularly, or as the matter required it, an article under this head, it is my intention to dedicate to it in future such room and attention as I can spare. It strikes me to be a very useful hint; and calculated to convey notices, especially to those who live in the country, which will assist their inquiries. We frequently lose much fruitless labour in searching for a copy of the original edition of some scarce book, being ignorant that it has been reprinted, and that we might procure the substitute, which may probably answer the purpose nearly as well to all but mere collectors, without much difficulty.

The room which I can spare, at least at present, will not permit either criticism or extract; which is the less necessary in books which have so lately been put into circulation, and which most readers, to whom they are pointed out, may obtain. It is not the mere price which forms the obstacle to procuring many old books; it is their total absence from the market. It must be some time, to speak generally, before new editions are out of circulation.

I shall not endeavour to confine myself to much method in the selection of books to be noticed under this head. It will be sufficient to take such as immediately occur to my memory, or are most at hand, without confining myself to the latest.

Art. 1. *Poetry by Richard Crashaw, who was a Canon in the Chapel of Loretta, and died there in the year* 1650. *With some account of the author, and an introductory address to the reader, by Peregrine Phillips, Attorney at Law, author of the Brighthelmstone Diary, and many Tracts relative to the late Disputes between Great Britain and North America.*

rica. Magna est veritas, et prevalebit. London: Printed by Richaby, for the Editor, and to be had at Bell's British Library, in the Strand. 1785, 12mo. *pp.* 158.

Art. 2. *The Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden.*

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori
Cœlo Musa beat....

Hor. Lib. iv. od. 8.

London: Printed for E. Jeffery, Pall Mall, 1791,* 12mo.

Art. 3. *The Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay, of the Mount, Lion King of Arms, under James V. A new edition, corrected and enlarged; with the Life of the Author; Prefatory Dissertations, and an appropriate Glossary. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. In* 3 *vols. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh,* 1806, 8vo.

Art. 4. *The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford, and of Norwich. The fourth Edition, with considerable additions. To which are now added, "Oratio in funus Henrici Principis," from Ashmole's Museum, Biographical Notes, and a life of the Author, by Octavius Gilchrist, F. A. S. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row,* 1807, 8vo. *pp.* 260.

Art. 5. *The Complete Angler; or Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse on Rivers, Fishponds, Fish, and Fishing: in two parts; the first written by Mr. Isaac Walton, the second by Charles Cotton, Esq. With the lives of the Authors, and Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory. By Sir John Hawkins, Kt. The fourth Edition, with large additions. London: Printed for John, Francis,*

* See the character of this edition in Park's R. and N. A. V. 102.

and

and Charles Rivington (No. 62), at the Bible and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1784, 8vo. *pp.* 267, *and* 111, *besides prefaces, lives, and index.*

Art. 8. *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political, of Owen Felltham. Et sic dimulceo vitam. A new Edition revised and amended. With a short account of the author, and his writings. By James Cumming, Esq. F. S. A. London: Printed for J. Hatchard, Bookseller to her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly.* 1806. 8vo. *pp.* 404, *besides preface.*

Art. 7. *Nugæ Antiquæ: being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original Papers, in prose and verse; written during the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James: By Sir John Harington, Knt. and by others, who lived in those Times. Selected from authentic Remains, by the late Henry Harington, M. A. and newly arranged, with illustrative notes, by Thomas Park, F. S. A.*

"We ought to judge of the editions of books, as we judge of men; none are perfect, and the best are good only by comparison." *Church.*

London: Printed by J. Wright, Denmark Court, Strand, for Vernor and Hood, Poultry; and Cuthell and Martin, Middle Row, Holborn. 1804. 2 *vols.* 8vo.

Art. 6. *The Lives of Dr. John Donne; Sir Henry Wotton; Mr. Richard Hooker; Mr. George Herbert; and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Isaac Walton. With Notes, and the Life of the Author. By Thomas Louth, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham.*

"These were honourable men in their generations."

ECCLES. xliv. 7.

The Second Edition. York: Printed by T. Wilson and

 R Spence,

R. Spence, in High Ouse-gate. Sold by T. Payne, No. 68, Pall Mall, and J. Mawman, Poultry, London; and by Wilson and Spence, York. 1807. 8vo. *pp.* 447, *besides Preface, and Author's Life.*

Art. 9. *Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In Six Volumes. London: Printed for J. Johnson; F. C. and J. Rivington; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; and J. Mawman.* 1807, &c. 4to.

N. B. The five first volumes are already published; and the sixth nearly, if not quite ready for publication.

The original Title ran thus:

"*The First and Second Volumes of Chronicles; comprising,* 1. *The Description and Historie of England.* 2. *The Description and Historie of Ireland.* 3. *The Description and Historie of Scotland. First collected and published by Raphael Hollinshed, William Harnion, and others; Now newlie augmented and continued (with manifold matters of singular note and worthie memorie), to the year* 1586, *by John Hooker, alias Vowell, Gent. and others. With convenient Tables at the end of these volumes.*

"Historiæ placeant nostrates ac peregrinæ."

The Third Volume of Chronicles, beginning at Duke William, the Norman, commonlie called the Conqueror; and descending by degrees of yeares to all the Kings and Queenes of England in their orderlie successions: First compiled by Raphaell Holinshed, and by him extended to the yeare 1577. *Now newlie recognized, augmented, and continued (with occurrences and accidents of fresh memorie), to the yeare* 1586. *Wherein also are contained manie matters of singular Discourse and rare Observation, fruitfull to such*

such as be studious in Antiquities, or take pleasure in the grounds of ancient Histories. With a third Table (peculiarlie serving this third volume), both of names and matters memorable."

Art. 11. *Hudibras. By Samuel Butler.*

" Non deerunt fortasse vitilitigatores, qui calumnientur, partim leviores esse nugas, quam ut Theologum deceant, partim mordaciores quam ut Christianæ conveniant modestiæ." *Erasm. Moriæ Encom. Pref.*

London: Printed by T. Rickaby, 1793. 3 *vols. 4to.*

This edition is beautifully printed, and adorned with engravings. It was edited by Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, who has added a variety of entertaining notes, historical and critical; and of whom a portrait is prefixed to the 3d volume.

Art. 10. *Prolusions; or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry, compiled with great care from their several originals, and offered to the publick as specimens of the integrity that should be found in the editions of worthy authors,—in three parts; containing, I. The Notbrowne Maide; Master Sackville's Induction; and Overbury's Wife: II. Edward the Third, a Play, thought to be writ by Shakespeare: III. Those excellent didactic Poems, intitled, Nosce Teipsum, written by Sir John Davis: With a Preface.*

" Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetæs?'

VIRG. Ecl. I.

London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand. 1760. *Sm.* 8*vo.*

This is well known as the publication of Capel, the editor of Shakespeare.

Art.

Art. 13. *The Plays of Philip Massinger, in four volumes. With Notes, critical and explanatory. By W. Gifford, Esq.*

" Haud tamen invideas vati quem pulpita pascunt."

London: Printed for G. and W. Nicol, &c. by Bulmer and Co. 1805. 8vo.

Art. 12. *The Miscellaneous Works, in Verse and Prose, of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. with Memoirs of his Life. The Tenth Edition. London: Printed for W. Owen, at Homer's Head, near Temple Bar.* 1756. 12mo. *pp.* 252.*

* It may not be ungrateful to the novice in English bibliography, to see the following notices of republications which hastily occur to me:

1. Gawen Douglas's Virgil, by Ruddiman, fol. 1710.
2. Daniell's Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 1718.
3. Donne's Poems, 8vo. 1719.
4. Drayton's Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 1753.
5. Hall's Virgidemiarum, Satires, 12mo. Oxf. 1753.
6. Marston's Satires, by Bowles, 12mo. 1764.
7. W. Brown's Pastorals, 12mo. by T. Davis. 1772.
8. Carew's Poems, 12mo. by Do. 1772.
9. Sir John Davies's Poems, 12mo. by Do. 1773.
10. Oldham's Works, by Thompson, 3 vols. 12mo. 1770.
11. Marvell's, by Do. 3 vols. 4to. 1776.
12. Do. Poems, 2 vols. 12mo. 1772.
13. Sydney's Defence of Poetry, 8vo. 1787.
14. Drayton's Epistles, by Hurdis, 8vo. 1788.
15. Barbour's Bruce, 3 vols. 8vo. 1790.
16. Heeleve's Poems, by G. Mason, 4to. 1796.
17. Nisbet's Heraldry, 2 vols. fol. Edinb. 1804.
18. Roger's North's Lives. 1808.
19. Quarles's Judgment and Mercy, 8vo. 1807.

ART.

ART. XII. *Extracts from England's Parnassus.* 1600.

"*Solitariness.*

"Sweet Solitary life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,
In thee no dread of war, or worldly foes;
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight!
In thee no wanton ears to win with woes,
Nor lurking toys, which silly life affords."

Dr. Lodge.

"*Sleep.*

"Amidst a dark thick wood there is a cave,
Whose entrance is with ivy overspread;
They have no light within, nor none they crave:
Here Sleep doth couch her overdrowsy head,
And Sloth lies by, that seems the gout to have;
And Idleness not so well taught as fed.
They point Forgetfulness the gate to keep,
That none come out or in to hinder Sleep.
She knows no means of men, nor none will learn;
Their messages she list not understand;
She knows no business doth her concern:
Silence is sentinel of all this band;
And unto those he coming doth discern
To come too near, he beckons with his hand:
He treadeth soft; his shoes are made of felt;
His garments short, and girded with a belt."

Sir J. Harington.

"*The same.*

"By Care lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of death,
That on the ground, and still as any stone;
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath.
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
On whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath."

M. Sackville.

"*Silence.*

" *Silence.*

" Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black Night,
Thou, that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw;
To stop the barking of the watchful hound,
And charms the gagling of those waking fowl,
That sav'd Jove's Capitol, mild Queen of Rest!"

Tho. Dekkar.

" *Love.*

" At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
The first is *Love*, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head, and body are of gold.
The second shaft is *Hate*, a foe to Love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove.
The third is *Hope*, from whence our comfort springs;
His feathers are pulled from Fortune's wings.
Fourth, *Jealousy* in basest minds doth dwell.
His metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from Hell."

G. Peele.

ART. XIII. *Additions to the List of R. Greene's Works.*

It may tend to a perfect list of Robert Greene's works to add the following editions, which are omitted in Mr. HAZLEWOOD's catalogue in the last volume of CENSURA LITERARIA; nor are they found in Herbert's History of Printing.—

'Greene's Farewell to Follie, 4to. black letter, printed by Thomas Scarlett, 1591.

Card of Fancie, 4to. b. l. 1587.

Debate between Follie and Love, 4to. b. l. printed by Wm Ponsonby, 1587.

The above are in the possession of

OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST.

ART.

Art. XIV. *Literary Intelligence.*

Proposals are issued for printing, at a subscription of half a guinea, by John Jones, at Dublin, the Posthumous Poems of the late William Preston, Esq. (one of the Judges of Appeals) including a Sketch of his Life. The Editor has collected, from his MSS. and other sources, the remains of a dear and valued friend, that not a fragment of such a man should be lost; and in duty to his family she has preferred publishing them by subscription, that the genius and celebrity of the father should derive some solid and permanent advantage to his numerous children.

Art. XV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[continued from vol. viii. p. 223.]

1758.

Jan. 5. Allan Ramsay, poet.

April 9. Nicholas Harding, Esq. of Canbry, Surry, Poet.

Oct. 11. Richard Ince, Esq. of Staffordshire, a writer in the Spectator.

Dec. 25. Rev. Mr. Hervey, of Northamptonshire, author of the *Meditations on the Tombs.*

1759.

May 12. John Warburton, Somerset Herald.

Oct. 7. Joseph Ames, F.A.S.

Oct. 9. Edm. Sawyer, of Lincoln's Inn, Master in Chancery.

1760.

Feb. 5. Browne Willis, Esq. LL.D. F.A.S. aged 78.

Feb. 26. Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

March

March 16. Arthur Collins.

March 25. Rev. Dr. Kedington, Rector of Kedington, Suffolk, and author of *The Essays on the Iliad*, then lately published.

May 17. Dr. John Theobald, Editor of the *Medulla Medicinæ Universa.*

Aug. 27. Smart Lethieulier, Esq. F.A.S.

Dec. 2. Rev. Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, Editor of *Arrian's Epictetus, Spenser's Fairy Queen*, &c.

Dec. 18. Charles Hayes, Esq. æt. 82.

1761.

Mar. 5. Rev. Dr Taylor, at Warrington, Lancashire, well-known for his writings in divinity.

Mar. 22. Rev. Dr. Vernon, Rector of St. George's Bloomsbury.

April 9. Rev. W. Law, author of many religious tracts. [*See Gibbon's Life.*]

April 15. Wm. Oldys, Norroy King of Arms.

April 15. Rev. Jas. Cawthorne of Tunbridge, poet.

April 17. Bishop Hoadley.

July 4. Sam. Richardson.

July 18. Bishop Sherlock.

Aug. 5. Mrs. Cooper, Editor of *The Muses Library.*

Oct. 17. Rev. Dr. Bearcroft.

Oct. 30. Wm. Windham, Esq. of Felbrigg, Norfolk.

1762.

July 12. Rev. Dr. James Bradley, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford.

July 28. George Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

Nov. 16. John, Earl of Coke and Orrery.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

ART. XVI. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. June 21. On Snow-Hill, Mr. John Browne, apothecary and chymist, twenty-five years Editor of the Law List, Browne's Master Key, and other Masonic Works; and many years a Trustee and Director of the British Assurance Office.

July 11. Aged fifty-nine, Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, Prebendary of Ely; and daughter of Mr. Joseph Gibbs, many years Organist of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich. She was author of *A Tour to Milford Haven*, 1791, 8vo. and of several fugitive poems.

August 5. At Hendon, Middlesex, aged forty-eight, Mr. John Peltro, Engraver. This excellent artist has been chiefly employed for the last eighteen years, in engraving the beautiful Miniature Views of Gentlemen's Seats, after the designs of Repton, which are published in Peacock's *Annual Polite Repository*. He lived respected and died lamented by all who knew him.

Sept. 4. Died, in Scotland, æt. eighty-six, the celebrated John Home, author of the Tragedy of DOUGLAS, 1757, &c. His *Agis*, which appeared in the following year, had not equal success or merit. "To make a transition from myself," says Gray, in his Letters, p. 261, "to as poor a subject, the Tragedy of Agis; I cry to think that it should be by the author of *Douglas:* why, it is all modern Greek; the story is an antique statue painted white and red, frizzed, and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantuamaker."—His third Tragedy was *The Siege of Aquileia*, 1760. 4. *The Fatal Discovery*, 1769. 5. *Alonzo*, 1773. 6. *Alfred*, 1778. He published in 1802 *The History of the Rebellion in the year* 1745, 4to. which disappointed the public expectation. Collins, the poet, addressed to him in 1749 his "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands."

Sept.

Sept. 9. In London, æt. forty-five, Miss Trefusis, aunt of Lord Clinton, who was the author of some POEMS, lately published.

Sept. 12. At Froxfield, the Rev. Clement Cruttwell; a gentleman whose various literary performances, for labour, extent, and utility, have rarely been equalled; and, when regarded as the productions of an unassisted valetudinarian, have perhaps never been surpassed. Scarcely had he recovered from a severe illness, which his incessant application had produced, and which obliged him to have recourse to the baths of St. Amand, Flanders, when he projected the scheme of his Universal Gazetteer; in the execution of which he spent ten years of unwearied diligence. The sale of the first edition sufficiently proved the favourable idea in which it was regarded by the public; and he had just gone through the laborious office of editing a second edition, comprising 30,000 new articles, when on the road to his native town, Wokingham, in Berkshire, he was arrested by a sudden illness, which terminated fatally before medical assistance could be procured. Warm, generous, and sincere in his private character, Mr. C. had conciliated the esteem and affection of a numerous circle of friends: secluded indeed, of late years, by his ill state of health, his society had been principally confined to his more immediate connections: to them he was most affectionately attached, and exhibited in all social relations the kindest and most benevolent heart; and by them he is deeply and sincerely regretted. He died in his 65th year; and if fervent piety and conscientious rectitude of conduct be the best preparatives for the last awful change, the suddenness of his decease is afflicting only to his surviving relatives. He has left no children, but an affectionate widow, who deeply laments his loss.

Sept. 25. The celebrated Richard Porson, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Greek Professor in that University. His eminence in Greek literature, is known among the learned in Europe.

W. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIV.

[Being Number XXII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The VVorkes of Iohn Heivvood newly imprinted. A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall Prouerbes in the English tong compact in a matter concerning tvvo maner of mariages. With one hvndred of Epigrammes; & three hundred of Epigrammes vpon three hundred Prouerbes, and a fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Whereunto are now newly added a sixt hundred of Epigrammes by the sayd Iohn Heywood. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete neare vnto Saint Dunstons Church, by Thomas Marsh.* 1587. 104 *leaves.*

JOHN HEYWOOD was one of our earliest dramatic writers. His birth-place is not certainly ascertained, and the authorities are nearly equal to consider him either of London, or of North Mims, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. This is the only material variation in the account of his life, which may be referred to in any biographical work. He was patronised by Sir

Thomas More, and from his introduction became a principal favourite with royalty. Henry the VIII. delighted in his skill in music, while his wit and comic humour equally distinguished him at court during the reign of Mary. The following are specimens of the jokes that afforded entertainment to his august mistress, as preserved by Camden. When Mary told him the priests must forego their wives, he wittily answered, "your Grace must allow them lemans then, for the clergy cannot live without sauce." Upon the Queen inquiring what wind blew him to the court, he answered "two, specially the one to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that (said Mary;) but, I pray, what is the other?" "That your Grace (said he) might see me." When he saw one riding that bare a wanton behind him, he said, "in good faith, sir, I would say that your horse were over-laden if I did not perceive the gentlewoman you carry were very light." With the trifling vanity and character of a jester he was still a determined follower of the Roman Catholic cause; from which, upon the demise of the Queen, he became an exile, and died at Mechlin about 1565.

His pretensions as a writer are founded more on quickness of capacity than extent of learning. The various parts of this volume obtained an extraordinary degree of popularity; but there was not much labour in collecting a string of dull conceits uttered upon any or upon every occasion at the festive board. From his *Dialogue* may be said,

> "I come (quoth I) to bee one heere, if I shall,
> It is mery in hall when berdes wag all."

Warton considers his epigrams "are probably some of

of his jokes versified;" and has given several specimens of his poetry.* The Dialogue was printed 1547, 1549, and "as newly overseen and somewhat augmented," 1561. The three hundred epigrams, says Warton, before 1553, and the whole of this volume 1562,† 1566, 1576, 1587, 1598.

At the back of the title of this volume is

"*The Preface.*

"Among other thinges profyting in our tong,
Those which much may profyt both old and yong:
Such as on their fruit wil feed or take hold,
Are our common plaine pithie prouerbs old;
Some sence of some of which being bare and rude,
Yet so fyne and fruitful effect they allude,
And their sentences conclude so large a reach,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teach.
This write I not to teach but to touch: for why,
Men know this as wel, or better then I.
But this and this rest; I write for this,
Remembring and considering what the pyth is,
That by remembrance of these prouerbes may grow
In this tale, erst talked with a frend, I show
As many of them as wee could fitly finde
Falling to purpose, that might fall in minde;
To th' entent that the reader readily may
Finde them and mind them, whan he will alway."

The dialogue follows, describing an acquaintance in love with two women; the one from affection, a maid

* Vol. III. p. 87.

† Upon the authority of Herbert; but the title is not given in full. Ritson adds the "sixte hundred" of the epigrams to the edition of 1576, Bibliographia Poetica, p. 241, where a note on the supposed omission by Herbert may be erased, as the edition alluded to is mentioned among the corrections of that editor's work at p. 1797.

"of flowring age, a goodly one," without patrimony; the other a pecuniary attachment to a rich widow. Upon the difficulty of chusing, a relation is made of two marriages formed upon similar events, and both terminating in disappointment and misery. The enquirer concludes with remaining single. It is divided into two parts of thirteen and eleven chapters. The following lines are spoken by the starving husband and a friend, after an ineffectual application to an uncle and aunt.

"By hooke or crooke nought could I win there; men say,
He that cometh euery day, shall haue a cocknay.
He that cometh now and then, shall haue a fat hen;*
But I gat not so much in coming seelde when,
As a good hen's fether, or a poore egshell;
As good play for nought as worke for nought, folke tel.
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were,
Come what, come would, I thought ere we came there,
That if the worst fell, wee could haue but a naie;
There is no harm man done in all this fray;

* The proverb of the cocknay and hen is repeated with nearly the same words by Whalley, in a note on King Lear, as taken from the *Scourge of Folly*, by Davies. (Reed's Shak. Vol. xvii. 425.) It seems uncertain if the word *cockney* did not bear a double meaning; the one, probably originating in some corrupt phrase, not yet perfectly ascertained. Whatever may have been the doubt alluded to by Steevens of it in another sense, it is determinedly shown by the following passage in the second part of Heywood's *Dialogue* to be applicable to a cook.

"Haue ye not heard tell, all couet all leese,
A, sir, I see, yee may see no green cheese
But your mouth must water. A good *cocknay coke*,
Though hee loue not to buy the pig in the poke,
Yet snatch yee at the poke, that the pig is in,
Not for the poke, but for the pig good chepe to win;
Lyke one halfelost, till greedy grasping gat it,
Yee would be ouer the style, ere yee come at it."

Neither

Neither pot broken, nor water spilt.
Farewell hee, (quoth I) I will as soone be *hilt*,*
As waite againe for the mooneshine in the water.
But is not this a prety piked † matter,
To disdeigne me, who mucke of the world hoordeth not,
As he doth, it may rime but it accordth not.
She fometh like a bore, the beast should seeme bolde,
For shee is as fierce, as a Lion of Cotsolde; ‡
Shee frieth in her own grease, but as for my part,
If shee be angry, beshrew her angry hart."

There are two proverbs respecting Robin Hood, which may conclude the notice of the dialogue. The volume is unnoticed by Ritson.

"Bachelers bost, how they will teach their wiues good,
But many a man speaketh of Robin Hood,
That neuer shot in his bow; whan all is sought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides children be wel tought."

"Men say, he may ill runne that cannot goe,
And your gayne without your stocke runneth euen so;
For what is a workman without his tooles?
Tales of Robin Hood are good for fooles;

* Hid. † Reed's Shak. Vol. X. p. 360.

‡ Thus Davies in one of his epigrams;

"Carlus is as furious as a lyon of Cotsold."

Again in the play of Sir John Oldcastle, "you old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold." These allusions are not supposed to originate in the games of Cotswold, which, "I believe," says Mr. Malone, "did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth." Reed's Shak. Vol. XII. p. 124. The following conjectural explanation is given by Steevens. "The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were famous on account of the number of sheep fed upon them. A Cotswold lion therefore meant a Cotswold sheep; as an Essex lion is still the cant term for an Essex calf." Supplement to Shak. 1780, Vol. II. p. 293.

He can ill pype, that lacketh his vpper lippe,
Who lackth a stocke, his gayne is not worth a chip."

The First Hvndred of Epigrammes inuented and made by Iohn Heywood, Anno Domini 1587.

On the back an address "to the reader" in five seven-line stanzas. The table.

"*An Epigramme on this booke of Epigrammes.*

"This booke may seeme as it sorteth in sute,
A thin trim trencher to serue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no way win,
To eate frute thereon, or compt frute therein."

"*Of three sages.*

"Thre maner sages nature doth deuise,
The sage herbe, the sage foole, and the sage wise;
And who for moste wise him selfe doth accept,
May matche any sage, the sage wise except."

"*Buying of shooes.*

"Whan I at the shoomakers shall shooes assay,
If they bee too little, they will stretcht (sayth hee),
If they bee too much, they will shrink strayght way;
Too long, too short, how narrow or wide they bee,
All is one matter as he shapth them to mee.
For may hee once get his shooes on my feete,
Without last or lingel his woordes make them meete."*

* To this epigram may be attached the following description of a custom among the tradesmen of that period, a transcript from the margin of a contemporary writer. "The hosiers haue hanginge by them in their shops purposely certaine paternes; out of which thei take the facion of the clock of an hose whensoeuer they must make any soch, and semblably the shoemakers haue alwayes ready hanging on a nayle paternes of lether purposely reserued and kepte wherby to shape the vpper leathers, and also other paternes for the heeles of all the shoes that thei make." *Apothegms of Erasmus, translated by Nicolas Udall.* 1564.

"*Of*

" *Of the letter H.*

" H. is woorst among letters in the crosse row,
For if thou finde him ether in thyne elbow,
In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
In thy head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place soeuer H may pyke him,
Where euer thou finde ache, thou shalt not like him."*

" *Of the foole and the gentleman's nose.*

" One gentleman hauing an other at meate,
That guest hauing a nose deformed foule and great;
The foole of that house, at this tyme standing by,
Fell thus in hand with that nose sodaynly.
Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I saw:
His mayster was wroth, and cride hence with that daw.
One sayd, talke no more of great noses, yee foole,
Lest yee be talkt withal in the whipping schoole.
The foole warn'd of great noses no more to speake,
To mend that falt, this way these woordes did breake:
Sayd I, this is a foule great spittel nose,
Byr lady I lyed, it is a fayre little nose.
Will not that foole be had hence (quoth the mayster);
Thou wilt foole (quoth one) be walkt with a waster,
If thou speake of any nose great or small.
The foole at third warning, mynding to mend all,
Stept to the bord agayne, crying as he gose,
Before God and man, that man hath no nose.

* The pronunciation of our first actor of the present period, which created such an unnecessary discussion, may not obtain much support from an epigram turning on rather a different point, but the lines of a more recent writer are not inappropriate for comparison.

" Tenants with *acbes* and sore eyes,
Or he that on his death-bed lyes,
And now must dye, when it is knowne
That you who were their cure are gone."

Lloyd's Men Miracles, 1656.

The fool was feakt for this; but what of that;
The great fault here to note, hee amended nat;
Which is this, not the wise, but the foole yee see,
In cloking of one falt, maketh faltes two or three."

On the front of the next title (which is followed by the table) is a full-length portrait, in a long oval, with ornamented border, size of page, an initial of each side of his feet. I. H. * at the back.

Three hvndred Epigrammes, vpon three hvndred proverbs, invented and made by Iohn Heywood, Anno 1562.

"*Wedding and hanging.*

"Wedding and hanging, are desteny I see;
Wedding or hanging, which is best, sir? (quoth shee:)
Forsooth good wife, hanging I thinke best, (quoth hee)
So help me God, good husband, so thinketh mee.
Oh how, lyke lambes, man and wife here agree."

"*A man at an ebbe.*

Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou hast wrong,
But shou shalt bee a flote at Tyburne ere long."

"*Of bridling.*

"I will bridell thee with rough bit, wife: quoth shee,
If thou wilt bridell mee, I will snafell thee."

"*Of ryme.*

"It may rime, but it accordth not; cordth not, Will!
Beware of cording rimes, those rimes agree ill."

The fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Invented and made by Iohn Heyvvood. Anno 1587.

* It is similar to the one described in the accounts of another piece called "The Spider and Fly."

On

On the back the following lines, and then "the table."

"*To the reader.*

"Were it as perillous to deale cardes at playe,
As it is quarrellous to deale bookes this day,
One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
Would flee one & thirty, to flee one vnthrifty;
And yet cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealing,
Foredeale of bookes in this hard tyme of dealing.
Cardes be tooted on but on the one syde;
Bookes on both sydes; in all places pord and pride;
Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
Of least tittle, that can come to tryall.
If the best writer to write be much afraide,
More may I the woorst by feareful feare be staid.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay mee so,
That booke or ballet I neuer durst write mo;
In all my simple writing neuer ment I
To touch any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touch here, by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe, whom I may bee bold vpon;
This ment in my making since proofe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this by this square;
As I for merth merily di make it,
So you in mirth merily wil take it."

"*Of long sutes.*

"Sutes hang half a yeare in Westminster-hall;
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hanging endeth all."

"*Of an archers roving.*

What a shaft shootes hee with a rouing arrow,
Still hee hits the marke, be it wide or narrow;
Where shooteth this sharpe shooting archer, Will,
Hee shooteth most at rouers on Shooter's hil."

"*Of*

" Of choice to be a wise man or a foole.

" A wise man or a foole; if thou must bee one,
Which wouldst thou be in winter, John? a fole, Jone;
Where best men in winter sit next fire from cold,
There stands the fool warm while all his tales be told.
Which woldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon?
A foole, a foole! Why? That why shouth hereupon,
n sommer when states sit from fire in the coole,
At that boorde's end in coole ayre there stands the foole.
Winter and sommer, what time men must to woorke,
Which wouldst thou bee? a foole to looke on and lurke;
All tymes of the yere for one thing or other,
Better be a foole then a wise man, brother."*

* In these lines the privileges and idleness of the domestic fool are accurately displayed, as, in the epigram or humorous attack on the big deformed nose, is the freedom of speech with which they usually made their wanton attacks. Although *the fool of that house* appears to have beeen checked and corrected upon such occasion, yet it was not always customary at that period, (if we may rely on a contemporary writer) to stop their speech, however it became unmannerly and severe. Contempt and amusement running parallel, the virulence occasionally displayed was considered of no importance. This licentious custom being authorised or allowed at a public feast, or banquet, in the time of the author, (which appears a remnant of the manners and liberty enjoyed by minstrels in reciting their lays); the following extract from the *Apothegms*, already noticed, bears coincident proof. " When in the comedie of Aristophanes, entitled the Cloudes, he was with many and bitter wordes of railling and defamacion, as ye would saie, torn and mangled in peces: and one of the companie standing by, said, doth not this go to your heart, Socrates? By Jupiter, saith he again, it greueth my stomacke nothing at all if I bee snapped at, and bitten with merie taũte, at the staige where enterludes are plaied, no more then if it wer at a great diner or bãquet where wer many geastes. This custome and vsage euen still endureth emong certain of the Germaines; (yea, [*adds the translator*] and in England also), that in feastes of greate resort there is brought in for the nones some ieasting feloe, that maie scoff and iest vpõ the geastes, as thei sittẽ at the table; with the which iesting to be stiered to angre is accõpted a thyng moche contrarie to all courtesie or good maner."

On

On the second page of the last leaf of this part is

The sixt hundred of Epigrammes, inuented and made by Iohn Heyvvood. Anno 1587.

One seven-line stanza, addressed to the reader, precedes the usual table.

" *Of writing a gentleman.*

"Thou writ'st thy selfe gentleman in one woord, brother,
But gentle is one woord, and man is another."

" *A taunt of a wife to her husband.*

" Wife, I weene thou art dronke or lunaticke;
Nay husband, weomen are neuer moone sicke;
Come what conjunction in time, late, or soone,
Wee say (not the woman) the man in the moone."

" *Of sauing of shoes.*

" Thou wearst (to weare thy wit and thrift together)
Moyles of veluet to saue thy shoes of lether;
Oft haue wee seene moyle men ride vpon assys,
But see assys goe on moyles, that passys."*

" *Of vse.*

" Vse maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway;
But all is not alway as all men do say;
In Aprill the koocoo can sing her song by rote,
In June of tune shee can not sing a note;
At first, koocoo, koocoo, sing still can she doo,
At last kooke, kooke, kooke, six kookes to one koo."

" *An Epilogve* † *or conclvsion of this worke by Tho. Newton.*

" Loe, here is seene the fruite that growes by painfull quill and braine;
How after dayes of mortall date a man reuiues againe;

* Moiles a kind of high-soaled shoes, worn in ancient times by kings and great persons. *Phillips's World of Words.*

† First printed with this edition.

This

This author Heywood dead and gone, and shrin'de in tombe of clay,
Before his death by penned workes did carefully assay
To build himself a lasting tombe, not made of stone and lyme,
But better farre, and richer too, triumphing ouer tyme.
Whereby hee dead, yet liueth still, enregistred in minde
Of thankefull crewe, who through his paines no small aduantage finde.
And so farre forth as mortall wightes may possibly procure
A lasting life here on this earth, procedes from learning sure;
Whereby a man doth in some sort himself immortall make,
Keeping his name, his fame and state, from death of Lethe Lake.
Yea, written workes (which rightly may bee tearm'de the birth of wit)
To eternize their father's fame, are knowne to bee more fit,
Then carnall children can or may promote the fame or kinde
Of fleshly parents: leauing nought but pelfe and trash behinde.
Nowe, as wee may a lyon soone discerne euen by his pawe,
So by this worke we quickely may a iudgement certaine drawe,
What kinde of man this author was, and what a pleasaunt vaine
Of fancie's forge and modest mirth lay lodged in his braine.
And if that any wrawling wretch, or churlishe chattering clowne,
(For none els will) dare peeuishely hereat to winche or frowne,
Or thinke it stuff of small auaile; or theme of ease to write;
Such curres must suffred be to barke: alas, they cannot bite.
But those that wise and learned be, and knowe white chalke from cheese,
Can teil full well what toile belonges vnto such bookes as theese.
Let him therefore that gathred first these prouerbes fine and braue,
With roundly couched epigrammes, a friendly censure haue;
That others may of ashes his, be raisde, like paines to take,
In hope to worke their countries weale, and so an end I make.

Thomas Newtonvs Cestreshyrius.—1587.

(Col.) *Imprinted at London, in Fleetestreete, neare to Saint Dunston's Churche, by Thomas Marshe, Anno Domini* 1587."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

Art. II. *Aristotelis Poetica, per Alexandrum Paccium, Patritium florentinum, in Latinum conversa. Aldus* [with the anchor] 1536. [At the end]

Venetiis in ædibus Hæredum
Aldi, et Andreæ Asulani soceri.

1536.

This is the most ancient Latin translation of the Poetics of Aristotle extant, with the Greek text subjoined, but which is so little known either to editors or readers of that work, that no mention of it has occurred to me any where except in the edition by Harles at Leipsic 1780; and the brief account by him in his preface is only quoted from the preface by Curtius at Hanov. 1753 to his German translation of the Poetics in these words: "Alexandri Paccii interpretatio ab ejus filio jam edita fuit 1536, teste Curtio loco memorato," *viz. in præfatione:* he takes no notice that the Greek text is annexed to it, which is of more importance even than the Latin translation, though an original one, and the first extant, which has any accuracy in it, the only prior one of Georgius Valla in 1498 being allowed to be very erroneous; that by Riccoboni was in 1579; the edition of Casaubon was not until 1590, with the Latin of Riccoboni. Harles, however, who has given the fullest account by any editor, except Casaubon perhaps, concerning the editions of the Poetics, mentions one at Paris in 1542, "Aristoteles de poetica Gr. et Lat. Paris, 1542—8. Biblioth. Askeu, pag. 40." Whether that Latin translation be different from this of Paccius I cannot determine, but the person who bought the book may inform the public. Yet this is certain, that the Greek text in this edition by Paccius the son corrected by himself,

himself, is *prior* to all other editions of the Poetic which have been published and corrected by any colla tion with MSS. it having been preceded only by th first editions by Aldus in 1495 and 1508; for that b Erasmus at Basil in 1531 apud Joh. Beb, is said b Harles to be a mere transcript of the edition in 1508– "Hanc 1m. editionem Basilcensem, accepta collation Aldina, demum vidi κατα ποδα sequutam esse exemplur Manutii 1508; in margine habet paucas lectiones di versas." *Præf. p*, 18. But although the edition o 1508 is generally considered as the first, yet it appear by Harles that it had been preceded by another—"Is tam editionem (1508) præcesserat alia Aldina quinqu voluminibus constans [*viz. cum Rhetor. Græc.*] Vene tiis 1495 et 1496 in forma maxima, quæ quidem tan difficilis est inventu, ut paucis eam vel oculis usurpar liceat: quam rara jam fuerit Erasmi tempore exind patet, quod is in præfatione ad editionem Basilcensen 1531 inquit, *Aldina volumina nisi in Italia fere in veniebantur, post vix unquam reperiri cæperunt.* Pos terior Aldina editio (1508) quæ et in interpunction inconstans est et insequentibus editionibus inferior, s veritatem atque præstantiam lectionis spectes, num priore discedat necne, aut quantum tertia Manutian Venet. 1552 differat, dicere nequeo." *ib.* Add to this that we have no knowledge whether either of the tw first Aldine editions were printed scrupulously from single MS. or from several; hence it follows that thi of Paccius in 1536 was the *first edition*, which wa professedly corrected by a collation of MSS. as appear in his preface. I may here notice also, that Win stanley in his edition of 1780 seems to have had n knowledge of that first edition in 1495, nor Mattair either

either, (in case he has rightly quoted Mattaire;) for he considers the Latin translation of G. Valla in 1498 as being prior to *any* Greek edition of the Poetics, therefore when he quotes the Aldine edition, he must mean that of 1508, which however he has otherwise omitted to notice. "Præter 4 Codices MSS. etiam variantes lectiones ex editione *principe* Aldina, uti et alias, quæ quidem alicujus momenti esse videbantur, ex versione antiqua Valliana, anno 1498, id est, *ante* ipsum Aristotelem *(Græcum)* edita nunc primum collegi. De hac versione, quæ, cum verbum de verbo reddat fidus nimis interpres, instar M^s.pti habenda est, vide Mattaire Annales Typograph. T. i. p. 661." *Præf.* Ought Mattaire or Winstanley to have said this, if either of them had known that there had been a Greek edition of the Poetics by Aldus in 1495, from which Valla might have made his Latin translation in 1498, and not from a *manuscript?* The above four Medicæan MSS. made use of by Winstanley are all said to be of the fifteenth century, therefore may not be much more ancient than this Greek edition by Paccius, at least not more ancient than the three MSS. consulted by the father, one of which was from the Vatican library, therefore certainly different from those four others above, and probably of greater antiquity.

From all these circumstances then it appears that this edition by Paccius, which we may call the *third* Aldine edition, that of 1552 being thus only the *fourth*, gives a better prospect of having afforded a *correct* Greek text of the Poetics, than either of the two preceding ones; and at the same time it presents us with the *first* Latin translation, which has any pretensions to accuracy, and at least more worthy of being consulted

sulted than that of Valla, from which Winstanley has nevertheless quoted several Latin readings. Others may examine whether Mattaire has made any mention of this edition or given any further account concerning it; but this additional circumstance I may notice here, that although it was not published until 1536, yet the preface by Paccius the father was dated in 1527, at which time he had prepared the translation for publication, but was prevented by death; and in the preface by his son it is not pretended that any alterations had been made by himself: so that in reality it *preceded* the edition of 1531 at Basil by Erasmus, who however could have known nothing of its contents; which circumstance gives it the greater value, so far as can be derived from mere antiquity.

I have not examined either the Greek text or translation sufficiently to say whether any new information can be derived from either of them; but the Greek text by the son, as well as the Latin, will at worst afford some benefit, if they only *confirm* from their MSS. some readings in preference to others, which have been found in other MSS. and editions, and created doubts as to which ought to be adopted as the right ones. It remains that I quote such parts of the preface by the father Alexander Paccius as relate to the translation prepared by himself, although not published until nine years after by his son: and upon the whole it appears by the above account that these first three Aldine editions preceded every other edition or translation of the Greek text (that of 1531 by Erasmus being a mere copy of the Aldine edition) and that the text as presented in these, both Greek and Latin, was altogether obtained from MSS. before any *conjectural*

jectural emendations had been introduced by any editors or commentators, which have been since multiplied, so that it is now very difficult to distinguish the original Greek text of the MSS. from the pretended corrections made in it by conjecture; from which difficulty however this ancient Greek text by Paccius, the son, will help to rescue the readers of it.

"*Alexander Paccius Nicolao Leonico S. D.*

"——— Mitto ad te Aristotelis Poeticam a me in Latinum conversam anno prope jam tertio ab hinc, *Romæ cum essem*——nam quod Averrois super hac commentatio reperietur, planè nihil est, cum nihil ad rem afferat, propterea quod parum intellectum esset ab iis qui in Arabam linguam hoc opus verterunt: nihil etiam est, quod à Georgio Valla conversum in Latinum habeatur; id quod satis per se apparet, utcunque verò multis (ut diximus) portentis scatet—sed fore putavi, ut in tanta librorum, quæ tunc erat in urbe copia, si diligenter exquirerem, aliqua possem exemplaria invenire, quæ magnam fortasse mihi difficultatis partem adimerent—quapropter habitis jam tribus vetustis admodum exemplaribus, uno præsertim ex Vaticana biblioteca, monstris illis omnibus bellum indicere, planeque manum cum eis conserere non sum veritus, aggressurus eadem de integro si quando vel meliorum exemplarium copia mihi daretur, vel doctorum hominum occasio—et quidem data mihi copia est Gasparis Contareni summi ingenii viri summæque literaturæ, is enim lucubrationes nostras non solum diligenter legit, sed plurimis in locis annotavit et emendavit—pro viribus sum conatus, non modo Græcum sensum

summa cum fide Latinum reddere, sed etiam adhibitis antiquis codicibus, quantum licuit maxima cum diligentia proprium atque legitimum invenire—1527. Venetiis."

"*Guliemus Paccius Alexandri F. Francisco Campano S. P. D.*

"Cum mecum ipse sæpe consyderarem an Aristotelis Poeticen in Latinum ab Alex. patre conversam in lucem proferre deberem, plurimum me ab eo dehortari videbatur, quod sciebam illum ab ea divulganda abhorruisse, nisi prius institutum in hac re suum, ad quem optabat exitum (id quod minime potuit, mors enim ejus consilium prævertit) perduxisset—constitui tandem illam foras esse dandam—et ut commodius hujus rei studiosis consideretur, Græcum etiam quam *emendatissime* potuimus huic adjungendum curavimus: quod si per seditiones civiles rerumque nostrarum confusionem, *exemplaris illius* mihi potestas fuisset, *in quo corrigendo* pater vehementer laboraverat adjumento usus doctissimorum hominum multorumque pervetustorum codicum, illud æque atque interpretationem publici commodi causa libenter in medium protulissem. —Patavio 1536."

These were different persons from Julius Pacius, the brother of Fabius Pacius, an eminent physician; Julius also published the works of Aristotle, but was not born until 1550. By these prefaces it appears that the Greek text had been corrected by the father from three or more MSS. one of them from the Vatican, which corrected copy being lost during civil commotions, the son formed a new Greek text *emendatissime*, therefore after consulting the MSS. Examination will shew

shew whether it agrees always with the Latin translation of his father; if it does, it may have been purposely accommodated to that Latin translation by the son, and thus both of them together will determine the readings of the Greek text, which they found in some of the MSS. of that age in Italy *prior* to all other editions of the tract except the Aldine editions of 1495 and 1508, both of which are very incorrect, and possibly both made from a *single* MS. at Venice, without any collation with others in Italy. I bought this edition for three shillings, and doubt whether there be any other copy in Britain.* I propose also when at leisure to compare it further with the edition by Winstanley in 1780, as being the latest and most authentic except that of Tyrwhitt; and I perceive already that the Greek does sometimes differ from the Latin, which gives it the greater value as more strictly following the MSS. before the editor.

One advantage at least may be obtained from this copy, that it will explain in a more clear manner some notes which Winstanley has inserted in his edition, being copied verbatim from the edition by Sylburgius at Frankfort 1584, and which at present are too brief not to be ambiguous and perplexing to readers; of this I will give some examples which occur to me already relative to Paccius. In the seventh chapter, p. 25, the following note is copied by Winstanley from Sylburgius Ετι δε επει το καλον] Bas. Margo, ετι δε καλον Victorius quoque annotat Paccium omisisse particulam επει, quæ et magni est ponderis, et tum in impressis, tum in calamo exaratis libris exstet. *Sylburg.* Now it is not said which Basil edition is here meant, whether

* It is mentioned by Dibdin as rare and valuable. *Editor.*

Whereby a fame they hope to have,
That never shall be dead.
Of Cirrha eke the laurel trees
Shall spring, they trust, again;
Though Mars doth let in spite of them,
And seeketh to retain
Your noble heart into his tents
By all the means he may;
In tents where honour you shall have,
That never shall decay:
Whereas your arms, as right requires,
Shall richly decked be
With triumphs due to such a Prince,
Of lusty laurel tree.
Draw near, and with a joyful face
Thy poet look upon,
Willing to tread unproved paths
That have not yet been gone.
And grant this favour to a wight,
That now abashed is!
So may Ferrara see thee long
In perfect joy and bliss,
Till after this thy joyful life,
A long and happy time,
Departing from the earth, thou shalt
The starry heavens climb.
And if my fatal years be long,
In time shall come the day,
Whenas your Grace and worthy deeds
I shall in time display.
When India aye with *tartess brinks*
Thy name shall cause to sound;
Thy fame shall fly in every place,
Of Hyperbore's ground.
In utter parts of Afric too
You shall be known by me;

Then

Then I with greater rage of Muse
Encouraged shall be;
And shall declare unto all men
How that you do embrace
Justice; and eke what godliness
And faith is in your Grace;
What counsel doth in you abound,
What valiant worthy power;
How liberal with gentleness
You are at every hour.
By me shall also wonder much
The world in every place,
To see what wit and manners mild
Consisteth in your Grace.
But now the things, that I you give,
Receive with gentle heart,
And take my present doings here
Awhile as in good part.
My mind desireth sore to write
Of much and diverse things;
And not always to stay at one,
But as the sprite me brings,
I go now here, now there, I swim
Amid the waters deep;
Sometimes I toss the boistrous waves,
Sometimes to shore I creep;
And though sometimes by reason's rule
I shall assay to find
The secret ways by Nature hid,
And bring them unto mind;
Those things yet will I follow most,
Whereby a profit shall
Arise, and add a holy life
To men that be mortal.
A life, alas! now banished clean,
If I the truth may say,

In this our age, than which a worse
Was never seen the day.
Such things I say that shall expell
The vices of the mind;—
A thing, that more the Muses fits,
Than this I cannot find!
This makes a man for to be found
Of wit both prompt and fine,
Although from nature he be dull,
And do from wit decline;
Ungodly and neglecting right,
That whoredom doth not spare,
Or on whom earthly avarice
Hath caused for to care;
Or he, whom envy in his heart
Doth evermore possess;
Unconstant, or a lying man,
Or takes in drink excesss.
In fine, whatever vice he hath,
By this he may forsake
The hurtful harms of perverse mind,
A godly life to take.
This worthy men doth cause to be,
And fit for honours high,
Which to themselves their house and realm
Can counsel prudently;
And unto doubtful things this can
Bring present remedy.
So much the face of beauty fair
Ought not esteemed be,
The pleasant eyes with shining looks
Each part of royal blee,
As manners well composed, and
A pure and honest mind,
Where Virtue bears so great a stroke,
That Vice is hard to find.

Doth not the righteous man, or he
That virtues much doth love,
Live all in mirth, and hopes for help
Of only God above?
He nothing cares, when whispering words
Be closely spoke in ear;
When Judge or King doth for him call,
His heart doth nothing fear.
Contrary wise the wicked man
Defamed fears to be;
And when the lightning's thunder roars,
Then guilty trembleth he.
If men do chance in ears to round,
Or whisper when they walk,
Alas! then cries he to himself,
'Of me these men do talk!
What shall I do? The Judge or King
Doth call; and shall I go?
Or rather fly the perils great
Of wretched life now low!'
By fixed law of God doth fear
The wicked man torment;
And do sometimes the evil man
To mirth do seem as bent,
As Strongilos amid the seas,
Yet doth he boil within;
Or Ætna, when his flaming darts
Pyrackmon doth begin.
But were it better to declare
With thousand ships assail'd
The cursed chance of Pergamus,
That foolishly bewail'd
The perjur'd faith of Simon's deed,
Or else Ogyges town,
Which by the cruel chance of war
Was rased clean adonn?

Or

Or shall I praise, as poets wont,
Some man with forged lies;
And judge a colour fair to be,
Contrary to mine eyes?
Or were it better here to feign
How Dædalus did fly
The woeful hap of Icarus,
That fell out of the sky.
The bodies oft transformed are
Of gods and eke of men;
And so delude the idle ears
With trifles of my pen?
Or had I better to declare
The wanton toys of youth;
And slander Gods with profane acts,
Which is a greater ruth?
For what do these our frantic heads
Now fear at any hour?
The gods we say with lecherous lust
Both boys and maids deflower,
A whore in heavens high to be;
A lecher too, they say:
O shame! is this a godliness;
Or right to use such way?
Are these the thanks we owe to God?
Be these our odours sweet?
Be these the duties that we owe;
Or praises for him meet?
What thing will now the wit of man
Forbear to feign or lie,
By means whereof they may obtain
In sin a liberty?
Of writers vain, both lewd, and ill,
O rude, unruly rout!
You need to take helleborus,
To purge your humours out!

To you I speak, that others harm,
Whose tongues do spare no man!
If lightning should you all consume,
What marvel were it then!
Shew me the cause, both night and day,
Why do you take such pain:
Is it but only for yourselves?
Why then no praise you gain;
For he, that only private wealth
Regardeth always still,
And laughs to scorn another's harm,
While he enjoys his will,
A savage beast by right desert
Deserveth call'd to be;
And not a man for to be nam'd;
For so to write ought we,
That men may get some good thereby,
And not complain to spend
Their time in trifling tricks and toys,
That have no certain end.
And first ought to be known, that we
Do good in three divide;
In pleasure and utility,
And honesty chief beside.
Some one of these, or greater part,
May poets always use;
So that the bonds of honesty
To break they do refuse.
But, O, what titles and what crown
Did he deserve to have,
Which things, not only vain and nought,
Good fruit that never gave,
But wrote such things as might corrupt
The life of any man,
And make him worser, ten to one,
Than when he first began?

He left behind him monuments
Of wanton wicked ways;
And left such foolish doating things,
To men of latter days!
O Lord, how much doth wanton words
To wicked life entice;
And with a fervent poison great,
Doth draw men unto vice.
From ears a wanton wicked voice
Dare pierce the secret thought,
And unto mischief move thereby
The members bent to nought.
A nobleman such things delight,
Some man perhaps may say;
Who in his house a lusty rout
Doth keep in rich array;
Whom for to fear, excessive goods
Compels a man thereto;
With any part of worthy wit
Who never had to do.
What then, may these be suffer'd tho',
Or prais'd because they please
The rich, or else the nobleman,
That always lives in ease?
Not so; for what a sort there be
Of two legg'd asses cloath'd
In gold and silk and purple fair,
To all men is not shew'd.
There be, there be full many now,
Whom pearls have puff'd with pride;
And whom the Asians have beset
With silk on every side;
Whose fingers fair with rings of gold
Be dash'd, and deck'd about
With precious stones and pearls of price,
That India sendeth out.

Those men a man could almost swear
That Plato they excell;
Or Socrates, who, Phœbus judge,
Of wisdom bare the bell.
And yet these princely painted walls
Do nought within contain;
A bladder full implete with wind
They may be termed plain.
Where Fortune fawns, their pleasure springs,
And pleasure bringeth folly;
And so the light of reason's rule
Is darkened utterly;
Whereby it haps that seldom wise
These children hap to be,
To suffer pain for Virtue's sake,
Who will, if so be he
Have no reward? reward who seeks,
But he, whom need constrains?
The rich man follows joyful things,
And liveth void of pains:
He hates the pricking thorny ways,
The cliffs both sharp and sour,
By which we do assay to climb
To Lady Learning's tower."

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

ART. IV. *The whole book of Psalms with their wonted tunes; compiled by ten sondry authors, who have so laboured herein, that the unskilful with small practice may attaine to sing that part, which is fittest for their voyce. Imprinted at London by Thomas Est, the assigne of William Byrd, dwelling*

dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the black horse, and are there to be sold. 1594. 12*mo.*

This is an ancient edition of the version of the Psalms by Sternhold, accompanied with the proper tunes then in use; probably not the first edition, but sufficiently ancient to shew what alterations have been since made in that version, and always for the worse. This has apparently been done at different times in order to substitute more modern words for such as were become obsolete, and not commonly understood: it may have rendered many sentences more intelligible, but has done injury to the credit of the author. The name of Sternhold is generally coupled with that of Blackmore, as being examples of poetic dulness; but if the effect of the unambitious simplicity of language in the subjoined version of the first part of the ninetieth psalm be compared with the stiff, formal, turgid language and pedantic conceits of the poets in the reign of Elizabeth, it will perhaps shine as a bright star in a cloudy night: it is at least a proof how little the ordinary language of that age differed from what prevails at present; so that the inverted construction of sentences and studious kind of obscurity, which is found both in the prose and poetry of those times, appear to have been the effect of misplaced labour and design, in order to rise above the form of common composition.

" Thou Lord hast been our sure defence,
Our rock and place of rest,
In all times past, in all times since
Thy name is ever blest;

Ere

Ere there was mountain made or hill,
  Or earth, and all abroad,
From age to age, and ever still,
  For ever thou art God:
Thou bringest man through grief and pain
  To death and dust, and then,
And then thou sayest, return again,
  Again, ye sons of men.
The lasting of a thousand year
  What is it in thy sight?
As yesterday it doth appear,
  Or as a watch by night:
Whene'er thy judgements come on men,
  Then is their life soon done;
All as a sleep, or like the grass,
  Whose beauty soon is gone,
Which in the morning shines most bright,
  But fadeth bye and bye,
And is cut down e're it be night,
  All withered dead and dry.
So through thy wrath our days soon waste
  Till nought thereof remain,
Our years consume as words or blaste
  And ne'er return again.
Our age is three score years and ten
  That we the sun behold,
Four score if any see, yet then
  We count them wondrous old;
And all this time our strength and life,
  Which we thus count upon,
Are little else but painfull strife,
  Untill our breath be gone.
Instruct us then, O Lord, to know
  How long our days remain,
That we may now our thoughts apply,
  True wisdom to attain." &c.

 I have

I have removed two or three vulgar expressions for such as are less exceptionable, lest they should depreciate the rest, but they might not have had that vulgarity in the age of Elizabeth; and the common editions have in like manner changed some obsolete words; yet none of these affect the meritorious part of the version, which otherwise exhibits the true state of the English language in that reign, as it subsisted in the ordinary mode of composition; and on this account, at least, may deserve a place among the other remains of that age; while at the same time the use of a few obscure or insipid words may be rather the fault of the age than the author; excepting the removal of which, not the least other alteration is made, in order that, he may speak for himself whether he ought to be altogether excluded from among the relics of what is called poetry in that reign. The new version of this psalm can bear no comparison with that of Sternhold.

S.

ART. V. *The golden boke of Marcus Avrelius Emperour and eloquente oratour. Londini An. M.D.XLVI. Oct. 278 leaves.*

John Bourchier, Lord Berners, the translator, died at Calais 1532, aged sixty-three. His life, with several additional notices, may be found in the last edition of the Noble Authors, Vol. I. p. 239. Of the present work Herbert has placed a copy without date in 1534, 8vo. as printed by Berthelet. Another edition in 4to. 1536, printed by him, is mentioned by Warton. Three copies

copies are in my possession, dated respectively 1546, 1553, (both without a printer's name) and 1559, having for colophon "Imprinted at London in Flete-strete, in the late house of Thomas Berthelet. Cum, &c." These are small octavo, and the titles in the ornamented compartment with the date 1534 used for the works of Sir Thomas Eliott.

The original was found in the collection at Florence made by Cosmo de Medicis, and progressively translated from Greek into Latin, Castilian, French, and English. The prologue was by the first translator, and concludes with the following account of finding the original. "Whan I departed from the college of my study, and went to preache in the palays, where I sawe so many newe nouelties in the courtes, I delyuered my selfe with greatte desyre to knowe thynges, and gaue my selfe to searche and knowe thynges auncient. And the case fortuned on a daie, readyng an historie, I founde therein matter to be noted in a pistell, and it seemed to me so good, that I put all mine humaine forces to serche farther. And after in reuoluyng dyuers bokes, serchyng in diuers libraries, and also speakyng with diuers sages of diuers realmes, finally I found this tretise in Florence, among the bokes lefte there by Cosme de Medicis, a man of good memory. I haue vsed in this writyng, the which is humayne, that that diuerse tymes hath bene vsed in diuinitee, that is to reduce, not word for word but sentence for sentence. We other interpretours are not bounde to gyue for the meane the wordes, it sufficeth to gyue for the weyght the sentence. As the historiographers, of whom there were dyuers, and the history that they made was all but one thyng, I wyll not deny but I

haue left out some wordes, which were nòt mete nor well sittyng, rude and least of valure, and I haue medled with other more swete and profytable. I thynke that euery wise man, after he hath read this boke, wyll not saie that I am the principall auctour of this worke, nor yet to iudge me so ignoraunte to exclude me cleane from it; for so hygh sentences are not founde at this present tyme, nor to so hygh a style they of tyme paste neuer attained. Here endeth the prologue."

Marcus Aurelius bore upon his coins "Impm. M. Aurelius Antoninus." As emperor he reigned nineteen years, which terminated A. D. 180. He was a renowned warrior and a virtuous and enlightened magistrate. Having early imbibed the rigid principles of the stoics, it enabled him to obtain a control over his passions, and behold the little changes of life with stern and tranquil indifference. To correct the manners of the people he publicly read lectures on philosophy, and upon a sudden excess banished their favourite mimes of every description. The circumstances of this transaction, and the letter written by him upon the occasion, furnish an amusing selection.

"This emperour was so wyse in all thynges, that among theim that were mery, he was of great mirthe. And in verities he was very veritable. In his pastimes he was greatly temperate, and a louer of musike, specially in good voice and instrumentes, and sore displeased yf ye hard any discorde therein. He passed most of his youth in learnyng of sciences. Whan he came to mans estate, he exercised feates of knyghtehode: he loued discipline and hated adulacion. He was apt and happie in armes, but yet in ridyng of horses

horses he hadde oft tymes ill happe. In his younge age he delyted to plaie at the tennys, and at the chesse in his age. He loued not these counterfaityng plaiers of farces and mummeries, and yet lesse trewandes* that been natural fooles,† iuglers, and iesters, for pleasure. The plaiers and iesters suffered great varietie in the empire, accordyng to the diuersitee of emperours. Julius Cæsar susteyned theim; Octauian his neuew droue theim away; Caligula called the agayne; cruell Nero banisshed theim; Nerua made theim come agayn; good Trajan banished them out of all Italy; Anthoni Pius brought theim in again; and by the handes of this good emperour Marcus Aurelyus, they ended. And the occasion was, the Romaines did celebrate with great ioye, the iiii daie of May, the great feast of the mother Berecynte, mother of all the goddes. The sacred priestes flammes diales, wold haue brought thither these minstrelles iugglers and iesters, for to reioyce the feast, and contrary wise the holy nunnes vestales would [not] haue done the same, so that variunce fell betwene theim, some with force, and some with resistence, and some ranne thither in fauouryng of bothe parties, and not a few to depart theim. The cruell and great noyse of slaughter among theim was suche, that it tourned the feast to wepynges, the pleasures into sorowes, and their songes into wailynges. This good emperour laboured to peace this furie of the people, and to set peace among the neighbours of Rome. Whan all was dooen he made curiouse diligence to searche out all the plaiers, iuglers, and

* Beggars.

† Yet there was a fool he kept "named Galindo, at whose wordes the emperour often toke pleasure."

iestours of Rome, and in all the circuite of Italy that thei might bee chastised and Rome delyuered of them. And for example of all the world, he sent theim to the gate of Hostie, and commanded to sette theim in gallies, and to banishe them for euer into the yles of Helispont: whiche was accomplisshed as the emperour commaunded. And fro that daie was neuer sene at Rome iuggler or gester, as longe as the emperour liued. But it passed not two yeres after his death, but thei retourned, whan his sonne had the rule, and, except the bookes do lie, there was in Rome greatter number of fooles than of wise men."

"*A Letter sent by Marcus to Lambert, Gouernour of the yle of Helespont, whan he dyd banishe the vacabundis fro Rome. The xii Letter.*

"Mark, emperour of Rome, lorde of Asie, confederat with theym of Europe, frend of them of Affrike, enemie of the Maures, to the Lamberte, gouernour of the yle of Helesponte, sendeth of his parte contentacion and suretee fro the sacrate senate. I am furred with the furres that thou hast sent me, and am clothed with thy mantell, and am ryght well pleased with thy greyhoundes: if I had thought, that thyn absence fro Rome should haue procured so much fruyt in that yle, long agoe I should haue determyned as well for thy profyte as for my seruyce. I sent to the in demaundyng but small thynges in my sport, and thou hast sente me many thynges in ernest. In good soth thou haste better proporcioned thy seruice with noblenes, than I to commaunde with my couetyse. For, yf thou remembre, I sent to the for a doseyne skynnes of furre, and thou haste sent me xii doseyne: and I dyd sende but

for

for vi greihundes, and thou hast sent me xii. Truly in this my pleasure is double. For here in Rome thy great largesse is publyshed, and my small couetyse there in Helesponte. And because I am sure thou hast great thankes of me, I praie to God to send the salute and health, and that fortune be not denied the at a good houre.

" I sende the iii barkes of maister fooles, and yet I haue not sente the all, for if I had banyshed all the fooles in Rome, we should haue peopled vs with a new people. These mayster fooles haue ben so wily to teache foly, and the Romaine youth so apte to learne, though they be put in iii barkes theyr disciples wold lade iii M. Carrakes. I haue great meruaile of one thyng, for I see well the erthquakes casteth downe houses, and great waters beareth awai bridges, frostes freseth the vines, sodein thonderyng & tempestes breketh downe toures, scarsitie of water causeth derth, corrupt ayre maketh an ende of theim that be wyse; and yet there is nothyng that can make an end of these fooles. Althynges at this daie faileth at Rome, except all onely these ydell trewandes, gestours, tomblers, plaiers, or dro slates, iuglers, and suche other, of whom there is inow and to many. O what a seruice shouldest thou do to the gods, and what profit to Rome, that for three barkes ful of fooles to send one lade with wyse men. One thyng I will saie, that with the bones of the wyse men that yle is halowed, that anciently were banyshed by the malyce and enuy of theym of Rome: if my smellyng wits be not lost as Italy stinketh of the that be simple, so that ile smelleth swete of wyse men. Whan I came fro the wars of the Parthes y^e. iiii yere of mine empire, I passed into that yle by dyuers seas

to see the sepulchres of auncyent wyse men; and in the citie of Dorbite, in the myddes therof, lieth Ouyde, that was banyshed by August: and vnder the mountayne Arpines is the sepulchre of the renowmed Armeno oratour banished by Sylla; at the porte of Organant thou shalt fynde the bones of Colliodorus recapituler of the antike lawes, that was banyshed by Nero the cruell: and in the feelde of Elinos, vnder a marble, is the pouders of Sisifo Stenes that was so well learned in the vii artes lyberall, as though he had new founde theym, he was banyshed by the Marians. I saie for trouthe thou shalte fynde it thus, for with my knees I haue touched their sepulchres, and all that season my tender eyes were as full of water, as theyr bones were harde in the earth. These were not banyshed for no vilaneyes that they had doen, but it was the meryte of our forefathers that they would bee pryuated fro the company of so noble barons, and we theyr chyldren fro the pouder of so renowmed sages. I can not tell whyche is the greatter, the fantasye that I haue to thyne yle, or the compassion of myserable Rome. I dooe praie the as my freende, and command the as my servaunte, to regarde the places that I haue shewed the. For it is a iuste thyng and most iuste, that suche cities be priuileged by them that liueth, whan thei are peopled with suche dead wyse menne. And moreouer, Centurion knoweth by wordes the heuie case, that these prisoners hadde with vs, and we with theim, the daie of the feast of mother Berecinthia. I saie, I saw not that daie so muche crueltie in Rome, as we caused infamie through all the empyre. Rome was neuer ouercome, by theim that were valiaunt and vertuous, that daie we sawe ouergone, and troden vnderfoote by those

those fooles. The walles of Rome, that wer neuer touched by the Pœnians, had that daie their lowpes full of armed trewandes: Rome that triumphed ouer all realmes, was triumphed vpon that daie, with tomblers and iugglers. I am so abashed in this case, that I wote not what to saie or to write. Yet one thyng comforteth me, that sith Rome and the Romaines vniustlie doe reioyce with these fooles, she and the famous wyse men iustly shal be chastised for these fooles. And in this the goddis shall not be displeased that sith Rome laugheth at these trewandies and mockeries, one daie she shall weepe with these tõblers and iugglers: I banishe all these for euer fro Rome, not for the blond that they haue shedde but for the heartes that they haue peruerted, not for the occasion of any that be dead, but because they wer maisters of folies. Without cõparison it is greater offence to the goddis, and more domage to the common wealth, these trewãdes to take awaie the wittes fro the wise folkes, then the murtherers to take awaie men's liues. If the greatest gift, among all giftes of fortune, be, to kepe a good wit, let no man presume to be of a restfull vnderstandyng, that is an extreme frend to these trewandes. Beleue me one thyng; as one byrd loueth an other, and one beast an other, and one wise man an other, so one foole loueth another foole.

"I remember on a daie, as I reuolued the registers in the capitol, I red a right marualous thyng of Oruet'. a famous oratour, whiche is buried in the Isle of Helespont, on the mount Adamantine. When great Scipio came from the warre of the Pœnians, better accompaignied with hunger staruen trewandes than with valiant capitains, he said to him, of trouthe it is a great shame

shame to thee and a small honour to the senate, that thou, that hast ouercome the wyse Affres, and beyng so wyse thy self and of the bloud of the wyse Romaines, wilt be accompanied with these trewands and fooles. In that vnhappie realme all the wise men could not ouercome one, that was thought so mighty, among so many fooles; I saie to thee that thy wit is in more perile here in Rome, than thy lyfe in Affrike.

"These were good wordes, and not of no worldlie malice, and within a short while after, and by diuers light perso's, and for a small occasion, this poore olde oratour, and riche philosopher, by the frendes of Scipio, was banished Rome, and sent into that ile.

"Than, behold, Lambert, let vs returne to these iugglers and trewandes; whan they are landed in that ile, let them go frank and free so that thei vse not their accustomed toyes. Thou shalt constrain them to labour and chastise them if they be idle; for these miserable folke, fleyng from iust trauaile, take on them uniuste idilnesse, and co'uert mo men with their trewandise, than if open school of vacabundes were kept.

"There is nothyng that our forefathers did, that displeseth me so muche as the sufferance of these vnthriftie trewandes.

"In the yere CC xxvi of the foundacion of Rome, in the time of an horrible pestilence in Italie, to reioice the people was first found out the inuencion of theatres, by the aduise of the trewandes. It is a shameful thing to here that the pestilence dured but two yeres, and the rage of these vnthriftes dureth iiii hundred yeres.

"Lambert, I beleue wel that the complaintes that these

these prisoners haue begon here shall neuer haue an end there; how be it, I care not; for the grudge of them that be yll, iustifieth the iustice and sentence of theim that be good. As the maister of Nero said, as muche as the shame of sinne ought to be fledde of theim that be good, so muche praise is the infamie of the yll. I shall tell thee one thing, to thentent that the chastisement should not seeme cruell to the, seyng the emperours of Rome are full of clemencie to straingers, it is no reason that thei shold be so sharp to their own. Sith fatal destinies hath brought me into this world I haue seen nothing more vnprofitable to the common welth, nor greater folie in theim, that be light of conditions, nor a worse inuecion for vacabundes, nor a more cold reuocacion of mortall folk, than to lerne of these gamners and triflers, and suche other iugglers. What thyng is more monstrous, than to see wyse men reioyce at the pastime of these vain triflers? What greater mockerie can be in the capitoll, than the foolish saiying of a iester, to be praised with great laughter of wise men? What greater sclaunders can be to princes houses, than to haue their gates alwais open to receiue in these fooles, and neuer open to wyse folkes? What greater crueltee can there be in any person, than to geue more in one daie to a foole, than to his seruantes in a yere, or to his kinne all his life? What greater inconstancie can there be, than to want men to furnishe the garrisons and frontiers of Illirico, and these trewandes to abide at Rome? What lyke shame can there be to Rome, than that the memorie shall be lefte more in Italie of these tumblers, trewandes, pypers, syngers of iests, tabourers, crouders, dauncers, mummers, iesters, and iugglers, than the renoume

renoume of capiteignes, with their triumphes and armes. And whan these caytiffes wandered all aboute in Rome in safetie, sounyng their leudnes and gatheryng of money, the noble barons and capitaines went fro realme to realme wastyng their money, aduenturyng their liues, and sheding their blud.

" In the vttermost part of Spain, when war began betweene the Liberiens and Goditaines, and they of Liberie lacked moneie, two iugglers and tabourers offred to mainteine the war a hole yere, and it folowed that, with the goodes of two fooles, many wise men were slaine and ouercome.

" In Ephese, a citie of Asie, the famous temple of Diana was edified with the confiscacion of goodes, of suche a trewand and foole.

" When Cadmus edified the citie of Thebes in Egipt with fyftie gates, the mynstrelles gaue him more towarde it than all his freendes.

" If the historie be true whan August edified the wals of Rome, he had more of the trewandes, that were drowned in Tyber, than of the common treasorie.

" The first kyng of Corinth arose by suche villains, I saw his sepulchre at Corinthie, and as I say of these small number, I might saie of many other.

"Beholde than, Lambert, howe littell care the goddis take, and how variable the case of fortune is, and how the deedes of men fall. Some be had in memorie for their foli, and some for their wisdome. One thing is come to my mynde of the chaunce of these trewandes, and that is, whyle they be in presence they make euerie man to laugh at the folyes that they dooe and saie, and whan they be gone euerie man is sorie for his money that they bare awaie. And of trouthe it is a iuste

sentence

sentence of the goddis, that suche as haue taken vaine pleasure together, when they are departed to weepe for their losses. I wil write no more vnto thee, but I doe send thee this letter in Greke, to the entent that thou shewe it ouer all the ile. Sende foorthwith the shippes again, for thei must be sent forth with the prouisions into Illirico. Peace be with the, Lambert, health and good fortune be with me, Marc.

"The senate saluteth the, and thou, on my be halfe, shalt shewe to the ile the ioyfull happie customes. My wife Faustine saluteth thee, and sendeth a rich girdell to thy doughter, and in recompence of the furres I send thee rich iewelles."

The volume concludes with the following address from the pen of Lord Berners, to the reader.

"Thus endeth the golden booke of the eloquent Marke Aurelie emperour; who so euer be reader therof may take it by reason for a riche and newe labour, and specially princis and gouernours of the common wealth, and mynisters of justice with others, also the common people eche of theim, may finde the labour conuenient to theyr estate. And therin is conteigned certayne right highe and profounde sentences, and holsome counsailes and meruailous deuices agaynste the encumbraunce of fortune; and ryght swete consolacions for theim that are ouerthrowen by fortune. Finally it is good to them that digeste it, and thanke God that hath geuen suche grace to a paynym in geuyng vs exaumple of vertuous liuyng, with hye and salutary doctrynes and maruailous instructions of perfectnes. Certainely as greatte preyse as ought to be geuen to the auctoure, is to be geven the translatours that haue laboryously reduced this treatyce out of Greeke into Latin,

Latin, and out of Latine into Castilian, and out of Castilian into Frenche, and out of French into English, written in high and swete styles. O ryght happy trauayle, syth that suche fruite is yssued thereof! And also blessyd bee the handes that haue written it! A ryght precious meate is the sentences of this boke; but fynally the sauce of the saied swete style moueth the appetyte. Many bookes there be of substanciall meates, but they bee so rude and so vnsauery, and the style of so small grace, that the fyrste morcell is lothsome and noyfull: and of suche bookes foloweth to lye hole and sounde in lybraries, but I trust this will not. Of trouth great prayse is due to the auctour of his trauayle, and sith there can be no grace equipolent in earth, let vs praie to God to geue hym grace and reward in heauen. Amen. Graces to God. Finis.

" Thus endeth the volume of Marke Aurelie, emperour, otherwise called the golden booke,* translated oute of French into Englishe by Iohn Bourchier, knight, Lord Barners, deputee generall of the kinges town of Caleis and marches of the same, at the instaunt desire of his neuewe Sir Frauncis Bryan, knighte, ended at Caleis the tenth daie of Marche, in the yere of the reigne of our Souerayne Lorde Kyng Henry the Eyghte, the fowre and twentie."

Conduit street. J. H.

* " I will intitle this boke the Golden boke (sayth the author of the prologue). It maie be called golden bycause in so high estimacion it holdeth the vertuouse, discouerynge in theyr this booke with the sentences, as these princes holdeth theyr mynes of golde in their Indees. But I saie that all this houre there bee moo herdes banished into the Indees of golde, thanne be employd theyin to rede the workes of this boke."

ART.

ART. VI. *The Soules immortall Crowne; consisting of Seaven glorious Graces. 1. Virtue. 2. Wisedome. 3. Love. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie. 7. Infinitenes. Devided into Seaven Dayes Workes: and dedicated to the King's most Excellent Majestie. At London, printed by H. Lownes; and are to be sold by I. C. and F. B. 1605. 4to. 34 leaves.*

This is one of the curious, though not most rare productions, of that prolific writer Nicholas Breton, who supplied the press with a rich diversity of ingenious compositions for more than forty years. The scheme of this poem was suggested probably by the "divine weeks" of Du Bartas; though Breton's manner of treating his subject is very different, and being much more concise is therefore more impressive. I cite a few stanzas from the fourth division of the work, which are very creditable to the ear and mind and heart of the author.

"O Constancie! thou only kingly thought,
That keepes the spirit in her purest kinde;
And hast against all idle frailty fought,
And like a mountaine settlest fast the minde:
Let me conceive some part of thy content,
Where pleasure's spirit is most sweetly spent.

And though I cannot reach that royall height,
Wherein thy sacred majestie doth sit:
Yet, as a servant let me humbly waite,
To see thine honour and to speake of it;
And so to speake, that all the world may see
Wisdom, Love, Honor, only lives in thee.

The

The constant eye hath never wandring sight,
  The constant ear hath no unkindly hearing,
The constant tongue doth ever speake aright,
  The constant heart hath ever happy chearing;
The constant minde the fairest thoughts unfold thee,
The constant soule on earth and heaven behold thee.

It loves no change, and breeds the joy of choice,
  It feares no fortune, and it serves no folly,
It keepes the rule where reason doth rejoice,
  And is the substance of contentment wholly:
It is a stay that strengtheneth the minde,
And knits the senses in a sacred kinde.

It is the lock upon the heart of Love,
  A chest that keepes the treasure of the mind;
Within the soule a rocke that cannot move,
  A band that doth the thoughts together bind:
A light where wisdom vertue's honour seeth,
And life where only grace with loue agreeth.

Oh, how it writes the worthiness of those,
  That strove for honour to the stroke of death:
And how without comparison it shows
  The mouth of wisdom blessed in her breath:
And how it makes the fame of them to flourish,
That with their bounty vertuous spirits nourish."

Having produced this fair specimen from the present publication, I proceed to exhibit an instance of his lyrical powers from the following pious production.

ART. VII. *A Divine poeme, divided into two partes: the ravisht Soule, and the blessed Weeper. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentle-man. Imprinted at*

at London, for John Browne and John Deane. 1601. 4*to.* 24 *leaves.*

To compile and to compose seem formerly to have been considered as synonimous, and the term *compiled* does not therefore invalidate Breton's full claim to the merits of this composition; which consists of two parts (as the title expresses) and of two distinct modes of versification:—"The ravisht Soule," which describes the devout aspirations of spiritualized affection, is written in the elegiac quatrain; and "the Blessed Weeper," which represents the sorrowful lamentation of Mary Magdalen at the tomb of our Saviour, is written in seven-line stanzas.* To these is prefixed a hymn, from which I extract nearly half, divested of its ancient spelling, that it may be read with the advantage it deserves.

"*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

"Sing, my soul, to God thy Lord!
All in glory's highest key;
Lay the angel's quire aboard,
In their highest holy day;
Crave their helps, to tune thy heart
Unto praise's highest part.

Tell the world—no world can tell,
What the hand of heaven deserveth,
In whose mercies only dwell
All that heaven and earth preserveth:
Death's confounding, sin's forgiving,
Faith's relieving, comfort's living.

* It seems not unlikely, from Mr. Steevens's MS. list of Breton's pieces, that this production had been printed in 1596, under the title of "Marie Magdalen's Love: whereunto is added a solemne passion of the Sowle's Love."

Grace and glory, life and love,
Be the sum of all thy ditty;
Where a sinner's tears may prove
Comfort's joy in mercy's pity;
Every note in love alluding,
Endless glory in concluding.

Praise of praises! where thou dwellest,
Tell me (if the world may know thee)
In what sense thou most excellest,
When thy wonder worth doth show thee,
In that state of honour's story,
Where thou gain'st thy highest glory.

'Tis not earth, nor earthly wonder,
Can discern thy dearest honour:
All her praises are put under,
When thy glory looks upon her;—
No:—in heaven thy glory dwelleth,
Where thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heaven was never living,
Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit,
Where thy grace may have the giving
Of thine honour's highest merit:
'Tis their glory's admiration
That deserves thy commendation.

Since then, by all consequences
In the notes of glory's nature,
And the grace's influences,
'Tis not earth, nor heavenly creature;
In my God alone, on high,
Is this only mystery.

Let all kings and princes then
In submission fall before him;
Virgins, angels, holy men,
Both in heaven and earth adore him;

In

In his mercy only seeing
All and, only, all your being.

And when all the world together
Join with angels' harmony;
Let my soul come singing thither,
With that blessed company—
GOD, in mercy's power victorious,
Be above all glory glorious!"

To the copious catalogue of Breton's various pieces in Ritson's Bibliographia, which derived its formation from the sedulous inquiries of Mr. Steevens, the following (and probably several others) remain to be added.

1. "*The Pilgrimage to Paradise,*" &c. a poem, printed at Oxford, in 1592. (See CENSURA, II. 235.)

2. "*An Old Man's Lesson, and a Young Man's Love:*" an interlude, 1605. This is mentioned by Dr. Percy as the publication of Breton,* but Mr. Reed informs us that he was only the *editor.*† It is amusing after this, to hear egotistic Gildon (the improver of Langbaine) pronounce—that "Nicholas Breton has writ and published *nothing more* than this one interlude."‡

3. "*Barley Break, or a Warning for Wantons,*" 1607. This appears to have been poetical, and occurred in Farmer's Catalogue.

4. "*Fantasticks: serving for a perpetuall prognostication. Descants of the world, the earth, water, ayre,*" &c. 1626, in prose.

* Reliques, III. 62, 4th edit. † Biog. Dram. I. 42.
‡ Lives and Characters of English Dramatic Poets, p. 12.

5. " *The figures of three, foure, five, sixe, and seven: by N. Breton and others:* 1626. See West's Catalogue, p. 59.

Of this poet, as my friend Mr. Brydges has elsewhere observed, * very little is known. In the Athenæ of Wood his name is unregistered, nor do I trace him among the Worthies of Fuller. By Phillips he is slightly recorded as " a writer of pastoral, sonnets canzons, and madrigals; in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spencer and Sir Philip Sidney, in a publish collection of selected odes of the chief pastoral sonneteers, &c. of that age." The collection here alluded to, must have been England's Helicon, to which Spenser and Sidney were joint contributors. The critic sentence of Phillips has been re-echoed, or rather re-written by Winstanley and Jacob, in their accounts of the Lives of English Poets. Dr. Percy mentions Breton as " a writer of some fame in the reign Elizabeth :" † and so it would appear, from Puttenham's introduction of him between Gascoigne and Turbervill and from Meres's commendation of his lyric poetry and love elegies. Nor could Webbe, it is presumed, by his silent disregard, intend to incorporate Breton among " the rabble of ryming ballet-makers, or the compilers of senceless sonets:" ‡ though he had *compiled* his " Songes of an idle head," and twice printed them, before Webbe's book appeared. In the following dialogue from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, our poet seems to be treated not more sarcastically than either Shakspeare or Drayton.

* Theatrum Poetarum, p. 319. † Reliques of E. P. iii. 62.

‡ Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

" *Roger*

"*Rog.* Have patience, sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleepe. For so the word is taken to sleepe, to dye, to dye, to sleepe; a very figure, sir.

"*Will.* Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loop holes, &c.

"*Rog.* Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle; and undertook with labour and experience the collection of those thousand pieces, consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman, *Nich. Breton?*"

The "Scornful Lady" being first printed in 1616, it may indicate Breton to have been then living, and if the Norton epitaph produced by Mr. Brydges, belong to the poet, he continued to live till June 22, 1624. Mr. Gough seems to concur in opinion that he did so: as may be gathered from a note in Vol. II. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. By those, however, who possess the lonely power of inspecting the early miscellanies of Nicholas Breton, it remains to be determined whether he incidentally bespeaks himself to have held any military commission in the low countries under the Earl of Leicester, as this would identify the monumental inscription.* Mr. Ellis has given some pleasing specimens from the poetry of Breton, and Mr. Brydges has done honour to his memory, by calling the ballad of Phillida and Corydon, † a delicious little poem, from which if we are to judge of his poetical powers (for surely he had the powers of a poet) they were distinguished by a simplicity, at once easy and elegant.

T. P.

* For which, see Brydges's Theat. Poet. and Ritson's Bib. Poet.

† See Percy's Reliques, Ellis's Specimens, and the Muse's Library.

ART. VIII. *The boke of Nurture, or schoole of good maners; for men, servants, and children: with stans puer ad mensam.* Newly corrected. Very necessary for all youth and children. Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the Conduite at the signe of S. John Evangelist, by H. Jackson* 1577. *Small* 8vo. †

The colophon to this little volume informs us it wa "compyled by Hugh Rhodes of the Kinges chappell.' Mr. Warton calls him "a gentleman or musician o the royal chapel:"‡ and speaks of the work as a English poem. About a fourth part however is i prose. The volume is thus divided:

1. "The Boke of Nurture, for men, servauntes an chyldren. Prose.
2. The manner of serving a Knight, Squyre, c Gentleman. Pr.
3. How to order your mayster's chamber at night t bedwarde. Pr.
4. Here followeth the Booke of Nurture and schoo of good manners for man and for child Verse.
5. For the wayting Servaunt. Ver.
6. The rule of honest living. Pr. and ver."

* Bale makes Robert Grosthead the author of *Stans puer ad Mensam* but a learned friend suspects that little work to have been modelled after chapter in the "Castoiement d'un pere à son Fils," translated from t Arabic.

† An apparently earlier edition was printed in *quarto*, without date, Thomas Petyt. In this, the metrical portion of the book is much more u couth and inharmonious.

‡ History of English Poetry, III. 321.

A bri

A brief sample of these metrical rules will be sufficient, and may remind some readers* of *Carmen de Moribus Puerorum*† in the grammar of Lily, the first high-master of St. Paul's school.

"Ryse you early in the morning,
for it hath propertyes three;
Holyness, health, and happy welth,
as my father taught mee.

At syxe of the clocke, without delay,
use commonly to ryse;
And give God thanks for thy good rest,
when thou openest thyn eyes.

Pray Him also to prosper thee,
and thyne affayres indeede:
All the day after, assure thy selfe,
the better shalt thou speede.

Make cleane your shoes, and combe your head,
and your cloathes button or lace;
And see at no tyme you forget
to wash your hands and face.

Put on clothing for thy degree,
and cleanly doe it make:
Bid your fellow a good-morrow,
or you your way forth take."

T. P.

* This is imputed to Sulpitius Verulanus; and had two early impressions by Wynken de Worde. See Herbert, I. 157, 167.

† Particularly of the following passage, *ad Discipulos*.

"Mane citus lectum fuge, mollem discute somnum,
Templa petas supplex, et venerare Deum.
Attamen in primis facies sit lota, manusque;
Sint nitidæ vestes, comptaque cæsaries."

ART. IX. *The Passions of the Minde. By Th. W. London, printed by V. S. for W. B.* 1601. *Small* 8*vo. pp.* 336, *without Preface.*

ART. X. *The Passions of the Minde in Generall. In sixe bookes, corrected, enlarged, and with sundry new discourses augmented. By Thomas Wright. Cantic.* 1. [Lat. and Eng.] *London, printed by A. M. for Anne Helme, and are to be sold at her shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet,* 1621. 4*to. pp.* 350, *without Introduction.*

These appear to be the first and third edition* of an amusing and instructive collection of philosophical essays, upon the customary pursuits of the mind. Though a relaxation of manners succeeded the gloomy history of the cowl, and the abolition of the dark cells of superstition; it was long before the moralist ventured to draw either example, or precept, from any other source than scripture, and the writings of the fathers. Genius run riot in some instances from excess of liberty, but the calm, rational, and universal essayist, was a character unknown. In the present work there are passages that possess no inconsiderable portion of ease, spirit, and freedom, diversified with character and anecdote that prove the author mingled with the world to advantage; and could occasionally lighten the hereditary shackles that burthened the moral and philosophical writer.

Prefixed to the third edition is an Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of Southampton, by which it appears to have been posthumously published. The author was

* Second edition was, I believe, in quarto, 1604.

first

first invited to the task by friends, "but (by what occasion it is uncertain) in the inundation of his crosses his worke suffered shipwracke, with many other writings of good and worthy vse, yet at what time he supposed it vtterly lost, or (to vse his owne words) lotting at the bottome of the sea, a fauourable power brought it a shore, where being founde, (as it seemed by such as loued it,) it was taken up, entertained, and dispersed abroad into the hands of diuers of greate note and quallitie." To the second edition he is supposed to have added as much more, and apparently with other matter interspersed, the whole of the fifth book (which is the longest) upon the means to move the passions, is new. The dedication is signed "Thomas Dewe." To the second edition was prefixed a sonnet by Ben Jonson.

The author evidently visited the continent, and has discussed the comparative merit between his own countrymen and some of those on the continent in "the preface vnto the reader," from which the following extracts may amuse. As there is little variation in this part of the work, the first edition has been followed, and also in the further specimens.

It commences, "I haue diuers times weighed with my selfe, whence from it should proceed that Italians and Spaniardes, with other inhabitants beyond the Alpes, should account Flemings, Englishmen, Scots, and other nations dwelling on this side, simple, vncircumspect, vnwarie, easie to be deceiued and circumuented by them. And the cause of my doubting was, for that I had perceued, by long experience in schools, both in Spaine, Italie, France and Flaunders; that Flemings, Scots, and Englishmen, were euer equall, and

and rather deeper schollers, than either Italian niardes, so many for so many: whereunto wee may adde the proofe of former ages, wherein al the world wil confesse that our nation hath yeelded as profound and learned schoolmen as any nation vnder the sunne, in like quantitie and proportion. For what country in any age did euer represent vnto the world such venerable wittes, as England, by yeelding our venerable Bede, who, borne in a corner of the world, comprehẽded the whole world in his boundlesse apprehension and iudgement? What age euer see, before our Alexander de Hales, a diuine more irrefragable in all his doctrine and opinions, the chiefe maister of schoolemen before that England sent him into Fraunce? In what country euer appeared such a mirrour of learning, of subtiltie, of breuitie, of perspicuitie (in deepest matters, and vnto worthy spirites) as when Scotus shewed himselfe in the chaire at Oxford? Whome for his woorth, some other countries with no lesse vntrueth, than ambition, haue chalenged for theirs, and would haue bereaued Englande of one of the worthies of the worlde. What might I not say, of Ocams, of Bacons, of Middletons, in forraine nations more accounted of, than prized at home; whose doctrine the best highly esteeme, whose wittes the wisest admire, and whose opinions innumerable doctours do follow.—Moreouer, let vs cast our eies vpon all sorts of artes and trades, from the very shooe vnto the hatte, from the shirt to the cloake, from the kitchen to the court; and we shall see our nation as well furnished, as compleate, and artificiall as any other, and as all trauellers can well affirme, farre superior to the Spaniardes, and nothing inferior vnto the Italians. I

must

must confes that in some one or other trade the Italians surpasse vs, but they be such, as either England regardeth not at all, or priseth not very much: but, in such as our countrie esteemeth, wee may, either equall or preferre our selues before him.—Northerne and Welchmen, when they come to London, are very simple and vnwary; but afterwardes by conuersing a while, and by the experience of other men's behauiours, they become wonderful, wise, and iudicious. The Italians, therefore, and Spaniards, disdaining greatly to dwell long in the country, and betaking themselues almost whollie vnto cities, by a continuall conuersation, even from their youth becom very nimble in the managing of all affaires, and consequently very politique and craftie. For great cities (specially emperiall) affoorde vnto them all sortes of politique prudence, eyther for vniuersall gouernment of the state, or particular gouernement of the state, or particular gouernement of the cittie, or priuate œconomie for a family, or common conuersation with men, al which cities as open schooles teach aboundantly; villages and townes eyther nothyng or very sparingly. The most of our Englishmen contrariwise, eyther dwell in the countrey, or in cities not so populous, wherein they may enioy such meanes as enable other nations vnto the attainment of wit, pollicie, and prudence, wherefore this defect of conuersation impeacheth greatly the warinesse of our countreymen with other nations; whereby sundry of our rurall gentlemen are as wel acquainted with the ciuil dealing, conuersing, and practise of cities, as many Kockneys with the manuring of land and affayres of the country.—I would not haue any man to thinke that

that I am of opinion, that all Italians and Spaniards go beyond all Englishmen in subtiltie and warinesse, for I haue found diuers of our nation, whom I beleeue, neither Italian, nor Spaniard could ouer-reach, in what negotiation soeuer, but only I meane that for the most part, those nations surpasse ours in a certaine politique craftinesse, the which nature first bred in them, education perfited, vertue amendeth, and arte discouereth. The which I haue endeuoured first of all (as I thinke) to drawe into forme and method, according to the principles of sciences, hoping that some other will hereby take occasion either to perfite mine, or to attempt a better; my desire is, the good of my country; the effect euery man's prudent carriage; the last end, the glorie of God; whereunto all our labours must tend, and all our actions be directed, and therefore to him let these little sparkes be consecrated to kindle the fire in his holy temple, *& in tremore.*"

The chapters *upon apparell and the literary productions of that period* are selected as interesting sketches of the manners when the author wrote.

"*Discouerie of Passions in Apparell.*

"Extraordinary apparell of the body, declareth well the apparrell of the minde; for some you haue so inconstant in their attire, that the varietie of their garments pregnantly proueth the ficklenesse of their heads; for they are not much vnlike to stage-players, who now adorne themselues gloriously like gentlemen; then like clownes; after, as women; then like fooles; bicause the fashion of their garmentes maketh them resemble these persons. And truely the Frenchmen and Englishmen, of al nations, are not without some good

good cause noted and condemned of this lightnesse, the one for inuenting, the other for imitating; in other things we thinke them our inferiours, and heerein we make them our maisters; and some I haue heard very contemptuously say, that scarcely a new forme of breeches appeared in the French King's kitchin, but they were presently translated ouer inso the court of England. This newfanglenesse proceedeth from an inconstant minde, a prowde hart, and an effeminate affection. Augustus Cæsar had alwayes in hatred, rich and gorgeous garments, because he saide they were banners blazing our pride, and neasts to breede lechery. Wherefore Saint Gregory plainely prooueth that glorious attire proceedeth from pride because that men or women will not vse their gallant garments, but in such places where they may be seene; and hee that coulde sound the heartes of many vaine persons, should finde the roote of this gay apparrell an vnchaste hart and an arrogant minde. Whereunto well alluded Diogenes, being asked a question of a yoong man, very neatly and finely apparelled; hee sayde hee woulde not answer him before he put off his apparell, that hee might know whether he was a man or a woman, declaring by his effeminate attire his womanish wantonnesse.

"As some offend in too much nicenesse, so others in too much carelessnesse and slouenry, not regarding, in what manner and fashion they shewe themselues abroade, which in some, may come of a certaine contempt they haue of themselues, of pride, and the worlde, but this manner of mortification (howbeit I will not condemne all those that vse it of hypocrisie) yet I holde, that for the most part, it carrieth a smell thereof:

thereof: I know a man that some holde very godly and religious, yet when hee was to appeare before a prince, he wold always haue the barest cloke he could get, to thintent the King might account him godly, mortified, and a despiser of the world: and perhappes Antisthenes went not farre awrie when he sawe Socrates in a torne coate, shewing a hole thereof to the people; loe, quoth he, thorowe this I see Socrates vanitie, for mortification standeth well with modestie and decent attire. Wherefore I take it vniuersally that vnseemely garments, and neglect of apparell, for the most part proceedeth from slouth, or hipocrisie; for true and sound vertue requireth grauitie and decencie.

" Much might be sayd here concerning the newfangle madnesse, or lasciuious pride, or vaine superfluities of women's pointing, painting, adorning, and fantastical disguising; but I must say this vice in them to be remedilesse, because it hath been in euery age, euer cried against, and neuer amended; and for my part, I am half perswaded that this sinne carrieth with it a finall impenitence, which women neuer intend to change as long as they liue, but to carry it to the graue: for euery one wil excuse herselfe, because she onely followeth the fashion and custome: if others woulde change, shee would bee contented to immitate; but if you aske another, she wil say as much, but none will beginne, and so their pride must be endles, and therfore incorrigible in this world, to be punished in thother."

" *Discouerie of passions in writing.*

" Who of purpose writeth obscurely, peruerteth the naturall communication of men, because we write to declare

declare our mindes, and he that affecteth obscuritie, seemeth not to be willing that men should conceiue his meaning. The Holy Scripturs I alwaies except, which for many causes admitte some obscuritie: but for men in their writing to followe such a phrase, as hardly you can vnderstand what they say, cannot but proceede, either from confused vnderstanding, because a cleare conceit breedeth perspicuous deliuerie, or affectation of learning, which springeth from pride; for I haue knowne most excellent men endeuoure to speake, and write, the greatest mysteries of our faith, in such playne manner, that very deep diuinitee seemed very easie. And I truely am of opinion, that hee is the greatest diuine, and most profitable to the common weale, which can make his learning to be best conceiued.

"To vse many metaphors, poetical phrases in prose, or incke-pot termes, smelleth of affectation, and argueth a proude childish wit. To be peremptorie and singular in opinions, to censure ill, or condemne rashly, without rendering some sound and strong reason, for the most parte, proceedeth from singular selfe loue, and a defectuous iudgment.

"Some will condemne others for writing, because they thinke there be bookes written more than sufficient: this censure commeth, either from a sluggish minde, or enuious to see others good endeuours commended, or else from grosse ignorance, because they neither know the nature of men's wittes, nor the limittes of humane vnderstanding; for if we see the arte of sayling with the compasse, the exercise of artillerie, the manner of printing, of late yeares inuented, augmented, and perfitted; why may not diuers sciences, already

already inuented, be increased with new conceits, amplified with better demonstrations, explaned in a more perspicuous manner, deliuered in a more ordinate methode.

" Contrary to these be certain itching spirits, who put euery toy in print; they prize their owne works exceedingly, and censure others iniuriously; these may well be compared to certain wild vines, which bring forth many grapes, but neuer mature them: some do it for fame, and some for gaine, and both without discretion, and against their own credite. Therefore great wisedome it were, to write something discreetely, that men's labours may, not onely profit themselues, but also bee deriued to others: for what do we account good in it selfe, if it be not communicatiue of goodnesse to others? *Bonum est sui diffusivum.* Yet woulde I haue men, not to blabbe out their conceits, without meditation, or good digestion, because, if in all actions it concerneth greatly a man's demeanour, to effectuate them with deliberation and ripenesse; so much more in writing, which no man hasteth, being distilled drop by drop from the penne, and of it selfe permanent not as wordes communicatiue to some few present auditors, but blazed to the world, and sent to all posteritie.

" Some men, in writing, flowe with phrases, but are barren in substaunce of matter, and such are neither wittie nor wise: others haue good conceits, but deliuered after an affected manner, they put a little liquor into too great a vessel. Others are so concise that you need a commentarie to vnderstand them; the former bee not without all follie, and the latter lacke not some pride: yet those are not more commendable than

than these, for those only are tedious thorow their prolixitie, but these are molestfull; bicause they require too great attention, and make a man often spend many spirites, to winne a slender knowledge.

"Many write confusedly, without method and order, and such comprehend not their matter: others are too precise in diuisions, in such sort, that ere you come to the last part, you haue forgotten the first members: and this defect I finde in many postils of scriptures. Good distinctions breede perspicuitie, but a multitude engendereth obscuritie, and best I hold it so to distinguish, that distinctions may rather be noted in matter than in wordes."

A chapter to shew "*curiosity in knowing things not necessarie,*" has the following conclusion.

"What vaine studies exercise (for most parte) our iudiciarie astronomers, by calculating natiuities, foretelling euẽts, prescribing the limites of men's liues, foreshewing their perills, and dangers, but meere cosinage & vaine curiosity? How many labour night and day, spend their times and liuings, in alchimie, in searching forth that matchlesse stone which they neuer see, receiuing no other lucre than a continuall baite to feede curiositie? Who would not haue registred him among curious fooles, which labored so many yeres to make a shirt of male with ringes of wood, fitte for no man's profite or good? Who will not admire our nice dames of London, who must haue cherries at twenty shillings a pound, and pescods at fiue shillings a pecke, huske without pease? Yong rabbettes of a spanne, and chickens of an inch? From whence proceedeth this gulling ambition? This spoiling of the

croppé? This deuouring and gormandizing of the com mon weale but from a gluttonous curiositie?"—

From the impediments to virtue I shall select tw examples to conclude. "The third impediment i wicked conuersation. Ill examples, and vngodly con uersation imprinted in tender yeeres, & weak soule take such root that hardly after they can be supplā ted this we see by experience that as those speake, wit whome children conuerse, purely, or barbarously Latine, Greeke, or English, so children learne: eue in like manner as those liue, youth liue, and fram their maners according to their conditions. A ma therefore being brought vp among wicked men, fi most parte accomodateth himselfe to their humour the reason is, not only bicause, as men perswade l words, so they doe much more by deedes, euery actio being a silent perswasion (our eyes perceiuing the obiectes more certainely than our eares) but also f that many examples, I knowe not howe, come at lengt to breede such impressions in men, that euen vic seeme vertues. Let vs not seeke very far for triall, b euen at home! Sometimes I haue seene *Tarleton* pl the clowne, and vse no other breeches than suc sloppes, or sliuings as now many gentlemen wear they are almost capable of a bushell of wheate, and they bee of sacke-cloth, they woulde serue to carr mawlt to the mill. This absurde, clownish, and vi seemely attire, onely by custome nowe is not mislike but rather approoued.* The like I might say of lon steepl

* Tarleton died about 1589. The large breeches worn at that per form an humorous burlesque on our new-piked phrase of small clothes.

steepled hattes, of going naked in baths and washing places, yea in euery place, as in the Indiaes the vse of many seemeth to take away all abuse."——

"The

the comedy of Damon and Pithias, written before 1556, is the following dialogue.

"*Grimme.* Are ye servants then?

Will. Yea, sir, are we not pretie men?

Grimme. Pretie men (quoth you?) nay, you are stronge men; Els you coulde not beare these britches.

Will. Are these such great hose?

In faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose:

By myne honestie, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven els of ryng.

Grimme. That is but a little, yet it makes thee seeme a great bugge.

Jack. How say you, goodman collier, can you finde any fault here?

Grimme. Nay, you should finde faught, mary, here's trim geare!

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? Thou goest with great payne;

These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee playne:

Good for none but suche as have no buttockes.

Did you ever see two suche little Robin ruddockes,

So laden with breeches?"——(Reed's *Old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 219.)

Heywood, in his *fifth hundred of Epigrams*, makes a certain insect discuss the most convenient residence between a man's big breeches, and a woman's thick ruff. The ruff is pleasing in summer, but,

"In winter the man's breeche is close and warme,
Large walkes for lice to walke warm without harme;
Galleries, gable endes, chambers, parlers, halles,
Cold frost to defend a dosen double walles;
Some seel'd, some hang'd, some di'de, some paynted, some stain'd,
Rentes of all sise, great and small rentes retayn'd.
And when by louce byting, the legge is itching,
The barres of men's breeches haue such strong stitching;
Such bolstring, such broydring, let men stare and stampe,
The louce is as safe there, as hee were in a campe——"

The same writer again ridicules this fashion in the last epigram in his works, entitled, "*of a number of rattes mistaken for deuils in a man's slopes.*" The wearer, expecting a dearness of provisions, secretes a cheese in his slops, and hauing left them off, some two or three rats conclude upon residing there.

"The fourth impediment is corrupted bookes. The world leadeth vs to sinne, not only by trayning vs vp vitiously and inticing vs by wicked examples, but also, by suggesting vnto vs many occasions of ill, by obscenous and naughty bookes, as light and wanton poets, as Machiuellian pollicies, the Arte of Coniuring, and such other dreggs of men's wits and of-springe of vngodly affections: to these if you adjoyne many shewes, stage playes, and such impure exercises, which tend to the manifest ouerthrowe of tender soules, you shall haue a troupe of soldiers, or rather robbers, seruing the world to winne a kingdome. Indeede I must confesse, that these bookes & exercises corrupt extreamly all good manners, and with a silent perswasion insinuate their matter vnto the chiefe affection and highest parte of the soule, and in all good common weales, are either wholy prohibited, or so circumcised, that no such hurt followeth; as some by stealth purchase, by theft rob-

"At three dayes end this man putting these hose on,
Hauing tide his points, the rattes began anon
To start and to stur that breeche rounde about,
To seek and finde some way, what way to get out;
But that breeche was bolstered so with suche brode bars,
Such cranks, such conyholes, such cuts and such stars,
With ward, within ward, that the rattes were as fast,
As though they with theeues in Newgate had bene cast."

This article of dress being translated from the French King's kitchen to our court, as described in the *Discovery of Passions in Apparell*, might give rise to the idea of stealing the fashion, and partly explain the allusion of the porter in Macbeth; who is ready to open the gate to "an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose." And the essay's description in 1601 of the clownish hose as again worn, leaves the conjecture of Warburton upon the passage just quoted without support, while it proves Mr. Malone right; "large breeches were then in fashion." Reed's Shak. Vol. X. p. 122.

bing

bing their owne soules of grace and goodnesse; yet against these pamphlets I oppose thousandes of spirituall volumes, the holy scriptures, sermons, exhortations, homilies, meditations, prayer bookes, which surpasse the other in number, in efficacie, in learning, and therefore those ought not to be compared with these."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XI. *Notices respecting Massinger's Works.* *

Mr. Gifford, in the late edition of this author, has indulged himself in some severe notes on the preceding editors. Their supposed incapacity may be equalled in one instance by his own hasty inattention, and a future editor, with less spleen than himself, might fairly attach a note of ridicule upon his elaborate labour. The *Virgin Martyr*,† the first play edited according to the new arrangement, has at p. 65 the following note. "The first two quartos have a stage direction here, which Coxeter and M. Mason follow: *Enter* ARTEMIA, *laughing*. But Artemia continues on the stage: the ERROR was seen and removed by the quarto 1661, which reads as I have given it." After this triumvirate of editorial investigation, who have not been able to discover and correct, what was originally a glaring *error* in the press; I shall take the

* "The fire of Massinger's genius, compared with Shakspeare, is like a wax taper beside an Argand lamp. He has beauties, and those beauties have not yet obtained the full advantage usually derived from the attention of an editor." The remainder of an opinion sent me by a theatrical friend, it seems prudent to omit.

† Of this play there were *four* editions in quarto; the omitted date is 1651.

 liberty,

liberty, with all deference, of requesting the reader to insert *Enter* ANGELO *laughing*.* This will be found necessary from the ancient custom of all characters making an entrance upon the stage before they utter a speech; a task, as the text now stands, unfortunately given to Angelo, who is not present, within about *eight lines* from the number referring to the above note. *Momentous trifle!* †

The story of the Picture, upon which Massinger founded his play with that title, is also related by George Whetstone in "*the Arbour of Virtue*," or third part of the "*Rocke of Regard*," 1576. In the dedication he says, "I haue faithfully (though not curiously) translated the modest and noble life of a Bohemian lady, with the fall of two Hungarian barons: which vnaduisedly wagered the spoyle of her chastitie."

Vlrico is the name of the Bohemian knight who marries Lady Barbara, and "the cunning Negromancer," is called Polacco. Vlrico serves under "the King of Hungarie," and the barons are Lord Alberto and Lord Vdislao, and the wager being laid with the knowledge of the King and Queen, when,

"Indentures to assure this match, ingrossed were in haste,
The couenants as before exprest, were in the parchment plaste;
The King and Queene gaue free consent, the wager should be laid,
Th' indentures seal'd, by either part, and all things sure are made."

* Angelo, the good spirit, enters immediately on the exi. of Harpax the evil one. "Not for hills of diamonds" could they meet; and that circumstance only occurs at the conclusion, upon the final triumph of Angelo. It is sometimes necessary to support even proof by argument.

† Some future editor may refer in act iv. s. ii. upon the speech of Hircius "I'll come upon her with rounce robble hobble and twick-twack thirlery bouncing," to the lines of Stanyhurst's Virgil, noticed in CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 356, or Vol. VII. p. 163. This is not tracing a common epithet to "its imaginary source," according to Mr. Gifford's note on the play, at p. 10.

Alberto

Alberto arrives first, and being confined, in hopes of liberty discovers the tenor of the wager to Barbara, who plots a similar imprisonment for Vdislao immediately on his arrival. Upon this being accomplished servants are dispatched to court with the news, when it becomes the office of the "Chauncelour and other Lords" to ascertain the fact. Their visit finds

"Alberto spinning thread,
And Vdislao reeling it, with fretting well nie dead.
The Lady shewde the newe come Lords the matter all and some,
And how to tame their lawlesse loue, the barons bid this dome;
The Chauncelor what earst is showne, returned to the king,
Whose pleasure was, he should with him, with speede both parties bring,
They all arriued at the court, the King iudg'd out of hand,
Vlrico had the wager wonne, and he should haue the land,
And more against the spoiled Lords, with iustice to perseuer,
In penaunce of their lauish tongues they were exilde for euer;
Faire Barbara, for foyling them, did to this honour mount,
She was the chiefe abount the Queene, in credit and account,
Whereas she liued many dayes, and held her wish at will,
Nowe being dead in worthy fame, her vertues liueth still."

The incident of the Queen falling in love with the Knight, does not form a part of Whetstone's relation; and the picture also bears very little sway in the progress of the story. To obtain it, in the first instance, appears the principal object; as the Knight, confidently relying upon the shifting shadows, has not then any further obstacle to prevent his going to the wars. The gift by the magician, and its effect, is thus described.

"Anon he comes, with picture fram'de, much like Vlrico's wife;
So long (quoth he) this form keepes faire, she liues an honest life;
If yellowe, tempted then she is, if black with merrie gayles,
Vnto the Cornish mount god buoy, in hast her honour sayles."

The colours vary with threatening aspect upon Al-

berto not returning, and before Vdislao's departure on the same errand, when the poet says;

——— "I leaue a space,
To shewe what rumor in the court, in euery corner roung,
Some say Alberto's ioyes were such, as loth to part he soung;
Vlrico oft his image view'd, to see what hue it bare,
And all the while it yealowe seem'd, he liu'd in perilous feare;
But when it turn'd to white againe, what so the courtiers say;
He knewe Alberto had the foyle, and he had won the lay."

Barbara never appears to have obtained any knowledge of the effect or existence of the picture, neither is there any altercation upon the subject of jealousy between her and the Knight. Whetstone has also a poem of "*the complaint of the Lorde Alberto, &c.*" CENSURA, Vol. V. p. 6.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XII. *The Mysterious Mother.*

In part reply to the inquiry of a correspondent (CENSURA, Vol. VI. p. 13), it may be observed, the story that forms the ground-work of this play was universally known in the sixteenth century. Its first appearance in the English language proves the original of a theological source, and traced to a period earlier than has yet been supposed. The following extract is from chapter the eleventh upon Incest of "*Beautifull Blossomes gathered by John Byshop.*" *

"Any auncient example of this beastlike lust [incest] wil I rehearse none, but one out of MANLIUS his common places, reported by him vppon Doctour

* The whole title is given in CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 133.

Martin

Martin Luther's credit, to have been done in his time at Erphurst in Germanie. There was, saies hee, a maide of an honest stocke, and she herself also honest, which was seruant vnto a rich widdowe, whose sonne (a youngman) being inflamed with the loue and beautie of this maide, hotly solicitated her to be naught with him. The maide, abhorring the foul facte, did often repell the furious youthe: but in the ende, when he became euery day more troublesome instant on her then other, the maide was forced for the safe garde of her honestie, to declare all the whole matter vp to his mother, desiring her to bridle and restraine her sonne that lay in continuall awaite for her. The mother after she had deliberated on the matter, tooke this order with the maide, that she shoulde consent to him, and prescribe him a certain place, and houre of the night, when and where she woulde be her selfe: that by that occasion shee might represse and chastise the lewdnesse of her sonne. The maide liked very wel of the deuise, & made a sure promis vnto y^e. yong man according vnto her mistres her minde. At the prefixed houre, the glad man went vnto the place appointed, where he found, in steede of his mayd, the mother, who had come thither to correct the leacherous rage of her sonne, but (out alas) she being ouercome with vnnatural lust, prostituted her wicked body to her owne sonne. Of this heynous incest was there a woman child born, which being for a time secretly brought vp abroade, at the lengthe the mother tooke home vnto her. The same vnhappie sonne, being altogether ignorant of all these things, began to fall in loue with his sister, and daughter, being growne vp, and made her also his wife." P. 51.

The

The late Lord Orford states his knowledge of the story as being heard when very young, "and that the guilty mother had consulted Archbishop Tillotson;" but, after the play was written, he "accidentally discovered the origin of the tradition in the novels of the Queen of Navarre." * The same observation is repeated by the late George Steevens: "the remotest origin of the tale is to be met with in a collection of mock causes proposed for arguments at a mooting in France, a custom anciently observed in our own seminaries of law. From this publication it found its way into the Queen of Navarre's novels, and from thence into similar books of entertainment." †

Under the marvel of a supposed fable it became in general repute. That a confined distribution attended the writings of the theologist appears undoubted, as the learned Henry Stephens, in his preliminary treatise to an apology for Herodotus, has repeated the same story with no other authority than the novel. Stephens's work was also rendered into English, and a transcript of it, as there given, will satisfactorily prove that the whole was copied from Manlius

"We reade in the Queene of Nauarre's narrations of one who lying with his mother (thinking he had laine with her gentlewoman) had a child by her, which was his sister and daughter, and afterwards his wife; and so from one simple incest fell into two other, though as ignorant thereof as he was of the former; which happened through his mother's default, pre-

* "It is minutely detailed by Bandello (No. 35, part ii) who heard it related by the Queen of Navarre to his patroness, Gostanza Rangona e Fregosa." Walker's Hist. Memoir on Italian Tragedy, 1799, p. 273.

† Suppressed leaves of the Biographia Dramatica.

suming

suming too much of her constancie; for she not crediting her gentlewoman's report, that her sonne did intice and sollicite her to folly; to the end she might know the truth, went at the time appointed in her roome; where, in stead of preuenting a lesse euil, by this meanes, she kept her roome so well (not making her selfe knowne) that she caused her sonne to fall into that so horrible and detestable a sinne: who afterwards (not knowing nor once suspecting any such thing) married her whom he had begotten in such incest." *

One of these sources probably suggested it to an anonymous writer as an interesting subject for a tragedy brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1698, as *The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins*; which contains the only instance of variation from the original, in an attempt to soften the principal incident, by supposing the mother ignorant of the person of her son at the time of meeting.

In 1715 appeared the ninth volume of the Spectator, which contains the history as "delivered to us among the writings of Mr. Perkins," and has been several times reprinted. Mr. Perkins is stated to have been a Puritan, and his name generally substituted for that of Archbishop Tillotson.

A "worthless piece" written for the stage by Mr. Gould, called *Innocence distressed, or the Royal Penitents*, posthumously printed in 1737, is founded on the same event.

The next was a fictitious narrative by some unprincipled writer, published by Cooper in 1751, under the title of *Eleanora, or a tragical but true case of Incest*

* "A World of Wonders, or an Introduction, &c. London, printed by John Norton, 1607." Again, "Edinburgh, Imprinted by Andrew Hart and Richard Lawson, 1608. Fo."

in

in Great Britain. By enlarging upon every circumstance, attached to the original story, it became increased to a pamphlet, or novel, exceeding sixty full-sized octavo pages. With all the specious imposition of a "true case," the fabricator was sufficiently cautious not to venture upon placing the story at any recent period that might have led to detection. "I remember," says the preface, "(about the latter end of the last century, in my childhood) to have heard my father several times repeat the most material parts of the ensuing little history, which he used to say that my grandfather had told him, he was a witness to the truth of, from the intimacy he had with all the actors in it save Arene, [the mother], whom he had never seen; and if I am not mistaken, my grandfather had informed him of the family, and the names of all the parties; though he never used to relate it under other characters than the mother, the son, and the daughter. He said he had heard my grandfather talk of printing the account, as a caution against other persons falling into the like dilemna; though I don't remember to have heard him mention the manuscript of it." This improbable relation is continued with finding the manuscript in the hand-writing of the grandfather, and gives a supposed date of 1685.

The "Guernsey Garland" seems framed upon the same materials. By reversing the sex of each character, the offspring son of a father and daughter marries (I speak from memory) his mother.

"It is to be found also in Taylor's *Ductor dubitantium,* and in Mrs. Heywood's novels." *

Lord

* British Critic, Vol. XII. p. 528.—*Secret Histories, Novels, and Poems,* written by Mrs. Eliza Haywood, 1732, in 4 vols. and third edition. Unless

Lord Orford's tragedy was printed at Strawberry hill in 1768. The whole impression consisted only of fifty copies. Reprinted by Dodsley 1781; Lemoine, 1796; and several times in Ireland, where the play was publicly represented.

"This dramatic piece, says George Steevens, was printed by our author at Strawberry-hill, and distributed among his particular friends, but with strict injunctions that it should never be shewn to Mr. Garrick, or Dr. Samuel Johnson. Mr. Walpole could by no means stoop to the judgment of the former, who had preferred Agis to Douglas; and of the rigorous criticism of the latter he should seem to have encouraged the most unreasonable apprehensions. His play however, which we have often read, may, in our opinion, boast of a more correct representation of ancient manners, a nobler fund of morality, a stronger effervescence of the passions, and a happier enchainment of the mind in suspense, than are to be discovered in any other tragic effort of a modern date. The fable of it, which is similar to that in the Queen of Navarre's Novels, Vol. I. No. 30, is perhaps improper for the stage, as undoubtedly there are crimes which have owed their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity. The chief defects of the work before us, arise from the choice of a tale so slender as not to furnish out a sufficient variety of business,—in the fourth act, from somewhat too like a stage trick to create astonishment,—and, occasionally, from an improper use of antiquated words and phrases. We have

less there was some omission, or a subsequent reprint with addition, it seems doubtful which story of this disgraceful detailer of lascivious passion, rapes, adultery, and murder, is referred to.

likewise

likewise heard it observed, that the moment to which the guilt of our heroine is confined was, of all others, such as could not fail to have unfitted her for the commission of the fact from whence her succeeding miseries were derived. But the critics, who suggested this remark, do not appear to have considered how impossible it is, when the disappointed passions of a daring and sensual female are once in motion, to determine on what object they may repose.

"Though the first of English critics has acutely observed, that single bricks are but bad specimens of a building, we shall venture to introduce the following descriptive speech, appropriated to the character of an airy soldier who begins the piece, together with the sensible and animated reflections on the church of Rome, which the Mysterious Mother delivers at her first exit." *

Such was the account intended for the Biographia Dramatica, but the pages were cancelled at the request of Lord Orford. "The article (says Mr. Reed, in a manuscript note) as it stands in the volume, and prefixed [affixed] to this play, is mine, such as it is."

The story of this play, as a relation of united guilt and misery, stands unparallelled. The whole is replete with wretchedness, disgust, and horror; and the commencing crime smothers every sentiment of pity or

* Act I. scenes 1 and 5, contains the passages selected. They were inserted in the Saint James's Chronicle, Nov. 10, 1781, as the communication of an anonymous correspondent, and as "the specimen of an unpublished performance, which in the dramatic world (says the editor) we are truly sensible, is held as a first-rate curiosity." Knowing there was a castration of the leaves in the Biographia Dramatica, it is not improbable the communication was made by Steevens, from whom that newspaper received frequent contributions.

commiseration

commiseration. That contrast, so strongly conceived by Lord Orford to exist between "vice and virtue in the same character," can only be traced in his own poem; the merit of which is universally acknowledged. But no inconsiderable number of the readers of the drama regret its formation on a story repugnant to the feelings, and every dictate of humanity and religion, and too unnatural to carry probability. Individuals are seldom so depraved, or hackned in the pursuit of vice, to consider such an assemblage of guilt without feeling the mind shudder and revolt as the thin shadow glides over the imagination; still it is a determined truth that frequent contemplation of crimes renders them too familiar and without lesson; as the visitor to a prison becomes associated with the scenes, and afterwards a careless inhabitant. To object to this production on account of the extent of wickedness displayed, may appear like conceits, closely allied to that delicacy or "ridiculous degree of affectation," noticed by Mr. Reed, whose soundness of principles, honesty of mind, and goodness of heart, will ever remain undoubted. He did not consider the play in any shape unfavourable to the interests of society. "Vices, (he says), of greater magnitude are daily represented, and without exciting the smallest disgust in the spectator." Here we pause——What tale is known, or what events daily occur for vice to triumph in similar magnitude? The context and allusion seems to the stage, and curiosity is unavailingly excited to discover what particular pieces, attached to dramatic representation, formed the basis of such an opinion. Oedipus or Jocasta are only known in the closet, and the displaying the attempts of a tyrant to enslave a country, though

more

more extensive in principle, is not equally seductive in effect. A political culprit falls a sacrifice by poetical justice, and the spectator is deterred from similar crimes by the failure of the attempt, while the commiserating principles of pity end with the performance. But the tale of domestic misery does not pass like a summer storm. However fatal and immoral, the attention becomes rivetted to the stage, and the spectators silently consider the picture before them as figures representing in a greater or less degree, that which may happen within the pale of kindred connection. Hence, as colours fade, mankind become too often imperceptibly graduated in that vice, which morality held forth upon precept, and taught by lessons and example to shun. No frequent or public representation should be permitted of a vicious character, whose domesticated crimes may owe "their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity." Whatever were the pieces alluded to by the critic, the acting of them is properly discontinued. Bad as the story is, let us turn to the pages of an *unprincipled boy*, and peruse it new modelled, without the disgusting images of the original.

"The tale of the drawers deserveth relation. Thomas de Blunderville, a preeste, although the preeste had no allows, lov'd a fair mayden, and on her begett a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years. His mother was married to a Knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lov'd by Thomas, son of Thomas, and married to him unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minister, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas, nevertheless,

theless had not seen his son for five years, kennd him instauntly, and learning the name of the bryde, toke him a syde and disclosd to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sister.—Yong Thomas toke on so that he was shorne."

Common fame may satisfy common minds; and a little sufficeth him who is content to trust to posterity for the posthumous gift. Horace Walpole thought otherwise, and ambition laboured for immediate exaltation. What way so easy as by the parsimonious distribution of a poem, the injunctions of secrecy, and the favourable whisper of friends? Or to disappoint the half-excited curiosity of the public by pertinaciously suppressing even two specimens of this "first-rate curiosity," selected for its amusement. "The sensibility of the author, (says Mr. Reed), would be wounded by such an exhibition." O, what a mockery is here! This man, or let truth speak, automaton of sensibility, is to stand extolled and admired, while industriously undermining the public opinion by such little arts! and which were also adopted in the publishing of the Castle of Otranto. Nay, at the very period he was practising this vanity of authorship, this trick to evade criticism, we are to believe his cold frigid conduct was justifiable in not countenancing, what? Why, a similar piece of chicanery attempted by his superior in genius; I mean the forgeries of that *unprincipled boy*, CHATTERTON!——

If the length of this article requires apology, the best I can offer is the fact. It was to prove by investigation, that however the copies of this fatal tale may not stand altogether upon fabulous origin, yet, in the

variations to excite public notice, they are all branches of one stem.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIII. *Old Poetry.*

" *Sonett.*

" Withdrawe thie mynde from deep devise of yll;
Suppresse thy lust, within the boundes of skill;
Employ thy witt, to weed out wicked weedes,
Refraine to looke, where lawlesse liking breedes;
Stopp close thine eares, from noise that doth entice,
Keep shutt thy mouth, from foode that noorish vice.
Hold still thy tonge from talking vanitie,
Withhold thine hande from wresting wickedly;
Keep back thie foote from passing to do wronge;
Reclaime thy sences all, with reason stronge;
Regard this reed, withstand these vices all,
Then euery man maie thee right happie call,
More happely this lief then shalt thow end,
Most happie lief that God to the may send.
Mr. Robert Davy."

[The following epistle upon the art of poetry was written by Sir John Beaumont, Bart. author of Bosworth Field, and other poems, printed 1629.]

" *To his late Maiesty,* [*James* I".] *concerning the true forme of English Poetry.*

" Great King, the Soueraigne Ruler of this Land!
By whose graue care, our hopes securely stand:
Since you descending from that spacious reach,
Vouchsafe to be our master, and to teach
Your English poets to direct their lines,
To mixe their colours, and expresse their signes;
Forgiue my boldnesse, that I here present
The life of Muses, yeelding true content

In

In ponder'd numbers, which with ease I try'd
When your iudicious rules haue been my guide.
He makes sweet Musick, who, in serious lines,
Light dancing tunes, and heauy prose declines:
When verses, like a milky torrent flow,
They equall temper in the poet show.
He paints true formes, who, with a modest heart,
Giues lustre to his worke, yet couers art.
Vnenen swelling is no way to fame,
But solid ioyning of the perfect frame;
So that no curious finger there can find
The former chinkes, or nailes that fastly bind;
Yet, most would haue the knots of stitches seen,
And holes where men may thrust their hands between.
On halting feet the ragged poem goes
With accents, neither fitting verse nor prose:
The stile mine eare with more contentment fills
In lawyer's pleadings, or phisician's bills;
For, though in termes of art their skill they close,
And ioy in darksome words as well as those;
They yet haue perfect sense, more pure and cleare
Then enuious muses, which sad garlands weare
Of dusky clouds, their strange conceits to hide
From humane eyes: and (lest they should be spi'd
By some sharpe Œdipus), the English tongue
For this their poore ambition suffers wrong.
In eu'ry language, now in Europe spoke,
By nations which the Roman Empire broke;
The rellish of the muse consists in rime,
One verse must meete another like a chime.
Our Saxon shortnesse hath peculiar grace
In choise of words, fit for the ending place;
Which leaue impression in the mind as well
As clōsing sounds of some delightfull bell:
These must not be with disproportion lame,
Nor should an eccho still repeate the same.

In many changes these may be exprest,
But those that ioyne most simply run the best:
Their forme surpasing farre the fetter'd staues,
Vaine care and needlesse repetition saues.
These outward ashes keepe those inward fires,
Whose heate the Greeke and Roman works inspires;
Pure phrase, fit epithets, a sober care
Of metaphors, descriptions cleare, yet rare;
Similitudes contracted, smooth and round,
Not vext by learning, but with nature crown'd:
Strong figures drawne from deepe inuentions springs,
Consisting lesse in words and more in things:
A language not affecting ancient times,
Nor Latine shreds, by which the pedant climes:
A noble subiect which the mind may lift
To easie vse of that peculiar gift,
Which poets in their raptures hold most deare.
When actions by the liuely sound appeare.
Giue me such helpes, I neuer will despaire
But that our heads, which sucke the freezing aire,
As well as hotter braines, may verse adorne,
And be their wonder, as we were their scorne."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIV. *The Ballad of an Idle Hour.*

When pensive, cold, and wan,
The world oppressing me,
Life seem'd a lengthen'd span
Of hard necessity;
Then hope sought where to find,
Who heeds not cloudy morn,
That marks the lowly born,
And there to ease my mind;
'Twas woman, woman, kind!

On

On travel worn and faint,
Mine host the surly lord,
With brow of harsh restraint,
Unbidding to the board;
O'er rough uncostly rind,
As blossoms fair expand;
Some timid maiden, bland,
In the circle pleas'd my mind;
With woman, woman, kind!

'Tis not the monarch's smiles,
Alone make courtiers gay!
Nor toys of splendour's wiles
That envy's course bewray;
Though fortune scatters blind
The little gifts of state,
Where beggar pride may wait;
Pomp must with humble mind,
Seek woman, woman, kind!

'Tis not the forged chains,
The noisome dreary walls,
Where tyrant power reigns,
And solitude appalls;
Let wrath vain galling bind,—
The soul in freedom starts,
Truth undismay'd imparts;
Nought can depress the mind,
Save woman, woman, kind!

Let early-tufted spring
Bring joys by linnets told;
And little crickets sing
Within their beds of gold;
They ne'er would please the hind,
Nor village bells ring blythe,
When resting on his scythe,
Save fleeting o'er the mind
Comes woman, woman, kind!

When sound the notes of joy,
  When giddy pipe and drum,
Gives eccho new employ
  To bid rude labour come:
Though wreaths the May-pole bind,
  What foot will mock the ground,
  To rustic measure bound,
Till the swain's delighted mind,
    Joins woman, woman, kind!

Why sound the magic lute,
  Or theme the wayward song;
If lov:, as blind, were mute,
  Nor passion's notes prolong?
Why fancy's form design'd
  Invoking muse divine,
  To swell Promethean line;
'Tis one enthrals the mind,
    Of woman, woman, kind!

When cold and clammy damps
  Moist my half-fever'd brow;
When hope nor pleasure vamps
  The world's delusive show;
Slow thro' my veins may wind
  Death, with congealing art,——
  Yet the last tear shall start,
Grateful tribute of my mind,
    Thine, woman, woman, kind.

AGUECHEEK.

ART.

ART. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

No. XLVIII.

Original Poems by Mr. Capel Lofft.

For the principal contents of the present paper I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Capel Lofft, whose name is too well known in the literary world to require any eulogy from me. Whoever knows how to appreciate duly the qualities of the human mind, will admire that constant activity and energy of its powers, which enables this learned and ingenious author to employ them so unwearicdly in composition. As the business, the cares, and evils of life come upon us, we are too apt to suffer our thoughts to become weakened and distracted; and are too much inclined to prefer the ease of languid idleness to fame, which must be purchased by unprofitable toils. That noble fire from heaven, which prompts us

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

too frequently sinks with our youth, and almost expires before the termination of our middle age.

It has been lamented how common it is to see genius "consume itself by its own blaze." The high degree of sensibility, which is at once its glory and its disease, renders its operations so perpetually liable to derangement, that it can seldom act with the steady pace of a more calm and sluggish temperament. It shrinks from every rude touch like the sensitive plant; and the most trifling incident, an unkind word, or disagreeable

letter, like the spell of the evil necromancer, can, in an instant, turn elysian gardens and golden visions into barren and frowning deserts.

However I may differ from a large portion of our professional censors, I shall never cease to think that the highest products of the mind are formed from the mingled ingredients of the head and the heart. Whoever therefore can properly regulate without destroying or damping those finer feelings, which give the most beautiful and attractive colours to the effusions of the poet or the moralist, possesses a rare and enviable degree of self-command, capable of the most meritorious efforts!

The desire of recording and communicating the refined, the virtuous, or exalted sentiments, which swell the bosom, is an impulse very generally experienced, and implanted in our natures for the most benevolent purposes. But between the wish and the fulfilment of this impulse, how many difficulties intervene! To what numbers may we apply the enchanting words of Thomson in his inimitable *Castle of Indolence.*

Tho' "oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark't the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;"
Yet "with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind!"

To form splendid day-dreams, and to delineate as well as form them, require very different degrees of exertion, and indeed of power! These airy phantasies too

too often elude the grasp, and vanish in the very act of embracing them, even when we strive to retain them; an effort which is made by very few; and which is too frequently interrupted and dropped, even when, if pursued, it would have terminated in success! If there are many who scribble without the proper talents, how many gems are there buried in the ocean; and how many flowers whose sweetness has been wasted in the desert air!

They who recollect the various productions of Mr. Lofft for the last thirty years will know how to value those which follow.

"I. On Akenside.

Quinqain. Lyric.

1.

"O Akenside divine!
Not only to the strain,
Round which Imagination's train
Their brightest wreaths and happiest tones combine,
Shall my enraptur'd ear incline;
But my eye wander o'er thy lyric chain
Perplext to sight profane,
Form'd round the hallow'd few its sacred bands to twine.

2.

Not even Pindar's lay,
Winds free harmonious way,
Fraught with diviner tints, sublimer airs;
Nor beams with purer ray,
or from the bowers of bliss more heavenly fragrance
Far above sordid cares, [bears;
nd meaner joys, the soul raising to purer day."

C. L. Sept. 4, 1808.

"II. My

"II. My Flageolet.

"Lov'd Flageolet, whose tone
Breathes to myself alone,
Nor dare I trust thy voice to other ears,
Ee'n half ashamed to own
That thy imperfect moan
Wak'd by my touch unskill'd, thee to my heart endears!

2.

Though not the force and fire
Of the sonorous lyre,
The tender viol's finely varied sound,
Nor tones, which from the soul-enchanting wire
Of the piano steal, in thee are found,
Light simple instrument—yet bound
Within like slender space the breath did once inspire
Of Goldsmith, of Rousseau, the happy groups around'"

C. L. Sept. 4, 1808.

"III. On Music.

"Clementi! Power there is in charming sounds
To soothe, exalt, and purify the mind,
When graceful their melodious way they wind,
And harmony the perfect measure bounds.
Not to the ear alone delight redounds:
The heart, the soul, such notes symphonious find;
The brow of Melancholy these unbind,
Whom with her frensied train Despair surrounds.
To Man the universal language speaks;
And breathes of sentiment the angelic voice;
Here every good affection feels her tone:
Beasts soften'd hear; the tuneful birds rejoice:
And, sweet Piano, since thy touch is known,
Not the mild blush of May so lovely breaks!"

C. L. Sept 9, 1808.

"IV.

"IV. To Spain,

On her present arduous struggle.

"O generous Nation, to whose noble boast,
Illustrious Spain, the Providence of Heaven
A radiant sky of vivid power hath given,
A land of flowers, of fruits profuse; an host
Of ardent spirits: when deprest the most,
By great enthusiastic impulse driven
To deeds of highest daring! May no leaven,
(If Wisdom, Justice fail thee, thou art lost!)
No treachery, no cruelty disgrace
Thy dawn of Freedom, if a dawn it be!
O think of thy Cervantes! think that now
No palm invites thee of false chivalry;
But one his high-soul'd breast would hail with ardent vow!"

C. L. July 6, 1808

"V. Sonnet.

To the Sea. By the Sea Side, Sept. 29, 1808.

"Βη δ' ακεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης."

Hom. Il. I. 33.

"Thou awful Sea! upon this shingly beach
Of Aldborough I pace! My gazing eye
Thy world of waters lost in the dim sky
Admiring, and thy echoing waves; that teach
In voice of thunder more than tongue can preach,
The knell of ages past and passing by;
And claim their ancient empire of the dry
And solid earth, each animating each.

Of

Of towns long sunk, o'er which thy wild waves
Of sea to land, of land to ocean turn'd,
I muse: and mourn that who could amplest p
Homeric tones on thy resounding shore,
Porson, is dead!—That sea of Grecian lore
Unbounded, in the abyss of fate inurn'd!"

N° XLIX.

Greek Ode on Eton. By Mr. Capel Loff

ΕΤΩΝΗ

ΦΙΛΤΑΤΗ.

ΕΤΩΝΑ, χαιροις. Καλα Ταμησιαις
Κλινθεις' επ' οχθαις Τινδεσορης Ϛλεπεις
ΟρειϚαρη νεφεσσιν Αλκην
Ενθρονον· ἡ Θυγαλρεσσ' Αρηος

Μελαπξεπει. Τροπαι 'ὁλι Γαλλικῶν
Ηρει φελαγϛων κλεινα, Βρελαννικης
'Ηρωας ως ξεινισσε, λαμπρη
Τερπομενης ΕΔΟΑΡΛΟΣ Λυλη.

Σεμνονϊε λεξας φυλον ὁμηλικῶν
Σημει' εδωκε πιστ', 'ινα μνημονες
Χηρα ς αμυνοινῖ', Ορφανοισϊε,
Καλλεϊ παρθενικῳῖ', Αρωγοι.

Δικυσϊε Θεσμον πασιν ὑπερϊερον
Βιης ϕερϛιεν. Σας χαριϊας ἰοϊε
Ουπω Ϛροϊοις εδειξεν, Ανῖρα
Εξ αφανῆς, Χρονος αιπυμηϊης

Σιγηδ' αριστον λεπϊοποδες Τὸκον
Επλασσον 'Ωραι. Δοξαν απειριϊον
ΕΡΡΙΚΕ, ἰοι· ης μειον' ειχε
Αζικορης Ι'ενειων απ' αιης.

Ταυΐης γαρ ανθει Μαρλζυριαι σκιαν
Ποιεσι Νικαι. Σοιδ' επ' αενναον
Αυξεσι φεγγος ορμαινεσσαι
Τοσσ' Ελεων ϝενεαι και Ανδρων.

Σοι γειτονων εκ εριν επιφθονος
ΕΤΩΝΑ πυργων Κομπος· αρειονι
Ειρηνικοι στεφεσι Κισσοι,
Μεσοφιλη, σεο ϝερπνον Αλσος.

Νασαισι πλανων σαισιν αμηχανει
Θυμος· πνεει γαρ ποικιλος Ἡδονη
Λωϊτϊδι, * Λειμωνωνΐδ· πυκνοι
Και Νεαρων ανα πασ' Αθυρμοι.

Νασαισι ϝαυϊαις ΠΙΕΡΙΔΩΝ ποθον
Εβρεψε ΓΡΑΙΟΣ· Πινδαρι κον Σθενος,
Βασινΐδ, και θειον Φρονημα
Λειοϝραις χαριεσσι μιξας

Ου σοι μαΐην γαρ αιεν 'ΟΜΗΡΙΚΑΙ
Φθεγξεσι Χορδαι. Μεσα ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΣ
Σεμνη. Θεσισΐ' ὁμοιον ομφην
Κεινο στομ' ασπεΐον ΑΙΣΧΙΘΕΙΟΝ.

Ουδ' αυ μαΐαιως βασι ενθορε
ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ Φρονΐημα· μελισταγγς
Ου κωφον εισεπιπΐεν βασ
'Ηϊτϊαΐδ ΚΙΚΕΡΩΝΟΣ Αυδη.

Ου Μανΐοανος Κυκνος ϊει Μελος
Κενας πρ Αυρας. Ου Μελεΐαι ϊοσαι
ΒΕΡΝΑΡΔΕ, σειο· στωμυλονΐε
Ταις χαρισινΐ' επιμικλον ομμα.

Ου FOSTEPEIOY Σΐηθεος, εμπλεον
ΡΩΜΑΙΚΩΝ ΓΡΑΙΩΝΐε Μαθυμαΐων
Κλειον Νεημ' αφ ὑ φανενΐ
ΠΟΡΣΟΝΙΚΟΝ ανειλειλεν Αστρον.

* Nymphææ Albæ.

Σεθεγδ'

Σεθεν δ' αρ' ωρΙο ΚΑΜΔΕΝΙΟΝ Σελας.
Σεθεν δ' αρ' αυΙος FOXIOC· Ουνομα
'Ηδιστον αγλααισΙε ΜΟΥΣΑΙΣ
Σωστι πολειΙε μαλιστ' ΑΘΗΝΗ.

ΧΑΤΑΜΟΣ ἡμων· ωδε συγ'ενδεης
ΕΤΩΝΑ ΔΑΦΝΩΝ. ΜαρΙυρες ΑιεΙοι
ΜινδηΙσι· Ιροπαιαῖ' αυΙης
Λαμπρα Ναῳ προΙιξενΙα ΓΡΑΝΤΗΣ.

ΜαρΙυς 'ΙΒΗΡΩΝ και ΛΥΣΙΤΑΝΙΗΣ
Εγερθεις' Ελπις και Κλεος ΑΓΓΛΙΚΟΝ
Ως προσθεν εξεγαμψε, ΤΑΓΟΥ
Παρ λιπαρῃ νεον αφθεν ακΙῃ

ΓΑΛΛΩΝ ΙραπενΙων. Ιοι' απο ΠΑΛΛΑΔΟΣ
Παρεστι Δωρα· Ιῶν πολεμοκλονῳ
Χορεος Θυελλη· Ιῶν γεγυθεΙν
Προς σκιερῃ Ξεμις αυΙ' ΕΛΑΙΗ.

Ου μυστικων σοι ΤΙες απτιρεειs,
ΕΤΩΝΑ, φθοΙγων. 'Αρμονιων Λυρης,
ΑστρωνΙε Ταξεως, ΝομωΙε
Κοσμον εν ὶις συνεχει Μαθησις.

ΕΤΩΝΑ χαιρας·—Αιεν ελευθερον
Τρεφοις φρονημα. σαις κορυφαις αει
Εφιζανοι Χαρις και ΛιΙως,
Και ΠΑΤΡΙΔΟΣ Ερος, ηδε ΒΩΜΩΝ.

Κ. Λ.

ΕἰωνιαΙης.
Τροστυνης εποιει.
ΜαιμακΙυριωνος πενΙε
και δεκαΙῳ.
15 S. 1808.

N° L.

What is light reading;—Poetry, a gift.

I publish the following letter, as I received it. I think I can guess at the handwriting; and if my conjecture is right, I must entreat the author to throw away some part of the diffidence expressed in the latter part of the paper.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

MR. RUMINATOR,

I am one of those who prefer rambling effusions, and the natural association of ideas, to formal essays. To you, therefore, who certainly cannot be blamed for a narrow taste, and seem to love every species of intellectual effort; who do not judge by rule, nor repeat hacknied phrases of mechanical criticism as substitutes for feeling and thought, I trust I may address a frank and unstudied letter with the certainty of a candid reception.

Allow me then to say, that among those books which are called *light reading*, it is the fashion to class many of those productions, which ought to stand in a high rank, both in point of genius and usefulness. They who have climbed up to the chair of criticism, by toil, and an unwearied attention to those departments in literature, which are attainable rather by patient drudgery than by the partial endowments of Nature, will of course use every exertion and artifice to encourage this erroneous fashion. The ignorant great, as well as vulgar, are fond of admiring what they do not understand;

stand; and it is necessary that a work should take a scientific form, and be clothed in outward pomposity before it be deemed profound and important.

But does it never occur to these wise judges to listen to the lessons of time, and observe what are the productions which have retained within themselves the seeds of life? The works of the mere learned, for the most part, nay the larger part of the labours of science have been pushed off the stage by their successors, as wave swallows up wave. Their materials have been pulled to pieces, and worked up afresh; and little but their name, (if even that) remains. And thus it is with artificial writers, even in the Belles Lettres. Simplicity, predominant vigour of genius, and natural eloquence alone survive the changes of fashion, and lapse of ages.

The tricks of composition, the temporary objects of admiration in style, sentiment, or form, become as ridiculous and disgusting in one age, as they were attractive in another. From the *Euphuism* of Wm. Lilly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the stiff glitter of Lord Bolingbroke in the last reign, all is gone by and forgotten. Look at old Reviews forty years back, and observe the books that they have commended, and the books that they have abused. Of the former a large part are now no longer heard of; many of the latter are among the most popular and admitted works of genius.

There is an unsophisticated force of intellect; the power of a vivid fancy, and a warm and tremulous heart, which, when it has attained the habit of expressing itself with facility in apt and unstudied language, is certain of gaining the interest and approbation of every reader of pure taste, not at one period only, but in futurity. I would carefully preserve the letters, the undisguised

undisguised thoughts, and most of the fragments of such a writer.

Half-witted censurers may call such remains, "light-reading." Do they not remember then, that

"The proper study of mankind is man?"

That there is some depth of investigation in tracing the internal movements of the human head and heart? If they, who have been highly endowed, admit us to the secret recesses of their bosoms; if they give us pictures of exalted sentiments, of ideas glowing with reflections and visions which elevate our nature, and carry us with them into scenes approaching a higher order of existence; if they warm us with their fire, and impart to us, for a time, some portion of their imagination; is this light reading, because it has not been conveyed to us in the shape of formal compositions? It is the purity and strength of the ore which a true judge regards; and not the form in which it has been manufactured; while little technical critics look to nothing but the mechanism of the workmanship.

What is the charm of Cowper? His first characteristic is the power of thinking with easy vigour; and delineating with accurate facility. His thoughts breathe of nature; and find "an echo in every bosom." Thousands recognize, as the figure starts forth from his pen, the idea which had been dimly playing within themselves.

It is the object of no inconsiderable body of those, who have an influence on public opinion, to suppress and wipe away, if possible, the impression of native genius. It is probable that this is in great measure a

remnant of the prejudices of the materialists, of whom Priestley some years back took the lead; and who infected the cant of a large body of the Dissenters, who then much more than at present possessed the command of most of the periodical vehicles of literature. How can I read the Memoirs of Chatterton, of Kirke White, of Miss Symmons,* of Miss Smith,† and many other late Lives, and not feel how much was due to nature; and how little to art and opportunity! When I read that Miss Smith, with few books and no instructors, had most of the languages ancient and modern at her command; that she could think and write with originality on the most abstruse as well as on the most poetical subjects; that she could translate with congenial spirit, even though the hand of death was upon her, in a language elegant and flowing, from the most difficult authors, is this the effect of mere ordinary human labour; or is it not rather the inspiration of superior endowments?

O thou mighty Father, who disposest thy gifts among us poor mortals, as it seemeth best to thee, how undoubtingly am I convinced by my own deficiencies, that there are beings, on whom thou hast thought proper to bestow those preeminent talents, without which they never could have affected the things, for which they are so justly distinguished! In me it is not the want of toil, application, and incessant desire, even from childhood, that I cannot succeed, as they have done! But my fancy is cold, my thoughts are imperfect and confused; and I am too conscious that from the defect of nature I labour in vain! I would

* Daughter of Dr. Charles Symmons. *Editor.*

† Of Piercefield. *Editor.*

have

have been a poet, a moralist, if study and effort could have made me so. But my stars forbid!

"Sudden they mount; they beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise!"

Your's, EXSPES.

Oct. 22, 1808.

ART. XVI. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *Les grandes Annalles ou Cronicques parlans tant de la grant Bretaigne a present nomẽe Angleterre que de nostre petite Bretaigne de present erigee en duche. Commencantz au Roy Brutus, p̃mier fondateur de tours: & comme il conquist ledict Royaulme de Bretaigne. Lequel a este tousjours gouverne par gens preux: hardis & vaillans. Et leurs faictz recuilliz par ge̅s sages et discretz: dan en an depuis ledict Brutus et son nepveu Turnus Jusques aux ans de present & du regne du trespreux & magnanime roy Frãcoys premier de ce nom. Et pareillement recuilly & redige par escript plusieurs faictz advenux: ta̅t es royaulmes de France (Da̅gleterre) Despaigne (Descosse) (Darragon) Navarre: es ytalies: en Lo̊berdie en Iherusalem. Et entre aultres choses: des Papes: de leur election et estat. Et du tout jusques en lan de present Mil. V. Cens. xli. Nouvellement Imprimees.*

Aegidii vigothi hussonillis ad Britannos
Epigramma.

Cedat Alexander, graiumque acerrimus aiax,
Romulus, ac belli fulmina scipiades,
Cedat & Augustus superum dignatus honore,
Et quos prisca duces secla tulere prius
Hos precor annales evolve Britannia, clarum
Offendes generis stemma decusque tui

Arturus extremis magnus quem Juppiter oris
Prefecit bello: viribus, arte, preit.
Heroas memori notos super ethera phama
Quid referam? lepidum cuncta volumem habet
Quare si moveant patrum monimẽta Britãnos
Hunc acri relegant sedulitate librum.
Mil Cinq. Cens xli.

Colophon. *Il y finissent les correctes & additionnees Annalles ou Cronicques de Bretaigne. Nouvellement reveues & corrigees: avec plusieurs adjoustemens. Et ont este achevees de Imprimer le neufiesme jour de Juillet Mil cinq cens quarante et ung. Folio. B. L. 276 leaves, and many wooden cuts.*

This curious work is divided into four books, of which the two first are chiefly occupied with the fabulous history of Brutus and his successors, not omitting King Arthur with his round table. They include also the principal contemporaneous events, as the establishment of Christianity, &c. The two last books contain the history of Little Britain under its Dukes, till it was completely merged in the crown of France. This part comprehends many historical facts worthy of observation, related in a style singularly quaint and *naif*, including a considerable portion of the general history of the adjacent countries. It is brought down to the year 1539, the twenty-fourth of the reign of Francis I.

Art. 2. *The Destruction of Troy, in three books. The first shewing the founders and foundation of the said city, with the causes and manner how it was sacked and first destroyed by Hercules. The second how it was re-edified, and how Hercules slew King Laomedon, and destroyed it the second time: and of Hercules his worthy deeds and his death. The third how Priamus son of King Laomedon, rebuilded Troy again more strong than it was before: and for the ravishment*

ment of Dame Helen, wife to King Menelaus of Greece, the said city was utterly destroyed, and Priamus with Hector and all his sons slain. Also mentioning the rising and flourishing of divers kings and kingdoms, with the decay and overthrow of others. With many admirable acts of chivalry and martial prowess, effected by valiant knights, in the defence and love of distressed Ladies. The eleventh edition, corrected and much amended. London, Printed for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. 1684. *Small 4to. pp. 439. B. L.*

"Thus endeth the second book of collections of the histories of Troy. Which books were translated into French out of Latin by the labour of the venerable person Raoulle Feure, priest, as afore is said, and by me unfit and unworthy, translated into the rude English, by the commandment of my redoubted Lady, Dutchess of Burgoine, *(sister of Edward IIII.)* And forasmuch as I suppose the said two books have not been had before this time in our English language: therefore I had the better will to accomplish this present work, that was begun in Bruges, and continued in Gaunt, and finished in Colen in the time of the great divisions as well in the realms of England and France, as in all other places universally through the world, that is to say, in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred seventy and one." *

The author adds that the third book had lately been translated into English verse by "the worshipful and religious man John Lidgate, Monk of Bury;" but that he having "now good leisure, being in Colen," had determined "to take this labour in hand" in prose.

"Now thus I am come to the finishing of this present

* This was the year in which printing was first introduced into England by William Caxton; of whose *Recuyel of Troy* this is apparently a reprint. See Herbert I. 5.

book *(the third)*—and for as much as I am weary of tedious writing, and worn in years, being not able to write out several books for all gentlemen, and such others as are desirous of the same, I have caused this book to be printed that being published the more plenteously men's turns may be more easily served."*

The work itself is taken, but with many alterations, additions, and accommodations to the language of romance, from Homer, Virgil, Dares, and Dictys; and is by no means void of interest or entertainment. The translator's name is not mentioned; but it is apparently Caxton's.

P. M.

Art. XVII. *Literary Obituary.*

"On October .. the remains of Professor Porson were removed, from the house of the London Institution in the Old Jewry, in order to be deposited in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge. The directors of the institution ordered the house to be shut for the day, and the under librarians and other officers assisted in the solemnity. The procession from London consisted of four mourning coaches, followed by six private carriages: and the persons who attended him were his relatives and most intimate friends.

At half after two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the hearse arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was received at the great gate and conveyed to the hall, where, according to the ancient usage, in cases where this distinguished tribute of respect is paid to a member, the body lay in state till five o'clock.

At which the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Master of the College, the Vice-Master, Senior and Junior Fellows, Bachelor of Arts, scholars, and other members resident in the university, in their academical habits, and in black scarfs, band

* See these words to Caxton's *Recuyel*; Herb. I. 7.

and gloves, walked from the combination room, accompanied by the chief mourners into the hall; and after moving round the body, which was placed in the midst, they took their seats, the chief mourners being placed on the right hand and left of the master. Upon the pall, several epitaphs in Greek and English verse, the effusions of reverential respect for his high attainments and of love for his virtues, were placed on the pall, and were read with the most sympathetic interest by his former associates in study. An anthem was chaunted by the choir. After which the body was raised by the bearers, and a most solemn procession was made round the great quadrangle of the college, from the hall to the chapel, in the following order:

Two Porters.
Singing Men and Boys, two and two,
Mr. Wilson, the Undertaker.

A Page. The Feather-lid A Page.

Dr. Davy, Physician Mr. Oakes, Apothecary.

The Rev. John Shepherd, Minister of Trin. Church. } { The Rev. —— Henshaw, Conduct of the Chapel.

The Lord Bishop of Bristol.
Master.

Rev. — Hudson, Rev. Dr. Ramsden, Rev. Dr. Raine, Rev. J. Lambert,

THE BODY, Supported by the eight senior Fellows.

Rev. G. F. Tavell, Rev. J. Hailstone, Rev. J. Davis, Rev. J. H. Renouard, Vice Master.

Chief Mourners.
James Perry, and Sidny Hawes, Jun.
Brother in Law, and Nephew of the deceased.
Junior Fellows, two and two.
Bachelors, two and two.
Scholars, two and two.
Pensioners, two and two.

Mr. John Newby, Clerk of the Chapel.

And other Servants of the College, two and two.

On entering the chapel, which was illuminated, the Lord Bishop, chief mourners, and all the members of the college, took their places, and the choir performed an anthem.

After which the Lord Bishop read the lesson, and the procession moved in the same order to the grave, which was at the foot of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, and surrounded by those of all the illustrious persons, which this great and distinguished college has produced. When they had taken their stations around the grave, and the body was placed above it ready for interment, the funeral anthem was performed by the choir in the adjoining chapel, during the most perfect silence of the auditory, and with the most solemn effect.

The service was then read by the Lord Bishop with such an awful, dignified, and impressive pathos, as we never witnessed on any former solemnity of the kind. He was himself overwhelmed as he proceeded by his feelings; and he communicated the sympathetic emotion to every listening friend of the deceased. Nothing could be more solemn nor more affecting than his tone and delivery. The senior members of the college, who had lived with the Professor in habits of the most endearing intercourse for thirty years, and who had had the best means of estimating the wonderful height and variety of his attainments, shed tears of sorrow over the grave; and the whole assembly displayed a feeling of grief and interest, which bespoke the sense they entertained of the irreparable loss that not only their own society, but the literary world had suffered by his death.

The following was the simple inscription engraved in brass on his coffin :—

" RICARDUS · PORSON ·
APUD · CANTABRIGIENSES ·
LINGUAE ·

LINGUAE · GRAECAE · PROFESSOR ·
ET
COLL. · TRIN. · S. · S. · ET · IND. · OLIM. · SOCIUS
APUD · LONDINENSES ·
INSTITUTIONIS · LITTERARIAE ·
BIBLIOTHECARIUS · PRINCEPS ·
NATUS · VIII. · CAL. · IAN. · MDCCLX. ·
OBIIT. · VIII. · CAL. · OCT. · MDCCCVIII."

Mr. Professor Porson was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas Day, 1759; so that he was only in his forty-ninth year. Every thing about this most eminent scholar, and particularly the circumstances which laid the foundation of that most inestimable memory by which he was enabled to store his mind with all the riches of literature, ancient and modern, will become truly interesting to the world. He owed the blessing to the care and judgment of his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, who was parish clerk of East Ruston, and who, though in humble life, and without the advantages himself of early education, laid the basis of his son's unparralleled acquirements. From the earliest dawn of intellect, Mr. Porson began the task of fixing the attention of his children, three sons and a daughter, and he had taught Richard, his eldest son, all the common rules of arithmetic, without the use of book or slate, pen or pencil, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. The memory was thus incessantly exercised; and by this early habit of working a question in arithmetic by the mind only, he acquired such a talent of close and intense thinking, and such a power of arranging every operation that occupied his thought, as in process of time to render the most difficult problems, which to other men required the assistance of written figures, easy to the retentive faculties of his memory. He was initiated in letters by a process equally efficacious. His father taught him to read and write at one and the same

same time. He drew the form of the letter either with chalk on a board, or with the finger on sand; and Richard was made at once to understand and imitate the impression. As soon as he could speak he could trace the letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice, from their neatness and fidelity of delineation.

At nine years of age, he and his youngest brother, Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by a Mr. Summers, a plain but most intelligent and worthy man, who having had the misfortune in infancy to cripple his left hand, was educated for the purpose of teaching, and he discharged his duties with the most exemplary attention. He professed nothing beyond English, writing, and arithmetic—but he was a good accountant, and an excellent writing-master. He perfected the Professor in that delightful talent of writing, in which he so peculiarly excelled; but which we are doubtful whether it was to be considered as an advantage or detriment to him in his progress through life. It certainly had a considerable influence on his habits, and made him to devote many precious moments to copying, which might have been better employed in composition. It has been the means, however, of enriching his library with annotations, in a text the most beautiful, and with such perfect imitation of the original manuscript or printing, as to embellish every work which his erudition enabled him to elucidate. He continued under Mr. Summers for three years; and every evening during that time he had to repeat by heart to his father the lessons and the tasks of the day; and this not in a loose or desultory manner, but in the rigorous order in which whatever he had been occupied about had been done; and thus again the process of recollection was cherished and strengthened, so as to become a quality

of

is mind. It was impossible that such a youth should ain unnoticed, even in a place so thinly peopled, and so ure as the parish of East Ruston. The Rev. Mr. witt heard of his extraordinary propensities to study, his of attention to whatever was taught him, and the won- ful fidelity with which he retained whatever he had ac- red. He took him and his brother Thomas under his , and instructed them in the classics. The progress of h was great, but that of Richard was most extraordinary. ecame the topic of astonishment in that district, and n he had reached his fourteenth year, had engaged the ice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity. Among others, was mentioned as a prodigy to an opulent and liberal n, the late Mr. Norris, who, after having put the youth ler an examination of the severest kind, and from which ordinary boy would have shrank dismayed, he was sent Eton. This happened in the month of August 1774, en he was in his fifteenth year: and in that great semi- y, he almost, from the commencement of his career, dis- yed such a superiority of intellect, such facility of acquire- nt, such quickness of perception, and such a talent of nging forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, t the upper boys took him into their society, and pro- ted the cultivation of his mind by their lessons, as well, bably, as by imposing upon him the performance of ir own exercises. He was courted by them as the never- ling resource in every difficulty; and in all the playful cursions of the imagination, in their frolics, as well as in ir serious tasks, Porson was the constant adviser and sup- rt. He used to dwell on this lively part of his youth with culiar complacency, and we have heard him repeat a drama hich he wrote for exhibition in their long chamber, and her compositions, both of seriousness and drollery, with a st that the recollection of his enjoyment at the time never

failed

failed to revive in him. We fear, however, that at this early age his constitution received a shock, which was soon after aggravated by the death of his worthy patron. An imposthume formed on his lungs, and he was threatened by a consumption. But it fortunately broke, and he recovered his health, though his frame was weakened.

The death of Mr. Norris was the source of severe mortification to him; for though by the kindness of some eminent and liberal persons he was continued at Eton, he felt the loss he had sustained in the most poignant degree. But we do not mean to do more than trace the dates of his progress to the Professor's chair. He was entered of Trinity College towards the end of 1777, and his character having gone before him to the University, he was, from the first, regarded as a youth whose extraordinary endowments would keep up and extend the reputation of the unrivalled society into which he had entered. Nor did he disappoint the hopes that had been formed of him. In every branch of study to which he applied himself, his course was so rapid as to astonish every competent observer. By accidents, which in a more detailed biographical article will be explained, he was drawn first to read in mathematics, in which, from his early exercises, he was so eminently calculated to shine, but from which he drew no benefit; and then by the prospect of a scholarship, which, however, did not become vacant till long after, he sat down to the Classics. In this pursuit he soon acquired undisputed pre-eminence. He got the medal of course, and was elected a Fellow, in 1781. In 1785, he took his degree of Master of Arts: but long before the period had elapsed when he must either enter into holy orders or surrender his fellowship, he had, (after the most grave and deliberate investigation, to which he had brought all that acute gift of examination that has been made so perceptible

perceptible in his letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis), made up his mind on the subject of subscription. We are sure that his determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study. His heart and mind were deeply penetrated by the purest sentiments of religion; and it was a memorable and most estimable feature of his character, that in no moment, the most unguarded, was he ever known to utter a single expression of discontent at the establishment, or derision at those who thought differently from himself, much less of profanation or impiety. He was truly and actively pious. So early as 1788, he had made up his mind to surrender his Fellowship, though with an enfeebled constitution he had nothing to depend upon but acquirements that are very unprofitable to the owner. A lay fellowship to be sure might have secured his services to the cause of letters; but the disingenuous conduct of an individual withheld from him that resource. In 1791, his Fellowship ceased, and he was thrown upon the world without a profession, his feelings wounded by the mortifications he had suffered, and with a constitution little qualified to encounter the bustle of the world. Some private friends, however, stept in, and soon after he was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge, by an unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was grateful to him. The salary is but 40*l.* a year. It was his earnest wish, however, to have made it an active and efficient office, and it was his determination to give an annual course of lectures in the college, if rooms had been assigned him for the purpose. These lectures, as he designed, and had in truth made preparations for them, would have been invaluable; for he would have found occasion to elucidate the languages in general, and to have displayed their relations, their differences, their near and remote connexions, their changes, their structure, their principles of etymology, and their causes of

of corruption. If any man was qualified for this gigantic task, it was Mr. Professor Porson; and if his wishes had not been counteracted, we know that he would have undertaken the labour.

From this time, instead of lectures, he turned his thoughts to publication. His letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, as has been truly said, put the controversy on the disputed text to rest; and indeed it was the peculiar felicity of his mind, that whatever he undertook to elucidate, he fixed for ever in the light.

In 1795 he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, but who sunk under a decline in April 1797, and from that time the Professor himself was so incessantly afflicted with a spasmodic asthma, as to interrupt him in every study to which he applied himself. Whether his sedentary habits served to bring it on we know not, but certainly very few men had accustomed themselves to such patient and continued toil. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable *Lexicon* of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College. And this he had, with unparalleled difficulty, just completed, when the beautiful copy which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original being an *unique*, intrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. It is extant in his library, and is quite ready for the press. Of the plays of Euripides, which he published, the learned world has pronounced its judgment. It may be pleasant for our readers, however, to know, that he has left an *Orestes* quite ready for the press.

On the establishment of the London Institution, the managers

managers manifested their own discernment and love of letters, by selecting him to be their principal librarian, an appointment for which he was peculiarly qualified; and if time and health had been allowed him, he would have made their library truly valuable. His own, which he has been gradually collecting for thirty years, he has enriched by annotations of such value and importance to literature, that we hope and trust the whole will be placed in his own college, that it may for ever be within the reach of those whom his example may arouse to similar pursuits, though they may despair of reaching equal attainments.

Mr. Porson, as we have stated before, had, for the last eleven years been a victim of spasmodic asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and in which he was forced to abstain from all sustenance. This greatly debilitated his body; and about a month ago he was afflicted by an intermittent fever; he had an unfortunate objection to medical advice, and he resorted to his usual remedy of abstinence; but on Monday, the 19th ult. he suffered an apoplectic stroke, from which he recovered only to endure a second attack the next day. He languished to the Sunday night, and expired without a struggle. The body was opened, by his medical men, and they have given a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation.—The heart was sound, and the pericardium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation. The right lung was in a perfectly sound state." This is signed by Dr. Babington, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Norris, Mr. Blizard, and Mr. Upton. In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they add, "that it was thinner than usual, and of hard consistence."

Mr. Porson has left a sister living, an amiable and accomplished

lished woman. She is the wife of Sidny Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall, in Norfolk; they have five children; their eldest son is entered of Bene't College, Cambridge. Henry, the second brother of the Professor, was settled in a farm in Essex, and died young, leaving three children. His brother Thomas kept a boarding school at Fakenham, an excellent scholar, and died in 1792 without issue—and his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, died in 1805, in his 74th year. His mother died in 1784, aged 57." *Courier.*

Lately, Miss Elizabeth Smith, formerly of Piercefield, aged thirty, whose *Fragments in Prose and Verse* have been lately published at Bath by Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, in one vol. 8vo.

Sept. 1. At Norwich, aged forty-nine, Dr. Richard Lubbock, an eminent physician and native of that city, author of an inaugural Dissertation "*De Principio Sorbili.*" 1784.

At Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, æt. thirty-six, William Hamilton, M.D. author of "*Observations on the preparation and utility of the Digitalis Purpurea or Foxglove*" and other medical tracts.

Oct. 15. At West Ham, James Anderson, of Mounie, in the county of Aberdeen, LL.D.; a man equally distinguished for the variety and depth of his literary attainments, and for that philanthropic zeal so manifest throughout his numerous and valuable writings, with which he endeavoured to contribute to the welfare of mankind in general, and of this country in particular.

Oct. 16. The Rev. Dr. Nasmith, Rector of Leverington, in the Isle of Ely; Editor of *Tanners Notitia, &c.*

To Correspondents.

The Editor is honoured by the favour from Doncaster: and requests T. I's promised contributions.

T. Rensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXV.

[Being Number XXIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Curia Militaris: or a Treatise of the Court of Chivalry; in three Books. I. Concerning the Court itself; its Judges and Officers. II. Of its Jurisdiction, and Causes there determinable. III. Of the Process and proceedings therein. With an Introduction, containing some Animadversions on two posthumous Discourses, concerning the etymology, antiquity, and office of the Earl Marshal of England, ascribed to Mr. Camden, and published in the last edition of the Britannia. By John Anstis, Esq. (of the Middle Temple.) Etiam quod dicere super-vacaneum est prodest cognoscere. Sen. L. vi. C. 1. de Benef. London: Printed by T. Mead, in Giltspur street, near the back gate of St. Sepulchre's Church.* 1702. 8vo.

ART. II. *Letters to a Peer, concerning the Honour of Earl Marshal. Letter I. shewing that no Earl Marshal can be made during the minority of an Hereditary*

Hereditary Earl Marshal. London: Printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1703. 8vo. *pp.* 35.

ART. III. *Letters to a Peer concerning the Honour of Earl Marshal Letter I. shewing that no Earl Marshal can be made during the minority or other incapacity of an Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Marshal of England. London: Printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.* 1706. 8vo. *pp.* 52.

THE first of these tracts contains nothing more than the introduction, and table of contents of the treatise itself. And Isaac Reed "could never find that any more of this work was ever printed."

The intended "Contents" are worth transcribing, as the outline of a very curious work, which has never yet been satisfactorily filled up.

"*Contents. Book I.*

"Concerning the Court itself; the Judges, Officers, or Ministers thereof.

"Chap. I.—That in all nations where military actions have been in any esteem, and particularly those from whom the English are descended, special laws have been provided for the regulation of them; and several judges appointed to correct the offences, and determine differences concerning the same.

"Chap. II.—That in England such officers have been appointed for those purposes, their antiquity; and that the Court Military is an ordinary court of justice in these matters. Of its various appellations; and

and how far the same, and the proceedings thereof, have been respected at the common law.

"Chap. III.—Of the office of Constable in foreign nations; France, Castile, Sicily, Naples, the eastern empire, &c. and of Scotland, Ireland, Chester, Normandy, Calice, and France, whilst in our possession; of divers sorts of Constables in England; of the introducing an High Constable, and tenure of his office in grand serjantry, whereby it would descend to clergymen, infants, lunatics, absent persons, and women; and the methods taken in such cases; of his rights and authority; and of the power said to be lodged in him to arrest the King; of his bringing an action against King Henry the Eighth; the suppressing this office by that King, and in what cases it hath been since granted *pro hac vice tantum*; a catalogue and history of them in matters relating to that office, with observations on their patents; of the Constable of the Exchequer, his power and duty; of the Sub-Constable.

"Chap. IV.—Of the Marshals in foreign nations, Germany, France, Poland, Sicily, Naples, &c. Of Scotland, Ireland, and France, while in our custody; of the divers sorts of them in this kingdom; of the antiquity of the Great Marshal; and its hereditary descent to clergymen, infants, lunatics, persons absent, and women; and the methods taken in such cases; of the manor of *Hempsted-Marshal*, anciently annexed to the office, and privileges of other lands belonging to the Marshals; corrections and additions to the list of them in *Reliquiæ Spelmannianæ*; with observations on their remarkable patents; and the history of their actions, relating to this office; that the office is ministerial in many respects, and whether judicial in any,

either when there is a Constable, or in the vacancy of one. Of the nature of the title *Comes Marescallus*, anciently, and what sort of honour it is at present; of the extent of this office into foreign dominions, and Counties-Palatine; of the several offices under the Marshal in the King's Bench, Iter, Exchequer, and the Household; of fees belonging to him from each Baron and Peer; of his Lieutenant, and whether any under the degree of a Knight was capable of that office.

"Chap. V.—That the Constable and Marshal are only ordinary judges; and that the Queen may personally sit, or delegate power to hear and determine causes in the first instance.

Chap. VI.—Of the *Promotor Causarum Regiarum*; the Advocates, Proctors, Register, and Heralds; their antiquity, duty, and function, in this Court.

"Book II.—Of the Jurisdiction of the same, and causes there determinable.

"Chap. I.—That the primary and original jurisdiction of this court was about military affairs, and that as well on the sea, as the land; and in order the better to explain the nature of some causes, formerly determined therein, a succinct account is given of the ancient methods of preparation for war, by sea and land; of military tenure and scutage; of indentures for service; of the government of the army; of acquiring property in, and of the right and treatment of prisoners; of orders preparatory to war; of the classes of soldiers, their privileges, and wages; of deserters, and other offenders; of their arms and weapons, as also of their coat-armour, and the signification of *arma militaria*, in respect of Knighthood; with an account how

how *coats of arms*, and divers other subjects became of the sole jurisdiction of this Court.

"Chap. II.—The jurisdiction of the Court is either in causes criminal or civil; an account and history of the former from the records.

"Chap. III.—An account of causes civil, which were *de facto* anciently determined there, before and since the statute 13 Rich. II. chap. 2.

"Chap. IV.—Of that statute, and the explanation thereof, being an enquiry into the cotemporary notion of *Feats of Arms*, and whether Tournaments are wholly designed by it. Of the nature of a privy seal, mentioned in the statute; and a large dissertation about the King's council therein. all taken from records.

"Chap. V.—Observations on some particular instances of the jurisdiction of this court; as the antiquity of *arms* in *England*, mantles and escocheons; with draughts illustrating the remarkable variations in several ages; of supporters, and the reason thereof; of the ancient and modern differences of arms; of the corruption or mutation, anciently in arms; of impaling and quartering them; of arms and crests, surrendered or assigned from one private person to another; of seals, surnames, precedency, &c.

"Chap. VI.—Of causes determined here by the voluntary submissions of the parties, and confirmed by Parliament; and divers parliamentary proceedings relating to this Court.

"Book III.—The process, proceedings, sentence, and execution, in this Court, and of appeals from it.

"Chap. I.—The Law of the Court is generally styled *Lex Armorum*, and is the Civil Law, qualified by particular usages and customs, derogatory to it.

" Chap. II.—That the proceedings are in a summary way: of the petition, citation, attachment, caution, or stipulation, for appearance and performance of the sentence; and how far allowable by the common law. Of the terms, or times observed in this Court.

" Chap. III.—Of trials by battle, their antiquity, and introduction here by a law of the Conqueror, yet remaining in the Saxon tongue; that this method is allowable only in defect of other proofs, and what persons were by privilege or otherwise exempted from it. The representation, or figure of a combat, taken from an original roll of the time of Henry the Third; with observations thereon.

" Chap. IV.—Of proofs in this Court; that Barons are examinable on oath, but all above that degree on their honour; that none can be witnesses in a cause about the right of *Coats of Arms* besides gentlemen, having knowledge therein; with the method of compelling witnesses to give their testimony.

" Chap. V.—Of the sentence, damages, and costs; and whether lands, goods, and the body, of the principal and pledges, be subject thereto; and of the manner of execution; with a particular account of the proceedings, taken from all the records of causes therein determined.

" Chap. VI.—If this Court exceeds its legal bounds, the method of restraining it is either by appeal, or privy seal, according to the statute of 13 R. II. and lately by prohibitions from the Courts of Westminster; of all which particular accounts are given at large."

" Appendix.—Attorney General Noy's Argument for the jurisdiction of the Marshal; and the argument of

of another gentleman, (whose name is unknown) on the same subject; with a particular narrative of that case, at length, by Sir Henry St. George, Kt. Richmond Herald, late Garter Principal King of Arms."

Such were the outlines of this intended work of abstruse learning, which have been more slightly filled up by Sir Joseph Ayloffe in the Introduction to *Edmondson's* Heraldry; and in *Dallaway's Inquiries.* *

Of

* Dallaway mentions the last attempt of the Court of Chivalry to enforce its jurisdiction over armorial bearings, to have occurred in the case of *Blount* and *Blunt*, 1720. But see this case mentioned in Gent. Mag. Vol. VI. p. 165, as happening in 1736.

The following is recorded to have taken place a little before.

"*London, Saturday, Mar.* 4, 1732.

"Yesterday a Court of Honour, or High Court of Chivalry, was opened in the Painted Chamber, Westminster, in the following manner: about twelve o'clock the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Effingham came into this Court, preceded by the Proctors, Doctors of the Civil Law and Officers of the Court in their gowns; the Pursuivants and Heralds of Arms in their tabards and collars, and Garter and Norroy King of Arms, and followed by the Lords hereafter mentioned, who assisted him on the occasion; viz. the Dukes of Ancaster and Manchester; the Earls of Strafford, Warwick, and Pomfret; the Lords Herbert, Haversham, Foley, Onslow, Howard, and others. The Court being set, and proclamation made, the Duke of Norfolk's patent, constituting him Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, his Grace's nomination of the Earl of Effingham, his Deputy, and his Majesty's approbation of him, were severally read by the Register; and then the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and oath of office, were administered to his Lordship: the patents of the several Officers of the Court were then read, and petitions of persons to be admitted proctors, who were sworn accordingly, viz. Dr. Betchman, the King's Advocate; Mr. Mark Holman, Register; Mr. Sandford Nevill, the Earl Marshal's proctor; and Mr. Greenbey, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Farrant, Mr. Cook, Mr. Skelton, Proctors of the Court of Arches, to be Proctors of the said Court. The King's Advocate then exhibited a complaint against one Mrs. Radbourne, relict of one Mr. Radbourne, merchant, for using divers ensigns of honour, not belonging to his condition, at the funeral of her said husband; and likewise certain arms

Of the two letters, both of which are signed "*John Anstis*," the latter is only an enlarged and amended edition of the former.

ART. IV. *A short Enquiry into the nature of the titles conferred at Portsmouth, and in the Camps, by his Majesty in 1773, and 1778; shewing the origin and ancient privileges of Knight Banneret. The Second Edition. London: Printed for H. Payne, opposite Marlborough House, Pall-Mall.* 1779. 8*vo. pp.* 24.

This pamphlet was by the late Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart. (elder brother of Lord St. Helen's and (according to *Bibliotheca Reediana*) only twenty-four copies were printed. A former edition in 1773 had come under the notice of the *Monthly*, and *Critical Reviews*.

"*Preface.*

"I have collected all the precedents I have been able to meet with for the investigation of this enquiry, made for my own information and amusement, and the

both at the said funeral and likewise since, upon her coach, not being entitled thereto in her own or her husband's right, contrary to the law of arms; whereupon his Lordship was pleased to grant a process, and to adjourn the Court to the Hall in the College of Arms on Thursday the 30th instant.

"We hear some of the persons proposed to be cited before the Court of Honour, intend (in case they are so cited) to move the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition, which was formerly granted in Sir James Collet's case on a like occasion; for as there are no visitations, &c. their entries cannot be regular," &c.

publication

publication of this small tract may perhaps be of service to others, who have the same sort of curiosity with myself, in saving them the trouble of looking over records and books, to which every person has not immediate access. My only aim has been to arrive at truth: my judgment, but not my candour, may be justly called in question.

Lincoln's Inn, May 2, 1779."

The substance of this tract may be summed up in the words of the writer's Postscript.

"It has been imagined by some, that the Knights lately made at the camps are Knights Banneret; the present * hostilities with France, however, do not make them so; for every precedent we have seen, shews the title of Knight Banneret can only be conferred either in the field of battle, or for eminent services in battle, even if it is not necessary that this title should be conferred under the royal standard."

ART. V. *Anacreon. Bion. Moschus. Kisses by Secundus. Cupid crucified, by Ausonius. Venus Vigils, incerto Authore. Printed in the year* 1651. *Oct. pp.* 260.

This volume was sent into the world with a degree of nakedness rather unusual; and seemed to imply the learned translator, THOMAS STANLEY, had little care for the result of his labours. The superiority, which attaches to the scholar, might form the ground of this indifference; as the possession of an original

* Viz. in 1779.

picture

picture destroys the value otherwise attached to a copy. A slight but only notice occurs in a few lines at the head of the notes. "To secure these translations (which were never further intended then as private exercises of the languages from which they are deduc'd) against the prejudice of such, as might perhaps apply the copy to a different original, it will not be unnecessary to give some accompt of the text, where subject to variety of reading or exposition."

"*Ode III. Love's Night Walk.*

"Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the waggoner: *
Men, by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busie trouble, rest:
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light:
Where perceiving all fast lockt,
At the door he boldly knockt:
Who'se that (said I) that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?
Ope, saith Love, for pity hear;
'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray.
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck, the door unbarr'd;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;

* Στροφη αρκτου is the conversion of the Bear from the meridian. Ovid.

Jamque moræ spatium nox præcipitata tenebat,
Versaq, ab axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.

Scaliger in Manilium; because Arctos or Helice never sets, the ancients observed his touching the horizon, which they called *Principium Ursæ*, and next, his transcension of the circle, which they called his conversion.

Near

Near the fire I made him stand;
With my own I chaf't his hand;
And with kindly busie care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair: *
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
Now, saith he, 'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet:
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart:
Leaping then, and laughing said,
Come my friend with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

" *Ode XXX. Love imprisoned.*

" Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner;
But hee'd not be gone, though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity!"

* [Stanley's translation will be found on comparison equal, and in many instances superior to those of his followers. One instance,

" Wrung the chill drops from his hair;"

is a felicity of expression which appears to have been scarcely equalled by the latest translator.

" I squeez'd his locks with tender care,
And prest the water from his hair." Sewell's edit. 1713.
" Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair." Fawkes.
" Placed by the hearth with fostering care,
I chafed his hands and wrung his hair" Urquhart.
" Press from his dank and clinging hair,
The crystals of the freezing air." Moore.

The last line does not exactly convey an idea of the chill of only *a wet night*.]

" *Ode*

" *Ode XL. The Bee.*

" Love, a bee that lurkt among
Roses, saw not, and was stung: *
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And, oh help, cries he, I dy!
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countreymen a bee:
At which Venus: if such smart
A bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They whom thou hast hurt sustain."

" *Ode XLIII. The Grasse hopper.*

" Grasshopper, thrice happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all what ere earth brings,
Or the howrs with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the Spring's sweet prophet call;

* Pignorius men ions an excellent picture, representing the subject of Ode, and underneath it these verses.

Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
Furanti digitum cuspide fixit apis:
Sic etiam nobis brevis & peritura voluptas,
Quam petimus tristi mixta dolore nocet.

As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
A bee incensed stung the little thief:
So all the short-liv'd joyes for which we strive,
None taste without the sharp allay of grief.

By the Muses thou admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd,
Agelesse ever singing good,
Without passion flesh or blood,
Oh, how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!" *

" *Ode LIV.*

" When I see the young men play,
Young me thinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts lay'd by,
To the dance, with joy I fly.
Come, a flowry chaplet lend me,
Youth, and mirthful thoughts attend me;
Age be gone, wee'l dance among
Those that young are, and be young;
Bring some wine, boy; fill about;
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you." †

The

* The whole Ode is excellently paraphrased and explained in the life of Apollonius Tyanæus, lib. vii. cap. 5. The words of Philostratus are these. As Demetrius and Apollonius were sitting under a tree, the grasse hoppers incited by the heat of the day, chirpt round about them; to whom Demetrius, " O happy and truly wise; you sing the song the Muses taught you, subject to no censure or misconstruction; by them freed from the slavishness of hunger and humane envies; and dwelling in these bushy tenements (which they provided for you) celebrate their happinesse and your own." Apollonius, though he knew well whereto these words tended, gently reproved him, as more cautious than the time required. " Why," saith he, " desiring to praise the grassehoppers, dost thou not do it freely and openly, but even here seemest to fear, as if there were an act against it." Demetrius replyed, " I did not this so much to shew their happinesse, as our own misery; they are allowed to sing, but we not to whisper our thoughts: wisdome as a crime is laid to our charge."

† [A single comparison with the more pleasing and amplified version of Mr. Moore may not be uninteresting.

" When

The Odes of Anacreon are fifty-five in number; then follow the six Idylls of Bion.

"*Idyll VI.*

Cleodamus. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, wch delight
Thee most? wch (Myrson) should thy wish invite?
Doth winter, when, the earth left unmanur'd,
Men are by sloth unto the fire allur'd,
Or fairer spring best please thee? say which fits
Thy choice? our want of businesse talk permits.

Myrson. Men must not censure what the gods create;
Delightful and divine is every state;
But thou shalt know with which I most am won;
Not summer, for the scorching of the sun,
Nor autumn, for th' unwholsomnesse of fruit,
Nor winter, for its snows with me doth suit.
Lov'd spring be all the year! when no excesse
Of heat or cold our spirits doth oppresse;

"When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!"]

In

In spring are all things fruitful, all things sweet,
Then nights and dayes in even measure meet."

The eight Idylls, and an epigram by Moschvs, are succeeded by the luxurious kisses of Secundus, in fourteen divisions.

" *III.*

" A kiss I begg'd, and thou did'st joyn
Thy lips to mine;
Then, as afraid snatch'd back their treasure,
And mock my pleasure;
Again my dearest, for, in this,
Thou onely gav'st desire, and not a kiss."

" *XIII.*

" Neæra's lips, (to which adds grace
The ambient whiteness of her face,
As coral berries smiling ly
Within their case of ivory;)
When Venus saw, she wept, and all
Her little loves did to her call.
What boots it, cries she, that on Ide
From Pallas and Jove's sister-bride
My lips the glorious prize did gain
By judgment of the Phrygian swain,
If now another arbiter
Neæra's may to mine prefer?
Go, spend upon him every dart,
Empty your quivers on his heart;
But into hers a frost, that may
Congeal her youthful veins, convey.
This scarce was spoke, but strait I felt
My soul in a soft flame to melt;
Whilst thy white breast, which far outgoes
In coldness, winter's sharpest snows;

In

In hardness Adria's stubborn rocks,
Thy suffering lover safely mocks.
Ungrateful, for those lips am I
Tormented thus, nor know'st thou why
Thou hat'st, or what effects may rise
From discontented deities:
Remit thy anger, and assume
A smile that may thy cheek become;
Thy lips (of all my misery
The onely cause) to mine apply;
And from my scorching bosom draw
A warmth that may thy coldness thaw;
Jove fear not, nor Cythera's hate;
Beauty controls the power of fate!"

Cupid crucified is translated in the heroic measure, with a short epistle from Ausonius to his son G. prefixed, referring to "a picture of the amorous women crucifying Cupid." This piece hung in "Zoylus dining room at Trevers," and from admiring transferred the "excesse of admiration to the folly of poetizing."

Venus' Vigils is in stanzas of various length, repeating the first two lines as a burthen at the end of each, and thus begins;

"*Love he to morrow, who lov'd never;*
Tomorrow, who hath lov'd persever.
The spring appears, in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth;
When all things mutuall love unites;
When birds perform their nuptiall rites;
And fruitful by her watry lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover;
Loves Queen tomorrow, in the shade
Which by these verdant trees is made,

Their

Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbours wind;
To morrow, rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.
Love he, &c."

Excitations. Printed in the year 1651.

The portion of the volume, under this new title page, rather exceeds the preceding in quantity, collecting many valuable notes upon the variation of text, similarity of passages, and a translatiou of several poems from various authors. Upon the fifteenth Ode of Anacreon, at the line "come then let us drink," he says, "this false inference, frequent with Anacreon, is largely paraphrased by St. Amant in his Debauchè, a piece suiting with the genius of our poet.

"*The Debauchè.*

"Let's not rime the hours away;
Friends! we must no longer play:
Brisk Lyæus, see! invites
To more ravishing delights.
Let's give o're this fool Apollo;
Nor his fiddle longer follow;
Fye upon his forked hill,
With his fiddlestick and quill;
And the Muses, though they're gamesome,
They are neither young nor handsome;
And their freaks in sober sadnesse
Are a meer poetick madnesse:
Pegasus is but a horse,
He that follows him is worse.
See the rain soaks to the skin,
Make it rain as well within.
Wine, my boy; we'll sing and laugh,
All night revel, rant, and quaffe;

Till the morn, stealing behind us,
At the table sleeplesse finde us.
When our bones, alasse! shall have
A cold lodging in the grave,
When swift death shall overtake us,
We shall sleep, and none can wake us.
Drink we then the juice o' th' vine,
Make our breasts Lyæus shrine.
Bacchus our debauche beholding,
By thy image I am moulding;
Whilst my brains I do replenish
With this draught of unmixt rhenish;
By thy full-branch'd ivy twine;
By this sparkling glasse of wine;
By thy Thyrsus so renown'd;
By the healths with which th'art crown'd;
By the feasts which thou do'st prize;
By thy numerous victories;
By the howls by Mænad's made;
By the hau-gou carbonade;
By thy colours, red and white;
By the tavern thy delight;
By the sound thy orgies spred;
By the shine of noses red;
By the table free for all;
By the jovial carnivall;
By thy language cabalistick;
By thy cymbal, drum and his stick; *
By the tunes thy quart-pots strike up;
By thy sighes, the broaken hick-up;
By thy mystick sect of ranters;
By thy never-tamed panthers;

* The rhiming similarity of a couplet in Hudibras, publish
years afterwards, must immediately occur to the reader's recollecti

By this sweet, this fresh and free air;
By thy goat, as chaste as we are;
By thy fulsome Cretan lasse;
By the old man on the asse!
By thy couzins in mix'd shapes;
By the flowre of fairest grapes;
By thy biskes fam'd far and wide;
By thy store of neat's-tongues dry'd;
By thy incense, Indian smoake;
By the joyes thou dost provoke;
By this salt Westphalia gammon;
By these sauz'iges that inflame on;
By thy tall majestick flaggons;
By Mas, tope, and thy flap-dragons;
By this olive's unctuous savour;
By this orange, the wine's flavour;
By this cheese ore-run with mites;
By thy dearest favorites;
To thy frolick order call us,
Knights of the deep bowle install us;
And to shew thy self divine,
Never let it want for wine."

Sylvia's Park, by Theophile. Acanthus complaint, by Tristan. Oronta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino. Love's Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitvde, by Gongora. Printed in the year 1651.

The length of this article precludes further specimens. These pieces are unaccompanied with any notes. The last division of the volume is

A Platonick discourse upon Love. Written in Italian by Iohn Picus Mirandula, in explication of a Sonnet, by Hieronimo Benivieni. Printed in the year 1651.

This is divided into three books, having at the end of the second the sonnet, or rather long poem, upon

which it forms a commentary. The fifth section of the second book may serve to conclude as a specimen of the translator's prose.

"Beauty in general is a harmony resulting from several things proportionably concurring to constitute a third; in respect of which temperament and mixture of various natures, agreeing in the composition of one every creature is fair; and in this sence no simple being is beautiful; not God himself. This beauty begins after him; arising from contrariety, without which is no composition; it being the union of contraries, a friendly enmity, a disagreeing concord whence Empedocles makes discord and concord the principles of all things; by the first, understanding the variety of the natures compounding; by the second their union: adding, that in God onely there is no discord, he not being the union of several natures, but a pure uncompounded unity. In these compositions the union necessarily predominates over the contrariety, otherwise the fabrick would be dissolved. Thus in the fictions of poets, Venus loves Mars; this beauty cannot subsist without contrariety; she curbs and moderates him; this temperament allays the strife betwixt these contraries. And in astrology, Venus is placed next Mars, to check his destructive influence as Jupiter next Saturn to abate his malignancy. If Mars were alwayes subject to Venus, (the contrariety of principles to their due temper) nothing would ever be dissolved." *

Conduit street. J. I

* Stanley's poems being described in the CENSURA, Vol. VIII. p. 4 as scarce, and standing in the third portion of *Triphook's* descriptive ca logue just published, the volume was sent me, supposing by that not it might furnish an acceptable article.—Stanley also published a volume *original* Poems.

ART

ART. VI. *A lamentable, and pitifull description, of the wofull warres in Flaunders, since the foure last yeares of the Emperor Charles the Fifth his raigne. With a briefe rehearsall of many things done since that season, vntill this present yeare, and death of Don Iohn. Written by Thomas Churchyarde, Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Ralph Newberie. Anno* 1578. 4*to.* 42 *leaves.*

The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed to Sir Frauncis Walsingham, Knight, wherein the author says, "had I beautified my boke, with the depe iudgemẽts of my betters, & filled the empty places & sẽtẽces voyd of learning, with some borowed tearmes & fine traslatiõs, as wisely & lernedlie some haue done, my ignorãce and boldnesse heerein so soone had not bin espyed, and I might haue found more pillers and proppes to haue susteyned vp from falling a long season, my weake and feeble workemanship, and tottering building: but wanting that prouision and foresight, and bringing frõ the printer my booke, I make myselfe and my credite subiecte to the worldes reporte, and must desire your honorable countenance to the furthering of my good name, and liking of my worke. And for that of late you were Embassadour in Flaunders, and haue bin long acquainted with the causes of that countrey, I haue dedicated my paynes heerin to your hands and protection, minding, if this be well accepted, (as I doubt not but it shall be,) to set forth another worke, called, the calamitie of Fraunce, the bloudy broyles of Germany, the persecution of Spayne, the misfortune of Portingall, the troubles of Scotlande, the miserie of Irelande, and the blessed state of England."

Introductory to the work is a long poem of n
eight pages, which commences;

"*Flaunders bewayles with bitter sorovv the soare*
fliction of hir state and countrey.

" The vvife, that hath hir husband lost,
alone may sit and vvaile,
VVhose teares faste trickle dovvne hir cheekes,
as thicke as shovvres of hayle.
The friend that farre is from his feere,
and vvants a faithfull mate,
By vievve of foe, and fraude of vvorld,
laments his losse to late.
The lab'ring man, that sees his land
lye vvaste for vvant of plovve,
And cannot vvell supply his lack,
is fraught vvith sorrovv throvv.
The sadde and heauie minded vvight,
(of ioy that takes no holde)
As mirth forsakes the striken breast,
hath hart full deade and colde.
The merchaunt vvhom the pyrate spoyles,
and in vvide vvorld is laft,
May blame the vviles of vvicked heades,
and cursse their cunning crafte.
The Captaine which no souldiers hath,
vvho lost his force by fight,
Doth folde his armes and vvrings his handes,
he sorrovves day and night.
But none of those compares vvith me,
that left am as you know,
In friendlesse sort with many babes,
like vvidovve full of vvoe:
That each man vvrongs and fevve do help,
and in myne aged dayes

Am made a pray to people straunge,
that plagues me many vvayes.
I flourisht once in pompe and pride,
beyonde my neyghbours all,
But vvhen apace came in the tide,
novv floud beginnes to fall:
And at lovve vvater marke I stand,
that earst haue floated stil;
My hauen mouth is chokt vvith sande,
my loades men lacke the skil,
To passe the strayghtes, and safely bring
my barcke to quiet port.
Novv vvaste and empty lye the tovvnes
vvherein vvas greatre sort.
And vvhere my merchauntes trafficke kept,
novv men of vvare do flocke,
And vvhere the gates vvide open stoode,
vvith barres and double locke,
Novv are they shutte and rammed fast,
and bulvvarkes still vve make,
And ore the vvalles the cannon rores,
vvhereat our houses shake."

Churchyard's narrative must be considered valuable from its embodying historical facts relative to transactions in which he was personally concerned. Of the English who sought glory in the Flemish wars, there are repeated notices, and an enumeration of the principal leaders. "Before Pyrsen, was Sir William Drurie shotte through the bridle hande by a Frenchma̅, y^t. offered to breake a lance vpo̅ him, who threwe downe his staffe when hee shulde haue putte it in the rest, and so discharged hys dagge at Sir William Drurie, whyche was accompted the parte of a cowarde."

To this anecdote may be added, as a specimen of the author's prose, a short relation respecting the town of Harlam. "Being a place of strength, somewhat by-nature thorow the mean of water (& other causes a fortresse requireth) was manned & furnished with most assured souldiers. And as the Duke had greate adoe in many other places, and made great armies to besiege them, so at the siege of this y^e. Duke loste such a nũber of mẽ, as is incredible to be spokẽ, & would hardly be beleeued; for women there were of such courage, as was wonderful to beholde; & one woman tooke a miraculous charge vpon hir, which was, to haue the leading of men (a matter to be smiled at, but yet of troth, and to be credited.) Then if women wer so stoute, what mighte men of noble hart & mind proue? forsooth their actes & deedes did shew thẽ to be in courage more than lions, & in worth & valor more than a C. M. of the ordinarie sorte of people. For some haue bin in many seruices, that neuer saw y^e. like of Harlam souldiers: & men may trauel to the very confines of Christendome, & not find such people, as were at Harlem (besieged by the Spaniardes, a nation in these dayes, that can both besiege a town, & can do much in the field.) whiche people had such resolute minds & willing bodies to defend & suffer whatsoeuer might happen, y^t. they seemed to be made, & fo med, not out of our common mould, but wrought and created of some speciall substance & workmanship, wherein y^e. glorie of manhood & valiancie was cunningly coprehẽnded. O that my stile were so stately (& could carry such life) that I might worthily expresse the noblenes of their courages. But I may not praise thẽ alone for their corage, but exalt thẽ also

also for their policies, & sufferaʳce of al misery & aduersities a long seasoⁿ, & in a maner past yᵉ. power of man's weak nature & conditioⁿ. But alas, yᵉ. while, they were ouertakeⁿ wᵗ. too much truste in their enimies words, & led at length like sheepe to yᵉ. slaughter; but how I liste not tell you, referring yᵉ. iudgment of such like actions, to those that haue yᵉ. managing of mighty matters, & knows how to coⁿquere & gouerne. Well, to finishe and knitte vppe the scanning and seruices of the famous souldioures of Harlam, to the furthest of my abilitie, I will honour the bones of all suche warlike people, wheresoeuer I shal finde them, and with perpetuall fame aduance theyr bodyes to the lofty skies."

At the end "Finis q Thomas Churchyard;" then sixty-eight lines, commencing,

"*To the Worlde.*

"Go sillie booke to suttle worlde,
and shew thy simple face,
And forward passe and do not turne
agayne to my disgrace.
For thou shalt bring to people's eares
but troth that needes not blush,
And though Maell Bouch, giue thee rebuke,
care not for that a rush,
For euill tongs do ytch so sore,
they must be rubbing still
Against the teeth, that should hold fast
the clapper of the mill."

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART.

ART. VII. *Plaine Percevall the peace-maker of England. Sweetly indevoring with his blunt persuasions to botch vp a reconciliation between Mar-ton and Mar-tother. Compiled by lawfull art, that is to say, without witchcraft, or sorcery: and referred specially to the meridian and pole Artichoke of Nomans Land; but may serue generally without any great error, for more countries then I'le speake of.*

Quis furor aut hos,
Aut hos, arma sequi, ferrumque lacessere iussit.

[Rebus of Gregory Scton, Herbert, 1.76, 1228.]
Printed in Broad-streete, at the signe of the Packstaffe. n. d. or printer's name. *4to.* 18 *leaves.*

From this rare controversial pamphlet (which I have but lately obtained the perusal of), the following extract is interesting and curious, by the notices of the morrice dance, and of Churchyard, as author of the preceding article.

"If Menippus, or the man in the moone, be so quicksighted, that he beholds these bitter sweete jests, these railing outcries; this shouing at prelates to cast them downe, and heauing at Martin to hang him vp for Martilmas biefe; what would he imagine otherwise, then as that stranger, which seeing a Quintessence (beside the foole & the Maid Marian) of all the picked youth, strain'd out of an whole Endship, footing the morris about a may pole, and he, not hearing the crie of the hounds, for the barking of dogs, (that is to say) the minstrelsie for the fidling, the tune for the sound, nor the pipe for the noise of the tabor, bluntly demaunded

demaunded if they were not all beside themselues, that they so lip'd and skip'd whithout an occasion. *

"Backe with that leg Perceuall; nouice as thou art, dost thou thinke that we are some, all mad? Alas I am a stranger, and cannot tell what your horse play meanes. Learne, learne to vnderstand the occasion of those actions; their words are common, for euery cut-purse vseth them at the Old Bayly, that hath had any skil in his miniken handsaw.

"I can tell who was acquainted with an olde sooker, that carries such *potticall* verses of the *State of Flanders*, † in a linnen bag (though they be no baggage neither) as would make a man thinke vpon driving out sides, and taking of parts as long as he liues. My selfe drinking hand to hand with the founder of them; for lacke of a nutmeg, he gaue me a great and a lesse, to grate in a spice bole, and this was the powder.

Orgia turbantem natum dum mactat Agaue,
Insana insanum Penthea credat aprum.

* "There is a neighbour of ours, an honest priest, who was sometimes (simple as he now stands) a vice in a play, for want of a better; his name is Gliberie of Hawstead in Essex, hee goes much to the pulpit. On a time, I thinke it was the last May, he went vp with a full resolution, to doe his businesse with great commendations. But, see the fortune of it. A boy in the church, hearing either the summer lord with his May-game, or Robin Hood with his morice daunce, going by the church, out goes the boye. Good Glibery, though he were in the pulpit, yet had a mind to his old companions abroad, (a company of merry grigs you must thinke them to be, as merry as a vice on a stage), seeing the boy going out, finished his matter presently with John of London's amen, saying, ha ye faith, boy! are they there? Then ha with thee, and so came downe and among them he goes." *Hay any worke for Cooper.*

† While at Antwerp Churchyard notices a surmise "that the Caluinistes had sworne to kill the Martinistes."—Unless the conjectural allusion is without foundation, I do not find any other passage to provoke the ire of Sir Iohn Perceval.

"Had

" Had not he a long wind that sowp'd vp these two at a draught? and a good head that carried them away without staggering, togither with their appurtenances? *Mad was the mother & kild hir wood sonne, &c.* That liquid poet had askt himselfe the question, who was in the fault, that two factions were at daggers drawing, till they were like to draw all to an vprore; he answers like a slie slaue, *Ambo*, for that was his meaning, though he wheel'd about, seeking to declare his mind with a far-fetch'd simile."

In the following passage the allusion appears intended for Aggus the printer. " It is an ill wind that blowes no man to good they say; yea but the prophet Aggeus would haue giuen counsaile to repaire such a place of praier; if Martin himselfe crie hauocke at it, beleeue him not, Aggeus was a great deale the honester man, although while he liu'de he was no saint. Where was I? My iourney lies not that way; I was about to say that the printers had hard luck if they lost by these matches that are made of late against Martin; whose states when I looke vpon, I am ready to crie at as a countreyman of mine did, when trauersing London streets, he spide a Jacke an apes, in a gaie cote, sit mooving on a marchant's bulke, 'Good Lord, what knacks are made for money, now adaies?'

The lapse of time has rendered obsolete much of the author's familiar humour, from which it is probable the tract was one of the most popular in the controversy. Describing the new upstart puritan, the picture commences with the following outline; " I find that in euery trade and occupation, there is a better and a worse, as there is in euery warpe of fish, a great and a lesse. There is a shomaker, there is a cobler: a tailor,

tailor, and a botcher: a marchant, and a broker: a haberdasher, and a pedlar: a mason, and a dawber: a minstrell, and a fidler: a parson, and a vicar: a minister and a curat: there steps me in a third tricksie, neat, nimble, spruse artificer into euery one of these occupations; and, like a prickear'd mule, will be of another distinct kind from either dame or sire. One standing all upon his pumps and pantables, will be aboue a shomaker. Another mounts vpon a loftier shop bourd then a tailor, and wil be none otherwise ternde then a shaper of garments forsooth," where the parallel concludes.

Of the Introduction and mock recommendatory lines at the end sufficient notice may be found in Herbert, p. 1706.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VIII. *The Description of that ever to be famed Knight, Sir Iohn Burgh, Colonell Generall of his Maiesties Armie: with his last seruice at the Isle of Rees, and his vnfortunate death, then when the Armie had most need of such a pilote.* Viuit post funera virtus. *Written by Robert Markham, Captaine of a foote Company in the same regiment, and shot also in the same seruice.* Fors dominatur nèq; vita est vlli propria in vita. *Printed* 1628 *4to.* 14 *leaves.*

Prefixed is a rare and beautiful specimen of the graver by Cecill in a highly finished portrait of " Sr. Iohn Burgh, Knight, descended from ye. house of ye. Lord Burgh & heyre male to the barony, Capt. of an English

English foote company in y^e^. Vnited prouinces; Gouern^r^. of Frankendale, Collonell of a regiment of foote in y^e^. expedition w^th^. Count Mansfield, Col. Generall in the Ile of Rees, where he was slayne w^th^. a musket bullet, September y^e^. 11^th^, 1627."

As Captain Markham * was "shot also in the same seruice," this poem may be considered as posthumously published. The evident proof of the author's intention to give it to the public, may be pleaded in excuse for marring his fair fame, in preserving this bombastic phraseology of the soldier when attempted to be uttered as a poet. Prefixed are seven stanzas, as

"*The Epistle.*

"I will not dedicate these weeping lines
Vnto a laughing Lord for patronage,
That without mourning habit richly shines
In gold, nor will I send a pilgrimage
My sorrowes brought a bed in this same booke,
To be protected by a ladyes looke;
Nor will I inuocate a Iudge, because
I write upon an honourable fate,
Vntimely hastned; for within his lawes,
Deathes immature are all degenerate;
He that condemneth life, and goods, shall be
No pittilesse protector, booke, to thee.

No sycophant shall see thee by my will,
No, nor a golden coward, for I vow
I hate his quaking quallitie as ill,
As any the worst vice that raigneth now;
A foole shall neuer thy sad lines behold,
Because brasse is as good to him as gold.

* Qu? Brother of Ce.v.se Markh.m? See Cens. Vol. II. p. 218.

But

But I will send thee like a marshall booke,
Vnto all souldiers, lac'd with noble skarres,
That thinkes on Bvrgh with a deiected looke,
And that hath knowne him well in all his warres;
That can repeate all things that he hath done;
Since the first minute that his sand did runne."

An address in two stanzas follows

"*To the Reader.*

"Faith, reader, if you vnderstand
But little, in this little booke,
Go shake *Tom Derry* by the hand,
Or on your cozen *Archey* looke;
Or if you will not be a foole,
Returne againe, with speed to schoole."

Fourteen lines with initials I. E. are addressed "to my worthily esteemed kinsman the authour." Then,

"*The Avthor's eyes pvrging with the pills of sorrow, drops here vpon the obsequies of Sir Iohn Bvrgh, his noble colonell, with such a heauinesse, that they doe fall in print as followeth.*

"If teares could tell the story of my woe,
How I with sorrow pine away for thee,
My spungie eyes their bankes should over-flow,
And make a very moore, or mire of me;
I would out weepe a thousand Nyobyes,
For I would weepe, till I wept out my eyes.

My heart should drop such teares as did thy wound,
And my wound should keepe consort with my heart;
In a red sea my body should be drown'd;
My gall should breake, and beare a bitter part;
Such crimson rue as I would weepe, should make
Democrates himselfe a wormwood lake.

Or

Or if that my blew winged words could tell,
How darke I mourne without a starre of glee,
My tongue the clapper, and my mouth the bell,
Should ceaselesse ring thy hapleſse destinie:
Whilst that my penne vnable for to speake,
In tragicke songs should grind away her beake."——

The first twenty-one stanzas are given as introductory to the main subject. In these he relates he was uncertain if it was the greatnesse of pain he felt from a shot, or greatness of his grief that Burgh was slain; but he could not write and therefore judiciously went to sleep. The result, and the opening of the work, is thus given:

" So did I sleepe vntill the morning light
Reneu'd the glory of the world, and then
I wakt againe with a more preguant sp'rit,
And once more flew vnto my fatall pen;
Then with a little labour that I tooke,
My braines were brought a bed, of this same booke.

Thy wisedome, Burgh, was like vnto a sea,
Wherein thy famous actions dayly swam,
Like Neptun's scaly burgers euery day;
Currant wise men, like lesser riuers, came
To mixe their freshnesse with thy season'd wit,
Onely of purpose to grow salt by it.

And as Pactolus flowes on golden sand,
As rubies, pearles, and twinkling diamonds
Doe starre the firmament of Neptune's land,
So did thy virtue, like farre brighter stones,
Be-pibble all the inside, outside floare
Of thy hid channell, and thy publike shoare."

How much to be regretted the author did not imbibe a few particles of the attic salt, of which he considers

siders his hero the fountain head. It is amusing to mark the succession of images, almost ludicrously opposite, as they swell to above eighty stanzas, with a description of the progress of this military general; sufficiently minute for the work to be described by Bromley in his catalogue, as a "Life." Perhaps an ingenious head piece might be saved much labour, in attempting to describe Napoleon, by adopting the following lines:

"Thy court was in the campe, they daunces were
Stout marches footed to a drummer's play;
Twas not thy sport to chase a silly hare,
Stagge, bucke, foxe, wild-cat, or the limping gray:
But armies, Marquesses, Graues, Counts, Dukes, Kings,
Arch-dutchesses, and such heroicke things.

Guns were thy hornes which sounded thy retreite,
Of noble warre (bright honour's truest chase),
Pickes tipt with death, thy hunting poles to beate,
And rouse thy game (sport for a Joue-borne race,)
Thy deepe mouth'd hounds, a catt of cannons were,
Whose brasen throates spew'd thunder in the air. ——

Thy iudgement was so ripe that thou could'st tell,
Without the calling of a warlike court,
How many men would man that citie well,
That counter-scarfe, redoubt, or little fort;
For thy braine lay within a sconce of bone,
In iudgement stronger then a tower of stone."

Conduit street. J. H.

Art. IX. *Hawking.*

"Hawking was a sport vtterly vnknowne to the ancients, as Blondius and P. Iovius, in the second booke of his History, where he entreateth of the Mucovitish affaires, witnesseth; but was invented and first practised by Frederick Barbarossa, when he beseiged Rome: yet it appeareth by Firmicus, that it was knowne twelve hundred yeeres since, where he speaketh of falconers, and teachers of other birds: and indeed beyond him, I thinke it can no where be found that falconry was knowne. There have beene many who have written of falconry: Frederick the second Emperour of Germany ....., wrote hereof two excellent bookes, which Ioachim Camerarius (having by him the first copie in a manuscript) published together with a treatise of Albertus Magnus, of the nature of hawkes, and printed it at Norimberge. Budæus hath also written a large discourse of hunting and hawking, part whereof is annexed to the latter end of Henry Estienne's French and Latine Dictionary: in English, Master Blundevile's* booke is the best that I know. By the canon law hawking was forbidden vnto clergie." This brief account is given by Henry Peacham who considered it one of the recreations very befitting "the compleat gentleman; fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities concerning mind or body that may be required in a noble gentleman." It may be inferred from an Act of Parliament of 34 Edw. IV. that the possession of a hawk could not be

* So it is in the editions of *Peacham*, 1622 and 1634; but certainly a mistake for *Turberville*.

kept

kept by a simple man, or of less bearing than a gentleman with estate to have a hawk.* In other instances the tenacious support of this pastime may be traced through the statute law, and swelling the pains and penalties of criminal jurisprudence, is therefore again mentioned in the Institutes. "A knowledge of hunting and falconry," Warton describes as "an essential requisite in accomplishing the character of a Knight;" and for near four centuries it was the favourite amusement of the English nobility. An inquiry of how it became neglected, can, I believe, only be answered with conjecture. Peacham says "it can bee no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a faire picture, then to cut his hawke's meat," and this nauseating curtesy established between the owner and the hawk and apparently in part a necessity to make the bird answer to the lure, might first occasion its falling into neglect and almost total disuse. Only a partial

* "*Master Stephen.* How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Knowell. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Ste Uncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Ste. No cousse; but I'll practise against next yere uncle. I have bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a booke to keepe by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Ste. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, uncle: why you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now-a-dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greeke, or the Latine. He is for no gallant's company without 'hem.——A fine jest i'faith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman!"

Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Ed. 1640, acted as early as 1598.

An elder brother "speaks no language, but smells of dogs, or hawks." *Overbury's Characters.*

trace can be considered as surviving the seventeenth century. The Rev. Mr. Dibdin, in the late elegant republication of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, * has preserved several notices incidental to hawking, and remarks upon the best collections of ancient English ballads as not affording "any song upon this popular subject." Chaucer has a pretty episode of the Falcon rehearsing a tale of forsaken love to the Princess Canace, and in Spencer's Fairy Queen are occasional allusions to the amusement. George Turberville prefixed the following poem to his book of Falconry, and appears the oldest poet that invoked the Muse to immortalize the subject. A poem upon Field-Sports, by Somerville, gives a long and accurate description of this diversion.

"*In commendation of Hawking.*†

GEORGE TURBERVILE.

"I deeme that no man doubts, but games and al our chiefe delights,
Were first deuisde to daunt the dumps of pensiue payned sprights.

T

* This new edition of the Utopia, may be spoken of with confidence as possessing those necessary essentials which are too often omitted from negligence or slovenly got rid of by probability and surmise. The text of the first translation has been minutely collated with variorum notices, and critical and explanatory notes are added, containing extracts from early writers as best able to elucidate the author's meaning. Mr. Dibdin, by his industry and quotations, has rendered the visionary Utopia a pleasing amplification of the manners, customs and pursuits of society at the time the original was first put forth by Sir Thomas More. And it now reappears characterised in the words of the title "a most pleasant, fruitful, and witty work."

† "*The Booke of Faulconrie, or Hawking, for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen: collected out of the best auctbors, aswel Italians as Frenchmen, and some English practises withall concernyng Faulconrie, the contentes whereof are to be seene in the next page folowyng. By Geo. Turbervile, Gentleman. Nocet empta dolore voluptas. Imprinted at London for*

Ch

To cleare the clowds of drowping cares and mists of mournful mind,
And banish bale, that heeuy harts in cheerlesse chaines did bind.
And more than that, to further health, by mouing to and froe,
That in our lumpish lustlesse limmes, no more disease might groe.
Which otherwise (set sport aside, and sweete delightfull glee)
In idle bodies breedes of force, as we by proofe do see,
Not much vnlike the standing lakes, in durtie dampish groundes,
Where water hath no power to passe, most noisome filth a boundes.
If games were thus found out at first, for minde and bodies ease,
As well to quit that one of griefes, as th' other of disease:
Why then I of force it follow must, that those delights are chiefe,
And most to be imbraste, that lend to either part reliefe.
Which if be so, I neede not blush, or deem it my disgrace,
If hawks and spaniels I preferre, and set in hiest place, *

For

Chr. Barker, at the signe of the Grashoper in Paule's Churchyarde, 1575." To this is annexed

"*The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting. Wherein is handled and set out the Vertues, nature and properties of fiveteene sundrie Chaces, togither with the order and maner how to hunte and kill every one of them. Translated and collected for pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen, out of the best approved authors, which have written any thing concerning the same, and reduced into such order and proper termes as are used here in the noble realme of England.*" *Quarto.*

"*The Booke of Falconrie or Hawking,*" &c. *as before.* "*Heretofore published by George Turbervile, Gentleman. And now newly revived, corrected, and augmented with many new additions proper to these present times. Nocet empta dolore voluptas. At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot, An. Dom.* 1611." *To this is annexed,*

"*The noble art of Venerie,*" &c. *as before.*

* Turbervile attached the art of the ostrager or falconer to the character of a poet, and "of swiche matere made he many layes." In his "*Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets,*" the technical terms of the diversion and various allusions to the temper of the hawks, are forced into the service of the muse to revile a fickle mistress. There he also laments the passing youthful years in the city, debarred of country sports; by some lines "*to his friend Francis Th. leading his lyfe in the countrie at his desire.*"

"My Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede,
Athwart the fields in peace to practise warre,
In countrie whilst your kenel'd hounds doe feede,
Or in the wood for taken pray doe iarre.

For truly no deuise delights, the minde of man so much,
No game so gladsome to the l.m es, there is no pleasure such.
No phisicke fitter to remoue the dregges of direfull paine,
And to restore to former li.e, the feebie force againe.
Of spanels first I meane to speke, for they begin the glee,
Who being once vncoupled, when they feel their collers free,
In roysting wise about they raunge, with cheerfull chappes to ground,
To see where in the champion may, some lurking fowle be found. *
A sport to view them stirre their sternes, in hunting to and fro,
And to beholde how nature doth hir power in spanels sho:
Who scoure the fields with wondrous skil, and deale in cunning sort,
As though indeed they had conspirde, to make their master sport.
What merier musicke can you craue? What note but halfe so good?
As when the spanels crosse the ronne, of feasants in the wood?
Or light vpon the little poutes, where they haue lately bene?
Assuredly no better glee, is either heard or seene.
So as by hawkes doth pleasure grow, vnto the gazing eie,
And dogges delight the listning eares, before the hawkes do flie.

Whilst you with haukes the sielie fowle doe slaye,
And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
To flye to marke, and bear the spanels baye,
Wasting your age in pleasure passing braue:
In citie I my youthfull yeares doe spende,
At booke perhaps some time to weare the day;
Where man to man, not friend to friend doth lende,
With vs is naught but pitch (my friend) and pay."—

* Tusser has a good husbandly lesson;

"To hunters and hawkers take heed what ye say,
Mild answer with courtesie, drives them away;
So, where a man's better, will open a gap,
Resist not with rudenes, for feare of mishap."

He admonishes that "by hauke and hound, small profit is found;" for

"Though some haue a pleasure, with hauke upon hand,
Good husbands get treasure, to purchase their land:"

And he considers both diversions an annoyance in the "champion countrey."

"What hunting and hawking is there?
Corn looking for sickle at hand;
Acts lawles to do without feare,
How yeerely togither they band;
More harme to another wil do,
Then they would be done so vnto." Tusser's Husbandry, 1599.

What

What dolt so dull but takes delight, when once the spanell springs
The fearfull fowle, and when the hawke lies long vpon hir wings?
What sense so sad, what minde so mazde, but settes his sorowes by,
When once the falcon free begins, to scud amid the skie?
To turne and winde a birde by sleight, and eke at last to slay
With strong encounter, doues and duckes, and euery other pray?
The pretty partridge, rayles and quayles, that haunt the open field?
And from hir mountey to enforce the heuron haught to yeeld?
By binding with hir close in cloudes, in maner out of sight?
For noble peeres and cheefest states, a passing pleasant flight? *
So small a birde, so large a fowle, at such a lofde gate,
To reach and rappe, and force to fall, it is a game of state.
No fellow to the flight at brooke, that game is full of glee,
It is a sport the stowping of a roysting hawke to see.
And if she misse, to marke hir how she then gettes vp amaine,
For best aduauntage, to eneaw the springing fowle againe.
Who if be landed as it ought, then is it sure to die,
Or if she slippe, a ioy to see, the hawke at random flie;
And so for head to slea the fowle a noble sport to vew,
In my conceyt no pleasure like to hawkes, I tell you trew. †

It

* Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's Ouranea

"Quick-scenting spannell, fit for princelie game,
To pearch the pheasant and rare birds of name.
To set the heath-cocke, partrich and the quaile,
The snype, the woodcocke, and the dainty raile;
To serue the spar-hawke, faulcon and laneret,
The gosse-hawke, ger-faulcon and young eglet;
The marlyon, hobby, hawkes of swiftest wing,
Which many pleasures unto ladies bring;
Deserueth praise of the best fluent pen,
Than euer wrote the benefits of men."

† "As for hawking, I commend it in some, condemne it in others; in men of qualitie whose estates will well support it, I commend it as a generous and noble qualitie; but in men of meane ranke and religious men, I condemne it with Blesensis, as an idle and foolish vanitie; for I haue ever thought it a kinde of madnesse for such men, to bestow ten pounds in feathers, which at one blast might be blowne away, and to buy a momentary monethly pleasure (if to see one bird torture another may be so called), with the labours and expence of a whole yeare. Yet I must acknowledge, I haue in my youthfull dayes with Machabœus beene guiltie of this vanitie, & haue beene as glad as ever I

It settes the senses all to worke, there may none idle bee,
The tung it lures, the legges they leape, the eie beholdes the glee,

---

was to come from schoole, to see a little martin in the dead time of the year when the winter had put on her whitest coat, and the frosts had sealed vp th brookes and rivers, to make her way through the midst of a multitude o fowle-mouth'd ravenous crows and kites, which pursued her with mos hydeous cryes and clamors, than did Coll the dog, and Malkin the maide, th Fox in the Apalogue.

When the geese for feare flew over the trees,
And out of their hiues came the swarme of bees.

Chaucer in his Nunes Priests ta

and maugre all their oppositions pulled down her prey, bigger than herself being mounted aloft, steeple-high downe to the ground. And to heare a accipitrary relate againe, how he went forth in a cleare, calme, and sun-shin evening, about an houre before the sunne did vsually maske himselfe, vnto th river, where finding of a mallard, he whistled off his faulcon, and how shee fle from him as if shee would neuer haue turned head againe, yet presently vpo a shoote came in, how then by degrees, by little and little, by flying about an about, shee mounted so high, vntill shee had lessened her selfe to the view o the beholder, to the shape of a pigeon or partridge, and had made the heigh of the moone the place of her flight, how presently vpon the landing of th fowle, shee came downe like a stone and enewed it, and suddenly got againe, and suddenly vpon a second landing came downe againe, and missd of it, in the downecome recovered it, beyond expectation, to the admirat of the beholder at a long flight: and to heare him tell a third time, how went forth early in a winter's morning, to the woody fields and pastures to the cocke, where having by the little white feather in his tayle discovered hi in a brake, he cast off a taste gentle, and how he never ceased in his circu motion, vntill he had recovered his place, how suddenly vpon the flushing the cocke he came downe, and missing of it in the downecome, what worki there was on both sides, how the cocke mounted, as if he would have pierc the skies; how the hawke flew a contrary way, vntill he had made the wind his friend, how then by degrees he got vp, yet neuer offered to come in, vnti he had got the advantage of the higher ground, how then he made in, wh speed the cocke made to saue himselfe, and what hasty pursuit the hawk made, and how after two long miles flight killed it, yet in killing of it kille himselfe. These discourses I loue to heare, and can well be content to be a eye-witnesse of the sport, when my occasions will permit, but to see one o these fœminine birds, who, like some wiues of our times keepe vnder th masculine, I mean a swift winged goshawke, or high flying jurkin, whos proper game is the pheasant, crane, or bitterne, in the moneth of August t pull downe a little partridge.—I must confess it hath often gone against m stomacke." QVATERNIO, 1633.

Th

The eares are busied eke to heare, the calling spaniels quest,
Do tell me then what sense it is, that respite hath to rest?
And more than that, the hart it leapes, and laughes for ioy to think
How such a slender hawke should cause, so huge a fowle to shrink.
This kinde of sport doth banish vice, and vile deuises quight,
When other games do foster faults, and breede but base delight:
No idle thought can harbor well within the falconer's braine,
For though his sportes right pleasant be, yet are they mixt with paine.
The toile he takes to find the fowle, his greedy lust to slay,
The fowle once found cuts off conceits, & driues il thoughts away.
He lures, he leapes, he calles, he cries, he ioyes, he waxeth sad,
And frames his moode, according as his hawke doth well or bad. *
Dame Venus harbors not in holtes, no Cupid haunts the hilles,
Diana dwelles in open place, with bow hir game she killes.
In wooddes no wanton goddesse woonnes: in cities soiournes sinne,
There vice in vawts & dungeon dwelles, the lecher lurks within.

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* At the conclusion of Turberville's "book of Falconry," is an "Epilogue vnto the reader," in twelve stanzas, whercin the volume is the principal subject. The following lines are incidental to the present title, as they rather show, to enjoy the sport, the master of the hawk, was not of necessity, to toil through the filth and garbage of the art.

"Some men perhappes will wonder that I wrote
Of stately hawkes, and byrdes of rare delight,
And blaz'de it out but in so base a note
As scarce will please the gallant courtiers sight,
Who weyes no golde that is not burnisht bright:
His curious eare but hardly will dygest,
Sweete musickes sound, that is not of the best.

For mine excuse and for my simple pen,
To answere thus, I feare I shall be faine,
Sith charge of hawkes committed is to men,
That nobles serue for yearely hire and gaine,
(Who are not fine but homely mates and plaine,)
My purpose was, to set them downe the trade,
To man their hawkes, and how they might be made.

For peeres I knowe, and you must needes agree,
Regard no more but onely to beholde
The fleeing hawkes, their ioy is but to see
The haughtie haggarde, worth hir weight in golde,
To slay the fowle at brooke with courage bolde,
With hawkes they neuer deale in other sort,
Their seruants feede, and they enioy the sport."

Dianas

Dianas traine doth loue the laundes, they long abrode to rome,
But bawdie Venus ympes embrace, the loitring life at home.
To dice, to daunce, to coll, to kisse, to card the time away,
To prate, to prancke, to bowle, to bowse, and tipple out the day.
To chete at Chesse, to heaue at Maw, at Macke to passe the time,
At Coses, or at Saunt to sit, or set their rest at Prime.
Both Ticktacke and the Irish game, are sportes but made to spende,
I wote not I, to what auaile those trifling games do tende,
Vnlesse to force a man to chaufe, to chide, to sweate, to sweare,
To brawle, to ban, to curse, and God in thousand parts to teare.
At Cockepit some their pleasures place, to wager wealth away,
Where falkners only force the fields, to heare their spanels bay.
What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill,
So to reclaime a haggarde hawke, as she the fowle shall kill. *

T— a

* The occasional untoward propensities of the haggard hawk is more fully given by Turbervile, in an address to his mistress, in the collection of poems already noticed, as "The louer to a gentlewoman, that after great friendship without desart or cause of mislyking refused him.

"Haue you not heard it long ago
of cunning fawkners tolde,
That hawkes which loue their keeper's call
are worth their weight in golde.
And such as knowe the luring voice
of him that feedes them still;
And neuer rangle farre abroade
against the keeper's will,
Doe farre exceede the haggarde hauke
that stoopeth to no stale;
Nor forceth on the lure awhit,
but mounts with euery gale.
Yes, yes, I know you know it well,
and I by proufe haue tride,
That wyld and haggard hawkes are worse
than such as will abide.
Yet is there eke another kinde,
farre worser than the rest;
And those are they that flie at check,
and stoupe to erie gest.
They leaue the lawe that nature taught
and shun their woonted kinde,
In fleeing after erie foule
that mounteth with the winde.

Yoe

make and man hir in such sort, as tossing out a traine,
nut the lewre, when she is at large to whoup hir in againe ?

Where

You know what I doe meane by this,
if not, giue eare a while;
And I shall shewe you my conceyte
in plaine and simple stile.
You were sometime a gentle hawke,
and woont to feede on fist;
And knew my luring voice right well
and would repaire at list.
I could no sooner make a beck
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly iudge my will
and how the case did stand.
But now you are become so wylde
and rammage to be seene,
As though you were a haggard hawke,
your maners altered cleene.
You now refuse to come to fist,
you shun my woonted call;
My luring lyketh not your eare,
you force mee not at all.
You flee with wings of often chaunge
at random where you please:
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.
Liue like a haggard still therefore,
and for no luring care;
For best, I see, contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.
So some perhaps will liue in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaim'de so gentle werte
and louing birde to mee,
But if thou chaunce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish owle.
This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck;
But now giues vp in open field
for feare of filthie check."

Tbh

Where birds, and beasts, and ech thing else, their fredom so embrace,
As let them loose, they will be thralde no more in any case.

W

This amplification of the nature of the hawk, as compared with a mistr cannot be adduced as either a proof of elegance or gallantry in the poet; rather the dictates of a pining neglected passion, nurturing contempt and gust. Another poem concludes in a similar manner.

" I deemde that I had got
a fawlcon to the fist,
Whom I might quickly haue reclaimde,
but I my purpose mist.
For, oh! the worser hap
my fawlcon is so free,
As downe shee stoupes to strungers lure
and forceth least of mee.
Good shape was yll bestowde
vpon so vile a kite,
That haggard wise doth loue to liue
and doth in chaunge delight.
Yeeld me thy flanting hood,
shake of those belles of thine,
Such checking bussards yll deserue
or bell or hood so fine.
With fowles of baser sort
how can you brooke too flie,
That earst your nature did to hawkes
of stately kind applie?
If want of pray enforste
this chaunge thou art too blame;
For I had euer traines in store
to make my fawlcon game.
I had a tassell eke
full gentle by his kinde
Too flie with thee in vse of wing
the greater ioy to finde.
No, doubtlesse wanton lust,
and fleshly fowle desire
Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
and set thy hart on fire.
Too trie what metall was
in bussardes to be founde
This, this was it that made thee stowpe
from loftie gate to ground

Wherefo

What finer feate than so to ympe a feather, as in vew,
A man would sweare it were the olde, and not set on anew?
When hawkes are hurt and brocsde, by rash encounter in the skies,
What better skill, than for their harmes a powder to deuise,
To drie the bloud within the bulcke, and make his mummie so,
As no phisition greater arte, on pacients can bestow?* To

Wherefore if euer luck
doe let me light on thee,
And fortune graunt me once againe
thy keeper for to bee;
Thy diet shall be such,
thy tyring rumpes so bare,
As thou shalt know thy keeper well,
and for none other care.
Meanewhile on carren feede,
thy hungrie gorge to glut:
That all thy lust in daylie chaunge
and diet new dost put.
Diseases must of force
such feeding fowle ensue;
No force to me, thou wert my bird,
but, fawlcon, now adue."

Donne concludes a poem of "*Love's Diet*" with the following stanza.

"Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other fawkners use,
I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weep,
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke or sleepe."

* "A falkoner is the egge of a tame pullett, hatcht vp among the hawkes and spaniels. Hee hath in his minority conuersed with kestrils and yong hobbies: but growing vp he begins to handle the lure, and look a fawlcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to haue studied and practised the termes of Hawkes' Dictionary, is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thriue; and yet if hee had fewer, hee would thriue lesse. Hee need not be enuied therfore, for a monopolie, though he be barber-surgeon, physitian, and apothecary, before he commences *hawk-leech*; for though he exercise all these, and the art of bow-strings together, his patients be compelled to pay him no further, then they bee able. Hawkes be his object, that is, his knowledge, admiration, labour, and all; they be indeed his idoll, or mistresse, be they male or female; to them he consecrates his amorous ditties, which be no sooner framed then hallowed;

To cure the crampe, and eke the cray, the stone that lies within,
The Philanders, the Frounce, the Goute, the Panthas, and the pin,
The Rie, the Rhewm*, the Canker, and both lice and mytes to marre,
And all such wormes, as with your hawks do wage continuall war.
To make hir mewe when time requires to bowse and eke to bath,
By cunning skill to cause hir cast such glit, as breedes hir skath.
To cut hir hoodes, to shape hir Iesse, hir Tyrets, and her line,*
With Belles, and Bewets, Veruels eke, to make the falcon fine:

---

hallowed; nor should he doubt to ouercome the fairest, seeing he reclaim such haggards, and courts euery one with a peculiar dialect. That he truely affected to his sweetheart in her fether-bed, appeares by the seque himselfe being sensible of the same misery, for they be both mewed together: but he still chuses the worst pennance, by chusing rather an al house, or a cellar, for his moulting place than the hawkes mew.—"*Satyri Essayes, Characters, &c. by John Stephens*, 1615. 16mo. First edit.

* Turbervile thus addresses "to a fickle and vnconstant dame, a friend warning.

"What may I thinke of you, my fawlcon free?
That hauing hood, lines, buets, bels of mee;
And woonted earst, when I my game did spring,
To flie so well and make such nimble wing
As might no fowle for weightnesse, well compare
With thee, thou wert a bird so passing rare?
What may I deeme of thee, fayre fawlcon! now,
That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow;
But this that when my back is turnde and gon,
Another giues thee rumpes to tyre vpon.
Well wanton well, if you were wise in deede
You would regard the fist whereon you feede.
You would the horse deuouring crow refuse,
And gorge your selfe with fleshe more fine to chuse.
I wishe thee this, for woonted olde good will,
To flie more high, for feare the stowping will
Breede him, that nowe doth keepe thee, out of loue
And thinke his fawlcon will a bussard proue.
Which if he deeme, or doe suspect at all,
He will abate thy flesh, and make thee fall;
So that of force thou shalt enforced bee,
Too doe by him as nowe thou dost by mee;
That is, to leaue the keeper, and away;
Fawlcon take heede, for this is true I say!"

Belle

Beleue me is no common skill, no bare or base deuise,
But meet, for ciuill courtly men, that are reputed wise.
Which if be so, then yeelde me thankes, that beate my busie brow,
And tooke this toile for thine auaile, to teach thee when and how
To worke this practise and deuise. Accept the printer's paine *
Who shewes thee sundry shapes of hawks, though litle to his gain.
Both he and I can do no more, than offer our good will,
And all to further thy delight, and adde vnto thy skill.
Which if we do, we haue the hire, of both our meanings than,
You cannot do a better deede than thanke the painfull man.

GEORGE TURBERVILE."

[Turbervile was not the only poet who addressed his mistress in the lure of a falconer. George Gascoigne's "*hundreth sundrie flowres*," has the following poem among "*the deuises of sundrie gentlemen.*"]

Now to begin with another man, take these verses written to be sent with a ryng, wherein were engraued a patrich in a Merline's foote.

" The Partridge in the pretie Merline's foote,
Who feeles hir force supprest with fearfulnesse,
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,
To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse,
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame nature's skill,
To die my fethers like the dustie ground?
Or what preuayles to lend me winges at will,
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
Since from the earth the dogges me draue perforce,
And now aloft the hauke hath caught my corse.

* Turbervile's Art of Falconry, 1575, contains wood cuts of Queen Elizabeth in the field enjoying the sport, and also representations of the various birds. Attached to the *Utopia* are some incidental, and well-executed embellishments in wood. One, copied by Mr. Dibdin, from the "*Devises Heroiques de Paradin*," is the figure of a man bearing a number of hawkes on a frame either for sale or diversion.

If

If chaunge of coollors, could not me conuey,
Yet mought my wings haue scapt the dogges despite;
And if my wings did fayle to flie awaye,
Yet mought my strength resist the merlynes might;
But nature made the merlyne me to kyll,
And me to yeeld vnto the merline's will.

My lot is like (deere dame) beleue me well,
The quiet life which I full closely kept:
Was not content in happie state to dwell,
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept;
Desire the dogge, did spring me vp in hast,
Thou wert the hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then seeke meanes to flie away?
Or striue by force to breake out of thy feete?
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
To striue with thee ywis, it were not meete:
Thou art that hauke, whom nature made to bent me,
And I the byrd, that must therwith content me.

And since dame nature hath ordayned so,
Hir happie heast I gladly shall embrace;
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
I stande content to take, my griefe for grace;
And seale it vp within my secrete hart,
Which seale receiue, as token of my smart
Sprœta tamen viuunt."

[The following enumeration of the several descriptions of hawks is from *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania, by Nicholas Breton*, 1606.]

" The spoyling goss-hawke not so good for sport,
As fit to feed an armie in a fort.
The faulcon, and Jerfaulcon for pleasure,
Are accounted for a prince's treasure.
Terscell, tarcell-gentle, and laneret,
The lanner, bastard muller, malleret,

The

The princely sagar, and the sagaret,
Which bastard-hawks, faulconers can hardly get,
The thrice renowmed noble marlion,
Which ladies vse for recreation,
The long-wing'd hobbie for the mounting larke,
Fit for young eyes the tow'ring game to marke.
The Irish spar-hawke to follow slender game,
Deserues with hawkes to register her name:
In winter time the musket at a bush,
Will serve shepheards to maze a simple thrush;
The kistrell, if he be well managed,
For swiftnesse will not be disparaged;
The coward kite* fittest to ceaze the mouse,
To gurmandize young chickens from thy house;

She

* [Extract from "*Gascoigne's councell to Douglasse Diue written vpon this occasion. She had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good ditties of diuers men's doings, in which booke she would needes entreate him to write some verses.*"]

"A puttocke set on pearche, fast by a falcon's side,
Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.
And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
As iust reward to recompence my rash attempts withall.
Thou bidst, and must bowe, thou wilt that I shall write,
Thou canst command my wery muse some verses to endite.
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraughte with learned verse,
Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like reherse.
What followes then for me? but if I must needes write,
To set downe by the falcon's side, my selfe a sillie kight.
And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,
May serue sometimes (as in his kinde) for man's commoditie.
The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly seedes,
The kight cã kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant mead, yt. breedes:
Out of the stately streetes, the kight can clense the filth,
As mẽn can clẽse the worthlesse weedes frõ fruteful fallowed tilth.
And onely set aside the henne's poore progenie,
I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellonie.
The falcon, she must feede on partrich, and on quaile,
A pigeon, plouer, ducke and drake, hearne, lapwing, teal, & raile;

She serues to take the garbage from the field,
Least putrifaction might infection yeeld.
The buzzard most hurtfull to thy warren,
With spoyle of rabbets making it barren;
Deserueth not so much to be hated,
If he were to gaming animated.
The ring-taile eke will truely kill her game,
If cunning hand and wit her nature tame.
The rauen (some say) if she be cicurated,
Deserues in some sort to be nominated:
But take thou heed of all the birds that flyne,
The eagle and rauen will strike out thine eyne:
Preuent it therefore least it come to passe,
And arm thy face with spectacles of glasse.
The siluer stringed sweet sounding virginall,
Without the rauens quills is rusticall.

Hir hungrie throte deuours both foode and deintie fare,
Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that flie
Nor yet presume to houer by mount Hellycon on hye)
I frendly yet presume, vppon my frend's request,
In barraine vers to shew my skill, then take it for the best;
And Douty Douglasse thou, that art of faulcon kinde,
Giue willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words in mind."

[A simile by Turbervile.]

"A fawcon is full harde
amongst you men to finde
For all your maners more agree
vnto the kytish kindet
For gentle is the one
and loues his keeper's hande,
But th' other busserd like doth scorne
on fawckner's fist to stande.
For one goode turne the one
a thousand will requite;
But vse the other nere so well
he shewth himself a kite."

]

To write the Roman hand, and secretarie,
The rauen's pen is found most necessarie.
Thus for supposed inconuenience,
Her feathers yeeld young ladies recompence:
And some commoditie doth seeme to grow,
By the noysome deuouring carion crow." *

A work of considerable variety and popularity might be formed by collecting the scattered poems upon the several subjects of Hunting, Hawking, Angling, and Archery; attaching extracts from other writers that

* Terms in falconry. These are described in the early romances to be first invented by the gallant Sir Tristram de Lionesse, as the following passage from L'morte d'Arthur explains, where musick, hunting and hawking, are considered courtly amusements, and only attached to those posessing *gentle blood.*

"Tristram learned to be an harper, passing all other, that there was none such called in no countrey, and so in harping and on instruments of musike hee applied him in his youth for to learne, and after as he growed in his might and strength, he laboured euer in hunting and hawking, so that we neuer read of no gentleman more that so vsed himselfe therin. And, as the booke saith, hee began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery and of chase, and of all manner of vermeins, and all these termes haue we yet of hawking and hunting. And therefore the booke of venery, of hawking and hunting, is called the booke of Sir Tristram; wherefore, as me seemeth, all gentlemen that beare old armes, of right they ought so honour Sir Tristram, for the goodly termes that gentlemen haue and vse shall vnto the world's end; that thereby in a manner all men of worship may dissceuer a gentleman from a yeoman, and a yeoman from a villaine. For he that is of gentle blood will draw him vnto gentle taches, and to follow the custom of noble gentlemen." *The most ancient and famous history of the renowmed Prince Arthur King of Britaine, &c.* 1634. B. ii. c. 3.

In the same book Arthur welcomes Sir Tristram "for one of the best knights and gentilest of the world, and knight of the most worship. For all manner of hunting thou beares the prise. And of all measures of blowing thou art the beginner. And of all the termes of hunting and hawking yee are the beginner." C. XCI.

could either illustrate or entertain. The affairs of love encroach upon every press, but the poet depicting the amusements of society seems forgotten. To these might be added the poems upon fairies and a selection from the goblin tales or relations of superstition. There is another subject of a melancholy, though not an uninteresting nature, wherein the ballads are numerous. Dryden formed upon it a short dramatic dialogue; but there are more animated lines by Penrose, others by T. Warton, and some of considerable merit by Mrs. Robinson—I scarcely need add, "Moody Madness, laughing wild." The idea that such a volume would be considered of utility is the origin of the present imperfect attempt upon hawking.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IX. *Ane godlie Dreame, compylit in Scottish meter be M.* [Mistress] *M.* [Melvill] *Gentelwoman in Culros, at the requeist of her Freindes.*

Introite per angustam portam, nam lata est via qua ducit ad interitum.

Edinburgh: Printed be Robert Charteris. 1603. *4to.*

A subsequent edition of this rare book bears the following title:

A godly Dream, by Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culross younger: at the request of a speciall friend. Aberdene, Imprinted by E. Raban, Laird of letters. 1644. *8vo.*

Mr. Pinkerton, in his second Dissertation prefixed to Scottish Tragic Ballads, 1781, has cited several pas-

tages from an edition printed at Edinburgh, in 1737. A marginal note in his reprint of the same work, 1783, dds the following information.

" The Lady Culross here meant, was Elizabeth aughter of Sir James Melvil of Halhill, and wife of ohn Colvil, commendator of Culross. She is believed) have been the mother of Samuel Colvil the satirical et, author of the Scots Hudibras,* &c."

In his preliminaries to Scotish poems, 1792, the me writer says—" it seems very *doubtful* that this dy could be the mother of Colvil the poet, who wrote is believed about the year 1690; nor could her name Elizabeth Melvil."

This doubt of Mr. Pinkerton, was strongly opposed Ritson, who declared " it was absolutely *certain* dy Culros *was* the mother of Colvil the poet, and it her name *was* Elizabeth Melvill." The positivity this declaration he grounded on Douglas's Peerage, 146. But it has since been questioned by Mr. Ir-g, whether this female author (who by courtesy was led Lady Culros) is likely to have been the mother Colvil, as he flourished at the distance of nearly hty years.† " To the faithfull and vertuous Ladie zabeth Melvill," Alexander Hume inscribed his mnes or Sacred Songs in 1599, and eulogized her mpositions as copious, pregnant, and spiritual. Lady lros's Dream, " one of these compositions, (says Dr. rden) ‡ was long popular among the Scotish pres-terians; and Armstrong relates in his Essays, that

* A poor piece of Nonsense;" says Mr. P. in his list of the Scotish prefixed to Maitland poems, p. cxxvi.

† See Lives of the Scotish Poets, ii. 299.

‡ See Scotish Descriptive Poems, p. 198.

he recollected having heard it sung by the peasants a plaintive air." What air it could be, which was a plied by the Scotish peasantry to so unlyrical a comp sition, it may now be difficult to decide: but a fi stanzas will shew that no metrical production could less adapted to vocal recitation. The whole poem i deed is a gloomy religious vision, dull as it is disma and dismal as an ascetic could devise in the cell of devotee. The author holds discourse with her Savio during this day-dream, and in the following passage led to make inquiry concerning the purgatory of t Romanists.

" I luikit* down and saw ane pit most black,
Most full of smuke, and flaming fyre most fell;
That uglie sicht maid mee to flie aback;
I feirit to heir so manie shout and yell;
I him besocht that hee the treuth wold tell:
' Is this (said I) the Papist's purging place;
Quhair thay affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
To purge thair sin, befoir thay rest in peace?'
'The braine of man maist warlie† did invent
That purging place; (he answerit me againe:)
For gredines together thay consent
To say, that saulles in torment mon remaine
Till gold and gudes releif them of thair paine.
O spytfull spreits, that did the same begin!
O blindit beists, your thochts ar all in vaine!
My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin.
'This pit is hell; quhairthrow thou now mon g
Thair is thy way that leids thee to the land;
Now play the man: thou neids not trimbill so;
For I sall help and hald thee be the hand.'
' Allace! (said I) I have na force to stand:

* Looked. † Worldly.

For feir, I faint to see that uglie sicht:
How can I cum among that bailfull band:
Oh, help mee now; I have na force nor micht.

'Oft haue I heard, that thay that enters thair,
In this greit golfe, sall never cum againe:'
'Curage, (said hee) have I not bocht thee deir?
My precious blude it was nocht shed in vaine:
I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine,
Or ever I went into my father's gloir.
Throw mon thou go; but thou sall not remaine
Thou neids not feir; for I sall go befoir."

T. P.

ART. X. *The First Book of Palingenius, called Aries. Translated by Barnaby Googe.*

[From the edition of 1561. See CENSURA LITERARIA, II. p. 206.]

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 143.]

"I cannot stay myself as now,
When Anger comes upon;
But needs I must defy both verse,
And poets all as one,
When boys I see decline to nought
Whom masters do embue
With verses filthy to be nam'd,
Which most they should eschew.
Their first possessed shamefacedness
To see them clean forsake;
And eke how apt and prone they be
A naughty way to take,
And foster mischief so in youth,
That it may always dwell
In them, whereby they may prepare
In age alway to hell.

But yet it doth me good to see
How hoping all for praise
They get themselves immortal shame,
That never more decays.
For who will judge them void of vice,
Or that they liv'd not so,
As they themselves did give precepte
To others for to go?
The talk itself doth well declare
The nature of the mind,
And every man doth most frequent
Things proper to his kind.
Of oxen rake and culture sharp
The ploughman's tongue doth walk;
Of sail and cable, mast and oar,
Is all the seaman's talk.
Of horse and harness, spears and shield,
The captain still will boast;
So bawdy mates of bawdy things
Their tongues do clatter most.
I warn you, sirs, above the rest,
Of youth that takes the cure,
Whose parts it is the tender minds
Of boys for to allure,
To virtue and to godliness,
Like wax, do them prepare;
Hate you the wicked works of those,
For greater matters care.
Read not such things as are but vain,
Unworthy to be told;
But teach the worthy histories
Of ancient fathers old:
Herein let children nousled be;
Let these be borne away;
Hereof may spring a godly fruit,
Direct their life that may.

They shew what things we follow should,
And what we should reject;
And fables all among the rest,
We may not well neglect.
For oftentimes a comedy
May wholesome doctrine bring,
And monish men by pleasant words
To leave some naughty thing.
There be, I grant, some poet's works
Not altogether vain,
Which with a pleasant suger'd stile
Proceed from sober brain.
These things do help, and void of vice
Their works do profit much:
In youth bring up your scholars with
None other food but such;
And when their young and tender age
They once have passed out,
Then may they safely void of harm
Go range the fields about;
And gather flowers, where they list,
For dangers is away.
But now awhile for to discuss
I think it best essay,
Of which of these is needful most,
Or most to be esteem'd;
The man, that good and honest is,
Or he, that well is learn'd.
The good, or else the learned man,
Of two which is the best;
Learning is high, becomes the meek,
And doth the proud infest;
It doth refuse the belly gods,
And such as sleep hath train'd
Without long time and labour great,
It will not be obtain'd.

This city rules and moveth Mars,
And this can wars repel:
It sheweth the earth and goodly stars,
And sickness doth expel.
This teacheth figures fair to frame,
Of sundry sort and kind:
This teacheth us to number well,
And music calls to mind.
This doth ascend the heavens and
Bring hidden things to light:
No perfect man without this same
May called be of right.
Unlike to beasts and like to gods,
This causeth us to be:
Sometime and yet of little price,
His virtue lost we see.
As oft as with the dregs of vice,
Defiled he doth put on
Deformed hue amid the dirt,
As doth the jasper stone.
Or as the sun behind the cloud,
Or shadow of the moon:
Nor is it only vile in sight,
But hurtful very soon.
For if a wicked man it have
Then may it be compar'd
Unto a frantic foot that hath
A sword without regard:
Whereby he many doth destroy,
And runneth more astray:
But he that void of harm and hurt,
To live doth well assay.
Observing well the law of God,
And of the higher power:
And sin doth fly as open throat
Of dragon to devour.

The sheep, the moyle, or horses kept,
Whose office is to see,
Though he be one, if learning lack,
Esteemed he ought to be.
Such one I say no man nor god
Can ever well despise:
But he that virtue doth envy;
At least that is not wise.
For who but such will not him love,
And worthily commend,
That feareth God, and righteousness,
Obeyeth to his end,
Whom gold can never overcome,
Who willeth no man's wrong:
Who helps the poor's afflicted case,
Who flyeth the naughty throng.
He feeds the humble and the meek,
Ill tongues he doth reject:
No man to hurt he doth rejoyce,
But rather to protect.
And that which is the worthiest praise
At every time he can,
In every thing a modesty
Use, happy is the man.
More happy yet I do him judge,
That doth in both excel:
Who that is good and learned too,
A crown deserveth well.
For other men he far exceeds,
As gold doth copper pass,
And as the flaming Pyropus
Excels the dusky glass.
And seldom sin thou shalt discern
A man of learned fame,
At least not much unto the rude
There is no heed of shame.

But headlong rush they into vice,
Which they forbidden be:
And holy laws be taught to scorn
By foolish fond decree.
Like as the blind cannot beware,
But fall in ditches deep:
As men amid the dark be hurt,
When Proserpine doth sleep;
So mind of man, which is but blind,
Take learning once away:
In every vice it doth not doubt
To fall and run astray.
Except it be compressed by fear,
Of pain that may ensue;
No things but those that pleasant be
It judgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be seen,
That nature doth supply
The master's room, and giveth grace
In youth abundantly;
Whereby that school did never teach,
By grace they may obtain:
What letteth such to lead a life,
As virtue teacheth plain.
The greater thanks be due to him,
For evermore to give,
Whose book doth shew a method true,
Declaring how to live.
Or famous gods of high renown,
Which rule the forked hill;
To whom my years I always gave,
And dedicate them still,
If that such weighty things a wretch
May safely you desire,
In this my work I take in hand,
Your aid I now require.

Let not dishonour me deface,
Nor in his blazing rage,
Let limping Vulcan me destroy,
At any time or age.
And thus an end. The ram that keeps
The entrance of our door,
Doth leave his place unto the bull,
That hasteth here afore.
The book approaching next at hand,
Doth will me to have done
In haste, and bids me finish now,
That I of late begun."

ART. XI. *On Shakespeare's Learning.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Notwithstanding Dr. Farmer's essay on the deficiency of Shakespeare in learning, I must acknowledge myself to be one who does not conceive that his proofs of that fact sufficiently warrant his conclusions from them: "that his *studies* were demonstrably confined to nature and his own language" is, as Dr. Farmer concludes, true enough; but when it is added "that he only picked up in conversation a familiar phrase or two of French, or remembered enough of his school-boy's learning to put *hig, hag, hog,* in the mouths of others" (*p.* 93); he seems to me to go beyond any evidence produced by him of so little knowledge of languages in Shakspeare. He proves indeed sufficiently, that Shakspeare chiefly read English books, by his copying sometimes minutely the very errors made in them, many of which he might have corrected, if he had consulted

consulted the original Latin books made use of by those writers: but this does not prove that he was not able to read Latin well enough to examine those originals if he chose; it only proves his indolence and indifference about accuracy in minute articles of no importance to the chief object in view of supplying himself with subjects for dramatic compositions. Do we not every day meet with numberless instances of similar and much greater oversights by persons well skilled in Greek as well as Latin, and professed critics also of the writings and abilities of others? If Shakspeare made an ignorant man pronounce the French word *bras* like the English *brass*, and evidently on purpose as being a probable mistake by such an unlearned speaker; has not one learned modern in writing Latin made *Paginibus* of *Paginis*, and another mentioned a person as being born in the reign of Charles the First, and yet as dying in 1600, full twenty-five years before the accession of that king? Such mistakes arise not from ignorance, but a heedless inattention, while their thoughts are better occupied with more important subjects; as those of Shakespeare were with forming his plots and his characters, instead of examining critically a great Greek volume to see whether he ought to write *on this side of Tiber* or *on that side of Tiber*; which however very possibly he might not be able to read; but Latin was more universally learnt in that age, and even by women, many of whom could both write and speak it; therefore it is not likely that he should be so very deficient in that language, as some would persuade us, by evidence, which does not amount to sufficient proofs of the fact. Nay, even although he had a sufficiency of

Latin

Latin to understand any Latin book, if he chose to do it, yet how many in modern times, under the same circumstances, are led by mere indolence to prefer translations of them, in case they cannot read Latin with such perfect ease, as never to be at a loss for the meaning of a word, so as to be forced to read some sentences twice over before they can understand them rightly. That Shakespeare was not an eminent Latin scholar may be very true, but that he was so totally ignorant as to know nothing more than *hic, hæc, hoc,* must have better proofs before I can be convinced; and the same in regard to French likewise; his errors concerning both which seem to have arisen either from mere indifference about petty articles of accuracy, or else studiously, in order to suit with some of his ignorant characters, from whom one might as well expect good French and Latin as from Master Punch.

I have been confirmed in this opinion by a casual discovery of Shakespeare having imitated a whole French line and description in a long French epic poem, written by Garnier, called the *Henriade,* like Voltaire's, and on the same subject, first published in 1594, and which poem he not improbably read as well as Hollinshed, in order to search for subjects for the tragic drama. This imitation occurred to me many years ago, and as the original French lines in question were not quoted by Steevens, nor do I know that they have been noticed by any later editor, I will therefore repeat what occurred to me on this subject long ago.

In *As You Like It,* Shakspeare gives an affecting description of the different manners of men in the different ages of life, which closes with these lines.

" What

"What ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

Now one cannot but wonder what could induce him to end his serious description of human life with a line which approaches to a low kind of the ludicrous by that gibberish of a repeated intermixture of French and English, as if he was ridiculing a foreigner who spoke bad English; it is like comic farce after a deep tragedy. One would have rather expected that he would have closed his account with a line, which had expressive strength at least, if not elegance to recommend it; and why have recourse for an insipid preposition to a language of which he is said to have been totally ignorant? I always supposed therefore that there must have been some peculiar circumstance well known in those times, which must have induced him to give this motley garb to his language and thus transfer buffoonery to a tragic subject: but what that circumstance was I could not discover until I accidentally in a foreign literary journal, met with a review of a republication of that poem of Garnier at Paris, in which were inserted, as a specimen of the poem, a description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and in the following lines:

"Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,
Meurtri de toutes parts; la barbe et les cheveux
Poudreux, ensanglantez, chose presque incredible!
Tant cette vision etoit triste et horrible!"

Here it immediately appeared to what author Shakespeare had gone for the archetype of his own description

tion of the last stage of old age, which, by a parody on the above lines, he meant to represent like to that mutilated ghost; and this seems to indicate that he had read that poem in the original; for we even find the *meurtri de toutes parts* imitated by *sans any thing*. A friend of mine formerly mentioned this to Mr. Steevens, and he has briefly noticed this parody, if I recollect rightly, in his joint edition along with Johnson, but he did not copy the original lines of Garnier; nor so far as I know any editor since; which however are too remarkable to be altogether consigned to oblivion; and it is not very likely, that any Englishman will ever read through that long dull poem; neither should I myself have known of those lines, if they had not been quoted as a specimen. Steevens's note is so very brief as to be quite obscure in regard to what consequence he thought deducible from the imitation: he seems to suggest as if there might have been some English translation of the poem published, though now unknown; this is the constant refuge for Shakespeare's knowledge of any thing writ originally in another language. But even if the fact were true, yet no translator would have preserved the repetition of that word *sans*; for this he must have gone to the French poem itself, therefore must at least have been able to read that line in French, if not also the whole description of the ghost; and if that, why not able also to read other French books? It may, indeed, be *supposed*, that some friend may have shewn him the above description, and explained to him the meaning of the French lines, but this is only to make a second supposition in order to support a former one made without sufficient foundation: we may just as well

make a single supposition at once, that he was himself able to read and understand it, since he has evidently derived from it his own description of the decrepitude of old age. But in truth I wish that he had never seen the ghost, nor had been frightened by its horrible appearance from a more pathetic lamentation over the last joyless state of man, than by such a minute enumeration of the lameness, aches, bruises, corns and cramps incident to the mortal machine in the fifth and last act of human life. Upon the whole, if his copy of a single word from Hollingshed, viz. "on *this* side Tiber," is a proof of his having read that historian, why also is not his copy of the repetition of *sans*, and his parody of Coligny's ghost, an equally good proof of his having read the poem of Garnier in the original French language. To reason otherwise is to say, that when he gives us bad French, this proves him not to understand it; and that when he gives us good French, applied with propriety and even with ingenuity, yet this again equally proves that he neither understood what he wrote, nor was so much as able to read the French lines, which he has thus so wittily imitated, instead of so pathetically as one would have rather wished. S.

ART. XII. *On the best mode of explaining the Scriptural prophecies.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Although the *particular* case of Grotius has been sufficiently discussed, yet there result from it considerations of a general nature, which materially affect other

other commentators, relative to that mode of explaining scriptural prophecies, which has ever since been adopted by the best of them, more or less, down to Lowth, Bishop of London, who has followed that example more than any others; and these demand illustration, in order that the authors of them may not be involved in a similar condemnation of weakening the evidence in favour of Christ being the promised Messiah. Now it was an ancient and useful advice *nequid nimis*, and this is equally applicable to the present and other subjects of literature, as to the conduct of men in common life: Horace also had long ago observed *Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio*; when men run into extremes they introduce greater difficulties than what they seek to avoid; prudence therefore ought to restrain them near to the medium point between excess and deficiency, both of which terminate in error. It has been the want of adhering to this rule, which has caused the discordant opinions concerning the right mode of interpreting the prophecies concerning Christ; and even an author, who does adhere to it, will be in danger from that very circumstance of his medium neutrality of dissatisfying two opposite parties, both of whom run into extremes. Thus I have mentioned already the too great disposition of the *ancient* Jews for finding typical, allegorical, and mystical senses hidden in every part of scripture, especially relative to the Messiah; but the fault of the *late* learned Jews since Saadias has been the directly opposite, by their finding every where nothing but *literal* senses applicable altogether to the history of the times in question, without having any signification prefigurative of events concerning the Messiah: the earlier Christian exposi-

tors were too much inclined to follow the example of the ancient Jews; hence when later ones of better discernment began to reprobate that method, they fell under the censure of favouring the literal senses of the later Jews, and of undermining Christianity. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* Even in the pastoral song of Solomon, where an expressive description is given of the pleasant arrival of spring after the severity of winter, the ancient Jews found hidden under it a secondary and mystical description of the happy arrival of the kingdom of the Messiah after a long period of human sin and misery. "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines give a good smell, arise and come away." *Ch.* ii. 11. This the Jewish typical commentary *Tikkune Sohar* explains thus—"Canticum Canticorum est illius regis, ad quem *Pax* proprie spectat, illud canticum locum habebit illo tempore quo peccatores ex mundo perierent," i. e. tempore Messiæ. Every one sees the extravagance of such explanations as these; but when you apply the same censure to some other passages in scripture, which have been more anciently considered as prophetically descriptive of the Messiah, then some are apt to exclaim, no, now you go too far; for to give a mere literal and historic sense to such passages, as have been always considered to be predictive of the Messiah, is to undermine Christianity. Where then is the point at which commentators can stop with the approbation of all readers? Different readers will have different opinions, and what one approves another will reject. Fortunately however the medium point be-

tween too typical and too literal explications is not of the nature of a mathematical point, which has neither breadth nor thickness, but it admits of a great degree of *latitude* toward both extremes; so that expositors may depart from the precise medium point and tend toward either extreme without any detriment to the prophecies concerning the Messiah; for either way there will be still prophetic passages enough left, which will satisfy the demands of both parties of readers, and they may both of them, without danger to their Christian faith, peaceably and charitably give up many prophecies to their Christian neighbours, yet without deeming them as turned into adversaries, or themselves deprived of sufficient evidence of the full literal accomplishment of other prophecies in Jesus Christ.

Those readers, who after the ancient Jews and first Christians, find predictive descriptions of the Messiah and mystical hidden senses in almost every noun, verb, and participle of scripture, must end in fanatical enthusiasm; while those on the other hand, who adhere so strictly to literal interpretation, along with the later Jews, as to admit of no parts of scripture having a latent and secondary meaning expressed in an allegoric manner by a more literal one, whether by *words* or by *actions*, must end in scepticism concerning the evidence of Christianity deduced from the prophetic parts of scripture. But there is a medium way between these extremes, which has with propriety been adopted by expositors since the example set by Grotius, that of admitting nothing as typical of the Messiah, which beside its literal meaning and application to historic events, does not carry with it some strong and reasonable evidence of some distant future event being

actually shadowed out and prefigured by some present one; but in doing this different persons may still disagree with respect to more or less, just as in politics and many other subjects, yet without any essential detriment to Christianity in the one case, any more than to good government in the other; and by these means they may keep some where in the *middle* between opposite extremes, instead of running along with the Jews from one extreme to another. This may indeed be difficult to execute while the judgments of readers are so different, but it can produce no ill consequences, although an expositor should deviate a little too much from the true medium either way, unless to those, who possess nothing of the spirit of Christianity while they dispute about the proofs of it, by their having no charitable forbearance for the errors and different opinions of one another. It might just as well be expected that every man's palate should equally relish the very same food, and should therefore quarrel with his next-door neighbour because he loved beef rather than mutton.

Now that there are *some* passages not only in profane authors but also in scripture, in which beside the first most obvious and ostensible meaning, a different latent and secondary one is understood and obliquely thus conveyed to readers, is so evident, that examples of it occur in every author ancient or modern. Thus when Tarquin was afraid to send a message to his son by *words*, he cut off in presence of the messenger the highest tops of a bed of poppies with his walking stick, the latent meaning of which, when reported to his son, was immediately understood by him to be, that he should cut off the heads of the principal citizens. Here the typical sense was conveyed by an *action*, but in

in many other cases by a relation in *words* only. Thus in 2 Chr. xxv. 18, "Joash King of Israel sent to Amaziah King of Judah saying, the thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, give thy daughter to my son to wife, and there passed by a wild beast and trode down the thistle." Sometimes also *words* are united with *gestures*, and sometimes also *gestures* may supply the place both of *words* and *actions*. Such allegoric passages occur so often both in profane and scriptural writers, and the meaning is so clear, that no disagreement ever arises concerning them any more than of the allegories in Esop's fables; but there are also others which may be of more doubtful interpretation. But, on the contrary, there are some in which the typical or latent meaning intended to be conveyed, is, as the Bishop of London justly observes, more clearly to be understood than to what the literal meaning of the words themselves refers. This use of allegoric and typical expressions was more frequent in ancient times than at present, and scriptural language every where abounds with it; for which frequency Warburton has assigned as a reason, that in the infancy of language information by *gestures*, or *actions*, or *allegoric words*, helped to supply the poverty of language, and the deficiency of skill in argumentation. It is evident also by the success of Esopian allegoric fables in the instruction of children, that it is an easy and popular mode of information. Sometimes also *words* are annexed to *actions* for the better conception of the meaning. Thus Isaiah relates, "that he walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign unto Egypt, that the King of Assyria should so lead the Egyptians away prisoners."

Those readers then, who reduce along with the later Jews all passages in scripture strictly to their literal senses, without allowing any latent, secondary, and typical meaning whatever, err as much in one extreme, as the ancient Jews did in the other, both in the Talmud and elsewhere, by turning every thing into allegory. But what may at first seem wonderful is, that the same commentator should be censured for following the typical senses of the Talmud too much, and yet equally censured for adopting the too *literal* explications of the later Jews, although these two archetypes are in direct opposition to one another by running into opposite extremes: this could only arise from a similar cause, as in political factions, in which every man, who is neutral enough to follow his own best reason only, and not the hue and cry of party disputes, will be certain of being equally blamed by both parties, and blamed for opposite defects. Grotius rightly allowed those passages to have a literal meaning only, which he could not deny consistently with reason and truth; but nevertheless he maintained that others beside the primary and literal sense had also a secondary and typical one relative to the Messiah, wherever he found good critical reasons to maintain it consistently with apparent truth; and in this conduct he has been followed, and thereby amply justified, by the Bishop of London, as will appear by the subjoined note to ch. xl. ver. 1; and this equally vindicates that mode of exposition by both authors at the same time, which it was my object both to illustrate and justify by the foregoing observations, lest he should equally fall under a similar condemnation.

"Isaiah in the foregoing chapter had delivered a very explicit declaration of the impending dissolution of

of the kingdom of Judah, and of the *captivity* of the royal house of David and of the people also under the Kings of Babylon. But as the subject of his subsequent prophecies was to be chiefly of a consolatory kind, he opens them here with giving a promise of the restoration of the kingdom and the *return* of the people from that captivity by the merciful interposition of God in their favour. The views of the prophet however are not *confined* to this event; but as that restoration was necessary in the design and order of Providence for the fulfilling of God's promises of establishing a more glorious and an everlasting kingdom, under the Messiah, of the family of David, the prophet *connects* these two events together, and scarcely ever treats of the *former* without throwing in some intimations [*typical prefigurations*] of the latter; and sometimes is so fully possessed with the glories of the future more remote kingdom, that he seems to leave the more immediate subject of his commission [*concerning the return from Babylon*] almost out of the question. This *evangelical sense* of the prophecy is so apparent, and stands forth *in so strong a light*, that *some* interpreters *cannot see that it has any other*, and will not allow the prophecy *to have any relation at all to the return from Babylon*; it may be useful then to consider carefully *the images* under which he displays his subject—if the *literal* sense of this prophecy cannot be questioned, much less surely can the object of the *typical* sense, which, I think, is allowed on all hands, even by Grotius himself. If both senses are to be admitted, here is a plain example of the allegoric or double sense, as it is commonly called, of prophecy, which the sacred writers of the New Testament clearly suppose, and according to which they frequently

frequently frame their interpretations of passages in the Old Testament. Of the foundation of which sort of allegory see my book *de S. Poes. Hebr. Prælect.* 11."

Agreeably to this account I have mentioned before, that the Bishop explains *literally* those words "How beautiful upon the mountains," &c. of the good news of the delivery from Babylon, which the evangelist applies *prophetically* to the advent of Christ; and the same in a variety of other passages afterwards. Now this serves as a lesson and example to us of the great *latitude* of that medium mode of explication between the two opposite extremes of being *all literal* or *all typical*, which the prophecies admit of, and which readers may reasonably allow to their expositors and to one another, without loading them with suspicions of an intention to undermine the evidences for the Messiahship of Jesus. For here we find that this learned advocate for Christianity is directly at variance with another more ancient advocate, *Origen*, who was *one of those*, who would not allow these prophecies of Isaiah and *the servant* referred to in them *to have any relation at all to the return from Babylon*, and *he could not see that they had any other sense than what related to the Messiah*, just as many do at present; in which he differed also (just as well as the Bishop) from Saadias, Grotius, and Rosemuller, as to *my servant* referring to *some prophet* or other, instead of *the whole people of Israel in captivity*; and yet there is no need of testimonies to prove that those writers were all equally true Christians or well designing men. But after so many different explications as have been given of the contents of the fifty-third chapter, both by ancients and moderns, Jews and Christians, during the space

space of 1600 years from the time of Origen, it is certainly somewhat remarkable, that the sense which Origen reprobated in the beginning of that period, should be the very sense which the late Bishop of London should defend at the end of it, namely, that *my servant* means *the whole people of Israel in captivity*, and thus should justify the interpretation of those Jews of that early age; although in opposition to Origen the most Christian advocate then existing. * Let this example

* The words of Origen are these "Memini me olim in quâdam cum Judæorum sapientibus disputatione usum de hac prophetiâ in capite 53, quam Judæus aiebat vaticinari *de uno integro populo disperso et percusso*, occasione dispersionis Judæorum inter gentes plurimas—in ea disputatione multis verbis corgui, hæc, quæ de unâ aliquâ personâ prædicta sunt, non rectè illos referre *ad integrum populum*; sciscitabarque ex cujus persona dicatur "Hic peccata nostra fert,"—manifestè enim hi qui dudum in peccatis fuerant, servatoris passione sanati hæc dicunt apud prophetam futura videntem, sive sint ex illo populo sive ex gentibus,—si enim juxta illorum opinionem *populus* est de quo prophetatur, quomodo propter iniquitates populi dei hic ad mortem ductus est, nisi intelligamus de quopiam alio quam de dei populo? Qui autem is est nisi Jesus Christus? *Contra Cels. l. i. p. 42.* It is equally difficult to reconcile the explication of the Bishop as above with these words of other writers. "It was very little to be expected, that any scholar of the present age would revive the obsolete application of *my servant* to the *Jewish people*, which has been so often proved to be unfounded, and which even Grotius has reprobated in his refutation of that opinion first broached by Celsus's Jew."—This he may have done properly if it was meant *solely* of the Jewish people and not also typically and ultimately of Christ, which latter he maintains equally with the Bishop, as his own words thus prove. "Ipsa autem historia Christi nos admonet ita directum a deo mentem prophetæ loquentis, ut quod *de populo Israelitico* ab ipso dicebatur non minus rectè, aut etiam rectius in Christum conveniret." And hence he adds, "that the delivery from captivity in Egypt was as it were a prefigurative sketch of the delivery by Christ, *majoris libertatis per Christum partæ rudimentum quoddam fuit.* (Not. Matth. i. 22.) This is the same with the explication of the Bishop concerning the delivery from captivity at Babylon.

example be applied to the case of others in their not rejecting some *literal* explications of the modern Jews, which the conviction of their reason could not refuse any more, than this late head of the Christian church in his ingenuous and candid statement of the above subject in question.

This revival and defence of the propriety of typical and allegoric prophecies had been begun by Martin in his *Pugio Fidei*, in which he made a vast collection of all the allegoric interpretations of scripture by the ancient Jews, both weeds and flowers, and by the productions of which he meant to oppose the too literal expositions of the same passages by the modern learned Jews in Spain of his own age; and to shew that if there was any defect in such typical explications, as applied by Christians to Christ, yet it was at least a defect, of which the ancient Jews had themselves set the example, who had applied those same passages to their expected Messiah; so that the literal interpretations of those modern Jews were at best innovations reprobated by their ancestors. This was at least a good argument *ad hominem*, as it is expressed; but it was reserved for the later commentators from Grotius down to Lowth Bishop of London to justify this mode of interpretation as being an equally good one *ad omnes homines*; so that what Martin begun, Grotius corrected, and Lowth completed. *

There

Babylon. Again, "Verba ipsa prophetæ ad ultimum illud complementum obtinent significatum *magis proprium magisque excellentem*." (Matth. ii. 15.) In the Letters of M. Simon are two being a full vindication of Grotius, and in course of Lowth. *Tom. iii. Letter* 26, 27.

* The real author was so little known before the publication of Pugio Fidei in 1651, that notwithstanding the opportunities for extensive inquiry which

There has however been one objection advanced by Collins against allegorical evidence in prophecies, as if they must in consequence be uncertain, unsolid and chimerical. *(Liter. Proph. p. 8.)* But to draw such a conclusion is in reality to impose upon the rational faculties of readers: for the truth is, that facts or general truths conveyed to the understandings of men by means of allegories have just as much perspicuity, solidity, and certainty, as by the most direct means of information in words which can be employed. Is not the allegoric message by Tarquin to his son (which was indeed only borrowed from a similar allegory by a celebrated Greek) just as intelligible, and as little uncertain and chimerical, as if he had said *behead the chief citizens?* So at least those citizens found it to be, and had no reason to question the meaning of the allegory. Is not the contempt of Joash for the power of Amaziah just as clearly evident by his allegoric message to him, as if he had said in direct words, *I defy and despise you?* Is not the moral truth recommended by the parable of the good Samaritan equally intelligible, certain and true, as if it had been a real history instead of a supposed one, and had been found in an ancient historian related in the plainest words? All such truths have been always found to be impressed on the mind with as much, if not with more force by means of allegory than by the most formal and direct precepts in words. Such evasions then as

which Jos. Scaliger possessed, yet he supposed the author to have been Raymundus Sebond. M. Simon confirms that R. Juda Haccadosch never wrote any such book, as Gale-rasela ascribed to him by Galatinus, it being a spurious tract, as well as *several others* (he says) quoted by Galatinus. (Bibioth. Choisee, p. 76.)

these

these are in contradiction to the universal experience of mankind: and if possible, still more so, whenever information of *distant facts* and truths is conveyed to men allegorically by means of present and *real facts* and truths, such as the redemption of mankind in general by the return from the actual captivity and slavery of the particular nation of the Jews: for the fact predicted cannot be the less certain because the fact which allegorically prefigures it is a real fact and not a supposed one. The mind of man easily discerns similitudes and contrarities, and it is by means of the similitude that the information is conveyed in allegories, whether the facts which convey it be real or only supposed: but similitude alone is not sufficient to convey information, unless also it be evident, that the speaker intended by such a similitude in some present object to give information concerning some distant one; and in this consists one chief defect in the many allegoric interpretations of scriptural prophecies by the Jews in *Pugio Fidei*, that the speaker had himself no idea of them, and never intended to prefigure any such facts, as those Jews suppose; as for example in the description of the return of spring in the Song of Solomon. But another chief defect is, that even if it were probable that the speaker might intend an allegory, yet it ought not to be admitted as such, in case the similitude arises only by putting a forced sense upon the construction of the words, which is not obviously and naturally contained in them. In such cases as these and in no other can an allegory be deemed *uncertain* in its meaning and *chimerical:* and in fact all language is in a great degree only a continued tissue of metaphors and allegories, the latter being a more continued

tinued and consistent course of the former; so that there could be no *certainty* in any thing which is writ or spoken, if metaphors and allegories destroyed it, and rendered what is said *chimerical*. For these reasons Grotius and the Bishop have rejected all allegoric prophecies, which might thus seem to any persons chimerical, and retained only those, which the prophets evidently intended as such, and which contained obvious prefigurations of future events, and thus have separated the chaff from the corn; on which account they have sometimes been blamed for adopting too much merely *literal* senses. But if any person should wish not to go quite so far, or else to go still further than these authors in adopting allegoric prefigurations of future things, yet this is only going a little more or less toward one of the two extremes, and does not destroy that proposed medium between the two; which admits of such a *latitude*, as no single person can reasonably limit or determine for all other men; and therefore admits them all within the pale of well-intending Christians, notwithstanding such minute differences in their opinions. These different shades of opinion do in fact amount to nothing more than as in the following case, viz. if several persons of a company see some pieces of gold coin upon a table, many may possibly think their colour not so much of the right gold colour as is generally the case, some may be judged to be too pale and others of too deep a hue for gold; and yet after better inspection they may all conclude that they really are good gold, stamped, as they see, by the most unequivocal marks of the supreme authority of the royal name impressed upon them. S.

die nativit. ann. ætat. 80.

ART.

Art. XIII. *Old Poetry.*

The angry man dothe frett;
The pleasant harte dothe feed,
The idle dooth not gett;
The dome shall never speed!

"The angrie man by fretting hindreth health,
consumes himself by broiles within his brest;
Delightes his foes that flattre him for his wealth,
and greves his frinds, that waile his want of rest;
But cheefly God, full sore misliketh this,
that showes how great a vertue pacience is.

The pleasant harte, that pleaseth God as chief,
and please itself, with suche as he hathe sent,
Waxe fatt with joie, that rendreth fresh relief;
it never wantes bicause it is content!
But tickled is, to feele the solace still
that others lack, that lack contented will.

The idle man dothe ever live with lack,
yet what he likes he wanteth not wee see;
His pleasure is to waste and torne to wrack
that others want, howe moche soere it be;
Naie more than this, he never getteth grace,
that leades his lief in suche a retchlesse race.

The dome speeds not, the proverbe teacheth vs,
for spare to speak, and spare to speed wee saie;
Howsoere thow serve, the world nowe fareth thus,
suche as are served, to serve then seek delaie;
Yet speechlesse men of God may so require,
that he (no dowte) will yeld them their desire.

Finis. Ro. Davy."

Conduit street. J. H.

Art.

Art. XIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N°. LI.

On the imperfect Morality of the Heathens, compared with that of Christianity.

I cannot occupy the present paper with more important matter than the following unpublished fragments of Archbishop Seeker, which formed part of a correspondence with the learned translator of Epictetus, during the progress of that elaborate work. They obviously have relation to the topics discussed in the Introduction.

N°. I.*

" I must re-examine the Preface; and fear I cannot enter upon it, till after my Visitation, which ends June 21.

" I approve highly of charity to the poor heathens. But is it not more charitable to think that they did not, and could not easily know so much of moral truth, as some would persuade us, than, that they knew it perfectly, and yet denied it, or disregarded it in the degree, which most of the wisest and best of them, if we are rightly informed who they were, appear to have done. But however this be, charity must be regulated by fact.

* Both these papers are transcribed from the original MSS. in the Archbishop's own hand; which have been furnished by an intimate friend to whom I am under continual obligation. *Editor.*

"Not only whores were allowed by law, and are forbidden by the Mosaic law, which surely is not in that article abrogated by Christianity, whatever indulgences may obtain in some nations professing it; but whoring was held to be innocent by the generality of the Greeks and Romans: so that Cicero defies any one to shew, when the contrary was held. This and more may be seen in *Potter's Greek Antiquities*, l. i. c. 12. For what purpose c. ii. is cited I do not perceive. He doth indeed, c. xii. agree with Grotius, that only Jewish whores were forbidden, not foreign ones. But Lev. xix. 29, plainly shews, that all whoredom was accounted criminal, though this law, as well as others, might be but imperfectly executed. And foreign idolatrous whores would be still more dangerous than Israelitish ones. As to the heathens, though severer things may be said by them of whores, I doubt, and I venture to say no more, whether any prohibition of whoredom is to be found in any of them, before this gentle, rather counsel than precept, of Epictetus. Nor do I see why it is not fair to quote both the Old and New Testament, as giving better directions concerning this point: or why we are to suppose, that perhaps good and wise heathens might be highly offended at the common practice, when there is nothing to render the supposition probable. For that reason proves it to be unjustifiable, is no support of the supposition; unless we must suppose further, that the heathens knew every thing, which reason can teach. Indeed if some heathens did condemn it, yet if the prevailing doctrine were in its favour, the heathen morality must be estimated by the notions received amongst their moralists: there being no standard, as amongst Christians,

of

of superior authority. Their morality ought not indeed to be depreciated, that is, unjustly. But neither ought it to be unjustly extolled as it hath been: and particularly with a view of inferring that Christianity was not wanted for the regulation of manners. I would grant even to these gentlemen every thing, which they can demand with truth: but I would grant them no more, though Christianity would have ever so many distinguishing advantages left. I would insist on all that God hath given it: and not adventure to say, what in some sense might be said, that fewer are enough. Now that the moral notions of the principal heathen nations and philosophers in general were wrong and defective in several capital points, is notorious. That of the exposition of children is a shocking instance. Another of lending wives you may see in *Potter*. Plato's doctrine on these two points is monstrous beyond belief. And sodomy was deemed by him, and many others, but a venial offence at worst. One might go on further: but there is no need. I only add, that why it should scarce ever be of use to state their mistakes, in order to shew the happiness of being better taught, I cannot imagine."

N°. II.

"The reason given Lev. xix. 29, holds against the allowance of any prostitutes; making whoredom wickedness, or the cause of wickedness: and greater mischief was likely to proceed from foreign than domestic prostitutes. The Grecian laws were, I presume, to preserve the honour of their families. They express a further view. Exod. xxii. 17, directs, that if a man lie with a single woman, (it is not limited to a Jewish

woman) he shall marry her; or by way of penalty give her a portion, if her father forbids the marriage. Deut. xxi. 10, &c. supposes even according to our translation, no other way of a man's gratifying his desire towards a female captive than by marrying her: that is, I conceive, as a wife, or concubine, which was an inferior sort of wife. After a month, and not before, he might go in unto her, and, which is closely connected with it, be her husband. But probably v. 11 should be rendered, *and hast a desire unto her, then thou shalt take her to thy wife.* The next verse directs the method of proceeding for this purpose; *and thou shalt bring her home,* &c. I know the Rabbins put a very different, and I think absurd, interpretation upon this passage. The penalty of a trespass offering appointed Lev. xix. 20, for lying with a bond maid betrothed to another man, was no amends to that other man, but an acknowledgment to God for the sin, for which amends could not be made to her by marriage, because she was betrothed to another. But indeed the word here translated *betrothed* signifies nothing like it elsewhere: the word translated *bond-maid* is elsewhere commonly translated *handmaid*; and doth not imply a foreigner: the word translated *scourged* signifies elsewhere only *an examination*, which may indeed be made by scourging. And the Samaritan copy applies this inquiry or scourging to the man, and goes on, *he*, not they, *shall be put to death*, the offence against a servant maid not being so great. And thus the law will determine nothing about her; but leave her to be corrected by her master. Upon the whole I think this text will be of little use in the present question. Deut. xxiii. 2,

forbids

forbids a bastard to enter into the congregation of the Lord, i. e. to be deemed a citizen of Israel and capable of public offices. 1 Cor. x. 8, mentions fornication as a crime in the Jews, and doth not mean spiritual fornication, i. e. idolatry, for the preceding verse speaks of that; and the fornication, to which it refers was with foreign women. Philo the Jew, who lived in Christ's time, saith in his life of Joseph, that it was peculiar to the Jews, that they were forbidden all whoredom by their law. It was reckoned a ground of shame and contempt before the law; Gen. xxxviii. 23. Job xxxi. 9—11 saith, *if mine heart hath been deceived by a woman*, (he doth not confine it to a married woman) *this is a heinous crime*, &c. Nay, v. 1, he goes further still. And certainly the Proverbs and the prophets condemn whoredom in men very strongly. And there is no intimation in scripture, that it was permitted the Jews for the hardness of their hearts. It appears indeed from 1 Kings, iii. 16, that they did sometimes tolerate it, as they did many other bad things.

" Now compare with these particulars the praises given Solon for allowing full liberty to whores at Athens; the praises given by Cato to a young fellow coming out of a *bawdy* house; the well-known passage of Terence in favour of whoring; the challenge of Cicero to name any time, when men were blamed for it, or not countenanced in it, &c. &c. &c. Pythagoras's verses were not written by him, nor is it known when: besides that his precept, as you observe, is too general to determine any thing. Learned men have observed long ago, that Phocylides is interpolated both from the Old and New Testament, probably after the days of the early Christian writers: for they do not

produce these places from him. And therefore his two words, *preserve virginity*, will be of no use neither. But, which is very remarkable, several philosophers after Christ, Mausonius, Dion called the Golden-mouthed, and Porphyry, speak warmly against fornication.

"I may as well add here, what will perhaps be of use to you in another place, as I know not whether you observed it in reading Brucker, [*I now see you did*] that he extends the life of Epictetus to Adrian's time, who reigned from A.D. 117, to 138. He would therefore have time, and his situation both in Rome and Greece would give him opportunity, not only to converse with many Christians, but to see the books of the New Testament, and other writings of theirs. Some think he lived to the reign of the Antonines: but Fabricius hath shewn, that probably they mistake."

N°. LII.

Fugitive Poetry.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

I request the favour of you to give place to the following fugitive pieces, of which MS. copies have been found among a literary relation's papers. I cannot positively assert that they have not been in print before.

I. *On Bagham Abbey.* *

Be hush'd, ye Fair! Yon monitor survey,
That awful living legend of the day;

* In Sussex, now the seat of Earl Camden.

Tread

Tread soft, nor rudely press the hallow'd ground,
Where all is sacred mystery around;
Where nodding reason must perforce awake,
When passion sleeps while mouldering ruins speak;
Where silence can some useful lesson teach,
And pour forth all the energy of speech.
Think underneath you tread some friend ador'd,
Whose jocund soul once bless'd the social board;
Now play'd the hero's, now the lover's part,
Now for his country bled, now stole a heart;
He's gone, cold death, inexorably just
Strikes the dread blow; frail man returns to dust.
Methinks I hear some furrow'd monk relate
What frenzy urg'd to Bagham's still retreat;
With vain regret in pensive mood declare,
"I fought at Agincourt, my trade was war;
The path to fame with eager zeal pursu'd,
But sunk a victim to ingratitude;
Then quitting honour and ambition's road,
Sought an asylum in the house of God."
Another Monk, by tottering age opprest,
With fault'ring tongue disburthens thus his breast;
"I figur'd once a beau, and flatter'd too
Each credulous fair, as you and others do,
To all alike vow'd constancy, and strove
To fix each heart, unpractis'd yet in love,
Till genuine ardour warm'd my breast at last,
And disappointment paid me for the past;
Thus robb'd of all that passion reckons dear,
Compunction touch'd my soul and fix'd me here,
The curtain drops, my vain pursuits are o'er,
And life's gay prospect, now enchants no more."
Yon Friar, perhaps the idol of an hour,
Once rul'd supreme in dignity and power;
A minister of state, what state is worse?
The prince's favourite, but the nation's curse.

The people's tyrant, but ambition's slave,
Now doom'd to damn the state, and now to save;
Till tir'd by faction's persecuting host,
By friends betray'd, who once had flatter'd most,
He seeks like wearied travellers an home,
And adds one saint to Bagham's sacred dome.
To this grave moral then, ye Fair! attend,
Life and its pleasures soon must have an end;
One general summons hence we all obey,
One fate absorbs this tenement of clay;
Man in his strength and beauty in its prime
Float but as bubbles on th' expanse of time;
An airy sound that nought of substance wears,
A vision that inchants, then disappears!
Clad all in regal pomp, e'en princes must
Mix, undistinguish'd, with the peasant's dust;
Heroes together with the coward lye,
And beauty mingle with deformity:
Man struts awhile, by pageant folly drest,
A monarch, soldier, politician, priest;
Each acts his part, and when the scene is o'er,
Must tread that path which others trod before;
To tyrant death e'en youth and beauty bow;
And Milner be what Queensbury is now.

II. *To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess Limerick, upon her leaving England in the year* 1745. *An Ode. Sent after her into Ireland. By Mr. Wright, the Astronomer.*

I.

A general good was ne'er confin'd
To time, or place, by heaven design'd
To bless the human race:
The sun thus rolling round the year,
And climates varying ev'ry where,
Exemplify the case.

II. No

II.

No season fix'd was ever found,
Except on Eden's happy ground,
Where Nature try'd her laws;
But she'd no sooner learn'd to change,
Than storks and swallows long'd to range,
And follow'd with applause.

III.

Thus you, who write, and talk with ease;
Possess'd of ev'ry power to please,
With science at command;
Forsake your friends, and native home,
And, destin'd far from us to roam,
Now bless a foreign land.

IV.

The sun so sinks below the west,
When mortals have retired to rest,
And leaves the welkin pale;
Whilst fainting clouds his absence mourn,
Despairing of his wish'd return,
And conscious shades prevail.

V.

So you, compell'd by partial fate,
Submissive in that happy state,
Which all your wishes crown,
Though sad, recede, in calm content,
And leave your friends to late lament,
A loss! they find too soon.

VI.

But expectation's yet alive,
And chearful hopes shall long survive,
That we may meet again;
Where future joys may still be our's,
Till when, all present ones be your's:
O! Fortune, say *amen*."

" III. *Hymn by Dr. Hawksworth.*

" Attune the song to mournful strains,
Of wrongs and woes the song complains,
An orphan's voice essays to swell
The notes, that tears by turns repel.

Left on the world's bleak waste forlorn,
In sin conceiv'd, to sorrow born;
By guilt and shame foredoom'd to share
No mother's love, no father's care;

Alone, amidst surrounding strife,
And naked to the storms of life,
Despair looks round with aking eyes,
And sinking nature groans and dies.

But who is he who deigns to claim
From all the wrong'd a father's name?
To rapture tune the changing strains,
'Tis God whose hand the world sustains.

He smiling bends from Mercy's throne,
And calls the fatherless his own;
To stranger hands he gives the trust;
We feel that stranger hands are just.

They to the poor his gifts dispense,
And guard the weak with his defence:
Oh Father, let us still be thine,
And claim thine heritage divine;
Still blest while gratitude repays
Thy endless love with endless praise."

" IV. *The Arcadia of Poussin.*

" See how the skilful hand of fam'd Poussin
Copies from nature the fair past'ral scene!
Arcadia's self behold!—her waving woods,
Her flow'ry meads, and silver shining floods:
Each rural beauty rises to the sight,
And the whole landscape smiles serene delight.
  Awhile it pleases,—but the painter knew,
To please us long he must affect us too:
With lively animated strokes of art,
Must touch the tender sympathizing heart.
  For this, he in the midst a tomb design'd,
On which the statue of a maid reclin'd,
With graceful attitude informs the eye,
Here, (early fall'n to earth,) youth, beauty lye.
  A short inscription tells her hapless fate,
' Happy I liv'd and all life's sweets enjoy'd,
I in Arcadia liv'd, and yet I dy'd!'
  Near, see two blooming nymphs and two young swains,
Who seem as if (while roving o'er the plains
In search of pleasure, innocent delight)
Chance had just struck them with the mournful sight:
See one the pointing finger wond'ring raise
To fix the rest, in more attentive gaze.
  On each chang'd face you hardly can descry
The parting farewell of expiring joy.
While you regard, the sight deceives the ear,
And morals sage from rosy lips you hear;
  'Tis thus imagination makes them say,
' All must th' inexorable law obey;
Death spares not sex, nor youth, nor beauty's bloom,
No clime is an asylum from the tomb."

N°. LIII.

Few Books animated by Genius: the great delight afforded by such as possess it.

Among the innumerable volumes, with which the shelves of libraries groan, how few are animated with any striking portion of that living spirit, which is infused by genius. Of the best of them, the major part are heavy and dead masses of learning. Dr. Johnson, speaking of Dr. Birch, the biographer, remarked "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties." * Minds must be more than ordinarily endowed, to give vitality to ideas and language without any aid from external objects. A lively and breathing picture of the visions of the brain can only be produced by the fervour of genius.

Books are in general little more than transcripts *of* those which went before them, with a little difference of arrangement and combination: the same ingredients only poured into new vessels. Memory is the principal faculty which has been exercised in making them. When thoughts or images are brought forward, which have *originated* in the mind of the author, they will exhibit a freshness and vigour, that, even though they may be similar to such as have been produced by others, will make them interesting and valuable. There is all the difference, which there is between an original, and a copy, in painting. There

* Boswell, I. 138.

may

may be the same outlines, the same figures and colours; but the difference can be better felt than expressed; one is faint, and cold, and dead; the other breathes and moves.

It is idle to be quibbling about the definition of literary genius, and limiting it to one or two forms of excellence; every thing is genius, which is inspired by this living spirit. Nor is it confined alone to poetry, though in poetry its higher powers may be exhibited: still less is it narrowed to one or two tracks of poetry: though Dr. Darwin seemed strangely to think almost all the merit of that art was restrained to the representation of material objects. Elevated thoughts, and tender sentiments, when conveyed in congenial language, partake surely as much of the essence of this divine power, as the most brilliant imagery!

I desire no more infallible test of genius, than that ardent manner, which, displaying the soul of the writer predominant over his language, communicates its own fire to the reader, and carries him along with it. He, who is characterized by this trait, gives an interest to every subject that he touches, and throws sparks of light on the dullest subject.

I have been in the habit of contemplating beings so gifted, with a peculiar degree of veneration, beyond perhaps what the sternness of a cold philosophy will allow. Their powers seem to be out of all proportion to their learning, acquirements, and opportunities; or rather appear to have no kind of concurrence with them. They are actuated by something beyond themselves; and are in some respects like the Æolian harps, on which the airs of heaven play involuntary music. I continually think of the happy, though somewhat severe

severe words, in which some one (Lord Orford, I think,) spoke of Goldsmith. He called him "an inspired ideot!"

Men of this cast have an acuteness of sensibility which is dangerous to their peace, and too frequently troublesome to others. A due regulation of it can alone conduct them to old age; and to the performance of those greater undertakings by which a high and permanent fame is secured. Burns, and many more, have fallen sacrifices in early life. Some on the contrary have touched it with too violent a hand, and have extinguished their genius with it.

These richly endowed mortals too frequently pay dear enough for their superiority. Ordinary minds make no allowance for their eccentricities; but pursue them with unrelenting ridicule and hatred. Unsusceptible of the charms of their eloquence, they perceive only the impetuosity of their passions, and the inequality of their judgments. They see them inferior and neglectful in the trifles, in which alone they are themselves conversant; and think of them by the puny standard of their own pleasures and pursuits: while if a glimpse of the pre-eminence to which they are entitled breaks in upon their dark intellects, envy rises at the same instant, and makes them worse foes than mere dulness.

I am not sure that I would wish my child to be a genius. Its advantages and its evils are so intermixed, that it is a fearful gift, for which I should not have the boldness to pray. But I cannot withhold my worship from it, wherever it inhabits.

If I am asked, why, with so keen a sense of discrimination

mination of the heavenly flame, I have in the CENSURA LITERARIA endeavoured to revive so many old volumes, which never possessed a spark of it, I answer, that it is for other subordinate claims to notice, which the course of time has given them beyond their original value, that I bring them forward; and that I call attention to them, as illustrations of the progress of language and manners.

It would be easy to specify numerous works of obsolete rhymers, possessed of a considerable portion of minor ingenuity, which secured them a transient fame, and renders them still curious to the philologer and the antiquary, yet so deficient in a true poetical spirit, that not a single passage of that high class can be found in them. Some one of leading powers sets the fashion of the day; and a hundred imitators start up with productions similar to the original in shape and make, and every thing but the soul that animates it! Dull readers at first are deceived by the outward likeness; but time, the surest touchstone, proves which is buoyant, and which is doomed only to sink.

A book of genius is a mirror which reflects back the rich scenery of an higher intellect, adorned with all the imagery of a visionary world. It affords one of the most acute, and surely one of the purest pleasures, of which our nature, when refined and improved by education, is capable. But alas! it is almost as rare, as it is delightful.

Nov. 23, 1808.

N°. LIV.

The difficulty of a genuine transcript of the operations of the mind greater than those, who have not made the attempt, suppose.

The following communication is very opportune, as it has a very close connection with the subject of the foregoing paper.

Nov. 24, 1808.

MR. RUMINATOR,

There is a certain degree of self-approbation, which is really necessary for one's peace of mind. You perhaps may be able to afford it me, by putting me in a little better humour with my own talents. It has been my ambition to be an author, I mean of original compositions; but, though nothing seems easier before I sit down to write, I no sooner take my pen in hand, than my powers fail me. I seem beforehand to have a store of ideas; and I flatter myself that an easy flow of language is at my command.

I cannot tell whether it is the mechanical operation of writing, that puts to flight the train of my thoughts; or whether I deceive myself as to the existence of an intellectual fund, which will not bear the test of an attempt to realize it.

He, who possesses the talent of committing to paper a series of reflections or sentiments, in a manner which will interest an impartial reader, and abide the censure of candid criticism, can perform no more, than, if we were to judge from the pretensions thrown out in common conversation, almost every educated person of ordinary

ordinary abilities can easily execute. I confess my own opinion is very much the reverse: and, in truth, I should be necessitated to deem myself miserably below the usual standard of mental faculties, if I thought otherwise.

I am inclined to believe, that in the oral communication of our ideas so much depends on voice and manner, while, from their transitoriness, so much less time is given for a strict examination, that there is little opportunity for appreciating them severely and justly. These praters therefore do not know what it is to bring the operations of their minds to the nicer scrutiny, which written thoughts afford.

For my own part, I own, with a due sense of mortification, that my shadowy conceptions are perpetually eluding my grasp at the instant of embrace. I know not, whether I am more venturous than some others, and follow delusive lights. The generality of authors, I observe, cannot hazard a step out of the beaten track. They follow their leaders with a timid servility; and repeat their songs almost like mocking-birds.

There is something convenient in the use of a thought, that has been already tried, and moulded into shape, and properly dressed and ornamented: no perils are encountered: all is safe, and all is easy. As we have had little cost in the education of such a mistress, we can spare something for a trifling addition of ornament!

It is much the same to the generality of readers: it looks as well to the eye, and sounds as well to the ear. They cannot judge between the original, and that which is borrowed.

But Mr. Ruminator, if I fail in catching these nymphs

of my own fancy, "these fairy creatures of the brain," which shine by their own light, my time is too much occupied, and my taste is rendered too keen to put up with these hacknied strumpets, which display themselves in borrowed feathers in the travelled roads.

These aërial ladies, that thus fly from my pursuit, what are they?

——— "gay creatures of the element,
That play i' th' plighted clouds!"

Poets can catch them at their will; can bid them sit for their pictures; and then can delineate with facility all their beauties. I, alas! follow, non passibus æquis; "clouds interpose;" and the flattering vision vanishes in an instant in darkness.

You can tell me, for sometimes at least you must have experienced these disappointments, what remedy, or what consolation there is for these failures! Am I in truth more deficient than falls to the common lot; or do the generality of educated people delude themselves with the possession of powers in which on trial they would find themselves as wanting as I have experienced myself to be?

When I look back on Addison, and Steele, and Johnson, and Hawksworth, and recollect how very few have been able to follow in the same course with any tolerable success, I am induced to hope, that the difficulty is greater than this mob of talkers and readers have been willing to suppose.

Such a combination of endowments and opportunities seems so requisite to produce eminence in the higher orders of composition, that I trust a failure may be incurred without disgrace, while the value of a happy performance ought to be enhanced. Of those, on whom Nature has bestowed gifts sufficiently rich, how many

are there, whose exertions are palsied by indolence, adversity, morbid nerves, or other unpropitious circumstances!

Sometimes I persuade myself to think, that my inability arises from my anxiety; and that, were I more confident, I should be more likely to succeed. Dr. Johnson used to say, that "with the necessity comes the ability." I have not found it so.

As you have said, that you love to investigate the internal movements of the human mind, I trust, you will not deem this picture of the struggles of mine unacceptable. Your's, PHUGAPHILUS.

ART. XV. *Continuation of Auld Robin Grey.*

"The spring it was past, it was simmer, nae mair,
And thinly were scatter'd the leaves in the air:
Oh winter, says Jenny, we kindly agree,
For the sun he looks wae, when he shines upon me.

Nae langer she grat, for her tears were a spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content:
She thought it content, but her cheek it look'd pale,
And she droop'd like the snowdrop broke down by the hail.

Her mither was vex'd, and her father was wae;
What ails you, my bairn? they would oftentimes say;
Your wheel ye turn round, and ye come little speed,
Your hand it grows feeble, and weak is your thread.

She smil'd, when she heard them, to banish their fear;
But sad looks the smile, that is seen through a tear,
And bitter the tear that is forc'd by a love,
Which virtue and honour can never approve.

Her feather was vex'd, and her mither was wae,
But dowie, and silent sat auld Robin Grey;
He spake not a word, and his cheek it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae, where the torrent had been.

Nae questions he ask'd her, concerning her health,
He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
Then his heart it grew grit, and often he feign'd,
To gang to the door, to see if it rain'd.

Syne he took to his bed, no physick he sought:
He ordered his neighbours around to be brought,
While Jenny supported his head in its place,
Her tears trickled down, and fell on his face.

Oh! kill me not, Jenny, said auld Robin Grey,
I have not deserv'd this—I have something to say:
I knew not, dear Jenny, I knew not your vow;
In mercy forgive me,—'twas I stole the cow.

I valued not Crummy, I thought but of thee,
I thought it was her, stood between you and me.
While she fed your parents, oh! did nae ye say,
Ye never would marry that auld Robin Grey."

ART. XVI. *Two short Trifles in Verse, by the late Professor Porson.*

Though charades may be deemed too trifling for this work, yet surely a trifle from the late lamented Porson will be worth preserving.

I.

My first from the thief tho' your house it defends,
Like a slave or a cheat you abuse or despise;
My second, tho' brief, yet alas comprehends
All the good, all the great, all the learn'd, all the wise.
Of my third I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day. *

II.

My first is the lot, that is destin'd by fate
For my second to meet with in every state;
My third is by many philosophers reckon'd
To bring very often my first to my second.†

ART. XVII. *Sonnet on the Neglect of Virtue.*

Sleepless as I lie tossing on my bed
Thro' half the midnight hours, while thro' my brain
This vile world's base affairs revolve with pain,
I sigh and weep to think, in virtue's stead

* Curfew. † Woman.

How

How mean intrigue and falsehood lift the head;
And every palm that valour ought to gain,
All that the toils of genius should sustain,
Corruption's rav'nous appetite has fed!
O state of sharp probation, where the good
Meet disappointment, sad neglect, disgrace;
And only in retreat can comfort find!
O wretched world, on whose affairs to brood,
Where thro' black clouds no gleam of hope I trace,
Is woe and madness to my troubled mind!

X.

Nov. 2, 1808.

ART. XVIII. *Sonnet on the Trade of Book-making, and its consequences.*

Ah! were the Muses more than but a name,
Those they would rescue from the harpy claws
Of sordid booksellers, who love their laws,
Rehearse their dulcet chants, and spread their flame.
Hence there is room for pity more than blame
That loveliest POESY few votaries draws;
That few remain to guard the sacred cause
Of Art, Taste, Genius, Wisdom, Virtue, Fame:
That now to MAKE,* that high CREATIVE power
Which named the POET, is become a trade;
Monsters obscene the hallow'd groves invade:
Ignorance, Folly, Vice, profane the bower
Where all the Graces dwelt in laureate shade,
And blasts of senseless scorn the gentle bloom devour.

C. L.

18 Nov. 1808.

* Makers, Poets. *Spenser.* Ποιειν, Ποιητης, *Plato.* Though *to create*, in its proper sense, be incommunicable, yet the analogy is enlarging and exalted.

ART. XIX. *Report of Sales of Books from May to October (both inclusive)*, 1808.

No. IV.

A small, but very choice and elegant collection of books, the property of Robert Heathcote, Esq. by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; two days, May 2, 3; lots 223, vols. 670.

Library of the late G. Atwood, Esq. F. R. S. by Messrs. Jordan and Co.; May 3; lots 246, vols. 370.

Miscellaneous collection, chiefly the property of a foreigner [including a portion of the library of the late Lord Strafford], by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; seven days, May 5—12; lots 1821, vols. 3500.

Miscellaneous collection, principally best classic authors, by Mr. Stewart; three days, May 9—12; lots 529, vols. 1140. *

Miscellaneous collection, by Messrs. King and Lochée; May 13; lots 251, vols. 500.

Library of the late Rev. John Marshall, rector of Orsett, Essex, and chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Stewart; twelve days, May 16—28; lots 2774, vols. 3760. †

Libraries of the late Rev. Thomas Bowen, of Palham, Norfolk; and Charles Francis Forster, Esq. of Low Buxton, Northumberland, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; ten days, May 18—28; lots 2581, vols. 4560.

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. King, jun. four days, May 23—26; lots, 852, vols. 2690.

Library of the late Mr. Thomas Hull, of C. G. T. by Mr. Fisher; two days, May 23, 24; lots 218, vols. 1260.

* This collection was disposed of by private contract.

† The first portion, consisting of duplicates, &c. was sold in the life time of the collector, by Mr. Stewart; seven days, May 5—12, 1806; lots 1842, vols. 2520.

Library

Library of the late Rev. David Durand, minister of the French Protestant church, by Messrs. King and Lochée; two days, May 31, June 1; lots 573, vols. 1530.

Library of the late John Lambert, Esq. of Kenton Lodge, near Harrow, Middlesex, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, June 1—4; lots 743, vols. 1500.

Portion of the library of a very distinguished collector, brought from his seat, [at Fonthill,] in Wiltshire, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, June 9—11; lots 323, vols. 730.

Library of the late George Hill, his Majesty's ancient Serjeant at Law, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; eight days, June 20—28; lots 1774, vols. 3130.

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. Dodd, St. Martin's Lane, seven days, June 20—27; lots 1288, vols. 1990.

Library of the late Sir Giles Rooke, Knight, one of the Judges in the Court of Common Pleas, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; five days, July 4—8; lots 1109, vols. 1790.

Miscellaneous collection, by Messrs. King and Lochée; three days, July 7—9; lots 649, vols. 1340.

Library of the late Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. * formerly editor of the Gazetteer, author of the *Wandering Islander*, *Beauties of Burke*, &c. by Mr. Stewart; four days, July 7—11; lots 980, vols. 3310.

Libraries of the late Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. and

* A singular pile of manuscripts, enough to fill a common cart, was sold in one lot, belonging to this writer. The greater proportion consisted of extracts from modern works, scraps of novels, and translations from the German. Some of the pieces were supposed to have been original, but it was not easy to discriminate. A theatrical piece, considered original, is entitled "The Englishman in Dublin, an operatical entertainment in two acts. 'I never knew a good Irish joke that didn't make an Englishman laugh.' Lord Chesterfield." It does not appear to have received the author's final corrections.

the Rev. Daniel Williams, late of Christ Church, Oxford, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, July 13—15; lots 837, vols. 1290.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; five days, July 12—16; lots 1248, vols. 3150.

Library of Sir Patrick Blake, the Heraldic MSS. of the late William Latham, Esq. and the Diplomatic MSS. of the Earl of Halifax, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, July 20—3; lots 854, vols. 2510.

Library of Mr. J. Mathews, of Goodman's-Fields, by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, July 25—28; lots 1027, vols. 9880

Library of the late Walter Hill, Esq. of Ross, Herefordshire, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; two days, August 2, 3; lots 406, vols. 1120.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; seven days, August 22—30; lots 1732, vols. 4930.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, September 26—29; lots 1076, vols. 3130.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; five days, October 10—14; lots 1210, vols. 3110.

Library of the late Col. Fullarton, F. R. S. and M. P. for the county of Ayr, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, October 10—13; lots 1048, vols. 2130.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, October 17—21; lots 1057, vols. 2124.

The second-hand stock in trade of Messrs. Bristow and Cowtan, Booksellers, Canterbury, by Mr. King, Jun.; seven days, October 19—26; lots 1650, vols. 10,900.

Miscellaneous collection, the property of Mr. John Walker; seven days, October 27—November 3; lots 1835, vols. 2550.

In the last six months 80,654 volumes have been disposed of. A year has now elapsed since the account of auctions usually attended by literary characters first commenced, and

notices

notices have been given of sixty-four sales where the aggregate of volumes amount to 177,430. For many years it has been usual to average three volumes to a lot, an average that now ceases to be a proper ratio. Those who consult old catalogues, when the loiter of the morning was to view, and the amusement of the evening to purchase, can easily distinguish the variation. The principle of reading becoming inverted, by creeping back to converse with our ancestors, in their own idiom, has preserved the black letter, (which used to pass in piles unregarded as the refuse of a library,) until every article appears like a single brilliant. This increase of value abolished the general average, and rendered the proportion of a modern library not more than two volumes to a lot; thus, for the year,

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby sold 27,082 lots, 50,186 vols.

Messrs. King and Lochée sold 25,008 lots, 60,603 vols.

The last number was particularly swelled by the extraordinary collection of Mr. J. Mathews, of Goodman's-Fields, whose reading was universal. To gratify an unsatiable appetite, he purchased soiled copies and imperfect works to an incredible accumulation: their condition may be best conjectured from the circumstance of about twenty lots containing above seven thousand volumes. By subtracting his fortuitous numbers, it will leave the ratio as above stated. Such collections render nugatory all systematic computation, and the like effect may be pointed out as to collectors. Above two hundred persons have been known to purchase at the sale of a library, and at another period the number has not exceeded fifty in the disposing of a more extensive collection. Again, the year commenced with the library of Mr. Reed; many of the books therein have since repeatedly passed the hammer in the above sales; and are still, like birds of passage, wandering from bookseller to bookseller, and dragged from auction-room to auction-room, uncertain

of

of a resting place. To consider circumstances like these, must suggest the impracticability of giving definitive numbers.

To quail over "*The Miseries of Human Life,*" has lately afforded universal amusement. A slight retrospect of the history of a volume, gives birth to a variety of characters to excite the lucubration of an essayist. Composed under the severe pressure of want; earnest solicitude attending and tedious promulgation at the press; presentation to a patron; placed unread amidst 10,000; sketch of the learned visitors to the library, who often dreamed near it, but never dosed over it; neglected for near two centuries; further sketch of modern visitors who never looked beyond the title page; unexpected escape from a dormant state by the pilfering of a chair-woman; saved by a reading barber from a Vandalistic cheesemonger; fortunately discovered by a noted bibliopolist, and purchased for sixpence; suspence of the hammer and contention of collectors; final regeneration, according to the new cant of an auction, being *bound out of sheets* under the immediate inspection of the most renowned Emperor of Morocco; a Roger Payne, Kalthoeber, Herring, or M'Kinlay, names that crowd into catalogues in rivalship of a Warton, Locke, Dryden, or Shakespeare; and must descend to posterity with modern libraries, like heir looms to a family mansion.*

Conduit street. J. H.

* Among the splendid libraries forthcoming for sale, may be noticed the genuine and entire collection of the late John Maddison, Esq. of the foreign department in the post-office, which is eminently rich in Classics, and French, Italian, and German literature. For rare and fine copies of sterling old editions, it will rival the most eminent sales of the last twenty years. It will be sold in February next, by Messrs. King and Lochee.

ART.

ART. XX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A true discourse of the most happy victories obtayned by the French King, against the Rebels and enemies of his maiesty. With a particuler declaration of all that hath beene done betweene the two armies, during the monthes of September and October and part of Nouember* 1589. *Also of the taking of the subburbes of Paris by the King. Here vnto is adioyned a Mappe, wherein is set forth the whole platforme of the Battells, for the better satisfying of the curteous reader. Faithfully translated out of French into English, according to the coppy imprinted at Tours. By T. D. London, printed for J. Woolfe, and E. White.* 1589. *4to.* 10 *leaves.*

T. D. must have been the initials of the original author. The translation has a short dedicatory epistle "to the right Honourable Lord Robert Deuorax, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Harryford, and Bourchier, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Burchier and Louaine, maister of the Queenes maiesties Horse, and Knight of the most honourable order of the garter: [to whom] Luke Wealsh wisheth all heauenly happinesse, and increase of honourable vertue," and says, "in respect of your honourable and magnanimous minde, your hardinesse in warres, and hatred to rebellion sondrie times manifested to your eternall and well deserued praise, as also to declare my well affected hart to your honour, I haue chosen you the patrone of this warlike discourse."—The next leaf entitles Luke Wealsh to a niche in the Bib. Poetica by eight six-line stanzas; from which are transcribed the last four. They are entitled "certain verses written by master Wealsh as a thankesgiuing vnto God, for the prosperous successe of the king."

— "Thou,

—" Thou, O France! whose fame in former daies,
Did glorifie the pleasant western partes:
How oft in thee did God his wonders raise,
Which neuer yet could mollify your hartes?
But praised be our God of greatest power,
Who can confound his foes within an howre.

What grieuous tumultes in thy townes are wrought?
What rage and bloudshed by thy city wales?
What wrongfull broyles and causelesse wars are sought?
What great rebellion on thy people falls?
But praysed be our God of greatest power,
Who can confound his foes within an howre.

Jerusalem that citty of renowne,
By diuers tokens warned was of sinne;
And thou, O France! didst lately see a crowne
Plast in the skie, by God ouer the King;
As many men affirme and plainely shoe,
A wonderous thing if that the truth be so.

Then cease your iarres obey your soueraigne Lord,
Whom God from Heaven affirmes your louing king;
Whose heart, whose hand, doth seeke with one accord,
Your health, your wealth, and realme in peace to bring;
And blessed be our God of greatest power,
Who can confirme these blessings in an howre.

The victories narrated are those obtained by Henry IV. in support of his accession to the crown of France after that sanguinary conflict of the three Henries. In the army were "certaine Englishe lords well mounted and armed, and most sumptuously attired; among the rest the noble gentleman maister d'Euerax, brother to the right honorable Earle of Essex, who was one of the formost and forwardest in the fight." Elizabeth assisted with money and provisions as well as troops: four thousand English had "Lord Willoughbie

loughbie their generall," which only appear a portion of the supplies. At the time the king lay in the fort of the Mount of Cats, "the first day of October the enemie planted sixe peeces of ordenance vpon the toppe of the hill by Ianuall shooting fiue or sixe vollies of shot into the towne, wherewith was slaine one of the kings cookes, a woman, a maiden, and a boye, doing also great hurt vnto two shippes which lay at anker in the hauen. But they withdrewe soon after their cannons from that place, because by our cannons their master gonner was slaine, and two pieces of their ordenance dismounted, which was done by a skilfull English cannoneir, who was presented to the king by my Lord Stafford ambassadour to the Queene of England." The next three tracts upon the same subject, escaped the research of Herbert; the present article is insufficiently described by him, p. 1176.

Art. 2. *The Letters Pattents of the Kings Declaration for the generall assemblie of the Princes, Cardinalls, Dukes and Peeres, as well Ecclesiasticall as Temporall, the Officers of the Crowne, the Lords, Gentlemen, Officers and others, vnto the 15 day of March next comming. Also to reclaime his subiects and rebellious townes to his obedience. Published in the Parliament of Caen the 22 of December, 1589. Faithfullie translated out of the French copie printed at Caen. At London printed by Thomas Orwin for Augustine Lawton, dwelling in Maiden lane neere Woodstreete. n. d. 4to. 8 leaves.*

A proclamation "given at our Campe before Mans the 28 of Nouember in the yeare of grace 1589 and of our reigne the first. Signed Henrie: and vppon the fould, "By the King in his counsell. Forget." again subscribed, "in the Parliament at Caen the 22d of December 1589 signed Godefroy." There is added a short extract from the register of same parliament, confirming the grant

grant of pardon to those persons who had incurred the crime of felony and rebellion, except those that might be found guilty of the slaughter of the late King.

Art. 3. *The Discouerer of France to the Parisians, and all other the French Nation. Faithfullie translated out of the French: by E. A.* [Printer's device of a wyvern rising out of a ducal coronet, the crest of George Earl of Cumberland, &c.] *Imprinted,* 1590. 4*to.* 8 *leaves.*

The initials appear to belong to Edward Aggus, the printer: they are to be found in the titles of several pieces translated from the same language, printed by him.

Art. 4. *A recitall of that which hath happened in the Kings Armie, since the taking of the suburbes of Paris, vntill the taking of the towne of Humflet* [arms of France]. *Imprinted at London for Tobie Cooke,* 1590. 4*to.* 14 *leaves.*

At the end. "After the siege of Falese, the King gaue the Englishmen leaue to depart; and he himselfe with his armie, to weete, the Frenchmen and Switzers, Rutters and Lants-knights went vnto Lizeux, which within ten dayes after he took: and from thence his Maiestie went vnto Humflet, which he did batter vpon Fridaie the xvj of Ianuarie. At which time, part of our English forces were shipped at Dines in Normandie, and the rest, the morrow after."

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART. XXI. *Further Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Bentivolio and Urania, in six books. By Nathaniel Ingelo, D. D. The second edition. Wherein all the obscure words throughout the book are interpreted in the margin, which makes this much more delightful to read than the former edition.

tion. *London, printed for T. Dring, J. Starkey, T. Basset, and are to be sold at their shops in Fleet-street,* 1669. *fol. pp.* 391.

This work is divided into two parts, of which the first is dedicated to the "Honourable William Brereton, Esq." eldest son of Lord Brereton; and the second to John Earl of Lauderdale. In the preface, the author gives an account of the motives which induced him to undertake a work of this nature. It is much to be lamented that his execution is not equal to the goodness of his intentions.

Perceiving, with regret, how bad the tendency of most works of fiction were in his days, the author's intention was to produce a romance, in which religious and moral instruction should be conveyed in an amusing form. He seems, from some expressions in his preface, to think that he has succeeded in this design. "For my own part," says he, "I do not desire that all books should be as dull as many are, and none composed, as all are not, to delight; but I would have that delight true, and the quickness not evaporate into lightness and vanity. Is there no joy but laughter? Doth nothing recreate but what is fabulous? Such as do not like true happiness, because it is a serious thing, have a reasonable soul bestowed upon them in vain, and would have been better pleased if God had made them worse, and more content if God had not designed them to so noble an end."

The work itself is a religious allegory, not much unlike the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," though very inferior to it, but in which the two principal characters, Bentivolio and Urania (i. e. *Goodwill* and *Heavenly-light*), are represented as perfect Christian characters. And they travel through the world, being brother and sister, meeting with various adventures, every where reproving vice and recommending virtue and piety. All the places and persons have allegorical names, which are explained in the margin, alluding to their

their qualities. There is much ingenuity, learning, and goodness in it; but it is so completely dull and uninteresting as a narrative, that it requires no small degree of patience and perseverance to travel through it.

P. M.

Oct. 7, 1808.

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. September 27, at Upper Slaughter, co. Gloucester, Rev. Ferdinando Tracy Travel, A. M. forty-four years Rector of that parish, who, when incapable of edifying his parishioners from the pulpit, improved them by his writings, having been author of several literary works.

Nov. 3. In Essex-street, Strand, æt. 86. The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, formerly Rector of Catterick, in Yorkshire. This living he resigned in 1773, from a conviction that the service of the church of England, as far as it involves the doctrine of the Trinity, is repugnant to the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles: and in the year 1774, he opened a Dissenting Meeting-House in Essex-street, and preached his doctrines till his seventieth year.

Nov. 11. At Bath, Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart. of Dogmersfield Park, Hants; and M. P. for that county, æt. forty-four. He was (at least the nominal) Editor of the late edition of the works of his grandfather, Abraham Tucker, Esq. of Betchworth in Surry, which had been originally published under the title of *The Light of Nature pursued*, with the fictitious name of *Search*. Sir Henry's paternal name was *St. John*, which he changed to Mildmay, in consequence of his marriage. He was of St. John's College Cambridge, 1782. He was quick; and had some original talents for literature, which a large fortune, and a public life did not much tend to cherish.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVI.

[Being Number XXIV. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Poems by Thomas Carew, Esquire, one of the Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber; and Sewer in ordinary to his Majesty. London: Printed by J. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Flying Horse, and York House.* 1640.* *Sm.* 8vo. *pp.* 264.

ART. II. *Castara: Carmina non prius audita, Musarum sacerdos, Virginibus. The third edition corrected and augmented. London: Printed by T. Cotes, for Will. Cooke: and are to be sold at his shop neere Fernivals-Inne Gate in Holburne,* 1640.† 12mo. *pp.* 228.

ART. III. *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha, a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq. London: Printed by*

* The second edition 1642; third 1651; fourth 1670.

† The second edition was in 1635, 8vo.

Tho. Harper, and are to be sold by Tho. Ewster, at the Gun in Ivie Lane, 1649. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 166.

Lucasta. Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.

Those honours come too late,
That on our ashes waite.

Mart. Lib. I. Epig. 26.

London: Printed by William Godbid for Clement Darby. 1659. *Sm.* 8*vo.* 107.

Elegies sacred to the memory of the author: by several of his friends. Collected and published by D. P. L.

Nunquam ego te vitâ frater amabilior
Adspiciam posthac; at certe semper amabo.

CATULLUS.

London: Printed 1660. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 14.

OF these three elegant poets of the reign of Charles I. though the public notice has been frequently drawn to them of late years, and the volumes are not particularly scarce, * yet I should be sorry to omit the register among the comprehensive contents of works of a similar class which have at length found a place in the CENSURA.

In the elegant Specimens of Mr. George Ellis they have each of them found their due place; and the first of them was reprinted by T. Davies in 1772. A portrait of Lovelace from an original picture has been given in Harding's *Biogr. Mirror*; and a memoir of him inserted in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXI. p. 1094; Vol. LXII. pp. 99, 321, 604, 971. † Carew has had

* They are however far from common.

† He died 1658. See Wood's Ath. II. 228.

the

the good fortune to be delineated in the beautiful colours of Lord Clarendon's pen. Of Habingdon and his family a very interesting account may be found in Nash's * History of Worcestershire, I. 588. He died Nov. 30, 1654.

"Thomas Carew," says Lord Clarendon, "was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and returning from travel, followed the court; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do sometime before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself some years, before he could obtain to be Sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it; of so great value were those relations held in that age, when Majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegancy of the language, in which that language was spiced, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time. But his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire. † He is said to

* See also Wood's Ath. II. 109, 110.

† Life of Lord C. i. 36.—Common as Lord Clarendon's works are, yet his

to have died in 1639, aged fifty. See also Wood's Ath. I. 630, who says he was younger brother of Sir Matthew

his characters are so excellently drawn, that I cannot refrain from throwing together in this note, the portraits of other cotemporary poets.

BEN JONSON.

"Ben Jonson's name can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage; and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions, so he was the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since; if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with the men of most note; and he had for many years an extraordinery kindness for Mr. Hyde, till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company. He lived to be very old; and till the palsy made a deep impression on his body and his mind." He died Aug. 6, 1637, æt. 63. A collection of Elegies and Poems, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius*, was published on the occasion.

CHARLES COTTON, THE FATHER.

"Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those, who had been best bred: his natural parts were very great; his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument, so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities, which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour; such a sweetness and gentleness of nature; and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that

so

Matthew Carew of the Gloucestershire branch of the family.

"*A Pastoral*

no man in the court, or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits of law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself, which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished, that he had not lived so long." He died 1658. He was son of Sir George Cotton, of Warblington, Hampshire (on the borders of Sussex,) and married a daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston in Derbyshire, heiress to her mother, who was a Beresford of Beresford * in Derbyshire. By her he had Charles Cotton, the younger, a well-known poe, born 1630, who died 1687; and whose Poems were published together 1689: his *Wonders of the Peak*; his *Virgil Travestie*; and *Burlesque of Lucian*, are well-known; as is his *Complete Angler*, annexed to Isaac Walton's.

Thomas May.

"Thomas May was the eldest son of his father, a Knight, and born to a fortune, if his father had not spent it; so that he had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education; yet since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of Lucan, which being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our Kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places; yet to shew that pride and envy have thei influences upon the narrowest minds, (and which have the greatest semblance of humility,) though he had received much countenance and a very considerable donative from the King, upon his Majesty's refusing to give him a small pension, which he had designed and promised to another

* See Topogr. III. Suppl. p. 25.

" *A Pastoral Dialogue. By Tho. Carew.*

Shepherd; Nymph; Chorus.

Shep. This mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the dank air.
Chor. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

very ingenious person, whose qualities he thought inferior to his own, he fell from his duty and all his former friends; and prostituted himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the King; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits, when he left his honesty, and so shortly after died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be forgotten." He died 1652.

Sidney Godolphin.

" Sidney Godolphin was a younger brother of Godolphin; but by the provision left by his father, and by the death of a younger brother liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the Earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though every body loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement amongst his books; and was so far from being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with lazin ss, and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself; insomuch as

when

Shep.

See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Rob'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell, and roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches towards which he discovered as soon as any man by the proceedings in Parliament, where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the west for the King; and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches with an exemplar courage and alacrity; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which, (without saying any more than, *Oh God, I am hurt*) he fell dead from his horse, to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him; and the irreparable damage of the public." He died Feb. 1643. He was second son of Sir William Godolphin, who died 1613, by Thomasin daughter and heir of Thomas Sidney, Esq. of Wrighton, in Norfolk. He translated into English verse from the fourth book of Virgil, *the Passion of Dido for Æneas*, printed 1658. Sidney Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, who was created Earl of Godolphin, was also a writer of verses, and his nephew. He died 1712, aged 67.

EDMUND WALLER.

"Edmund Waller was born to a very fair estate by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother; and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to improve it by his utmost care, upon which in his nature he was too much intent; and in order to that he was so much reserved and retired, that he was scarce ever heard of, till by his address and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in the city against all the recommendation and countenance and authority of the court, which was thoroughly engaged on the part of Mr. Crofts; and which used to be successful in that age against any opposition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendship with Dr. Morley, who had assisted and instructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, especially the poets, and at the age when other men used to give over

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But shew my sun must set, no morn
Shall shine, till thou return;
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep.

writing verses (for he was near thirty years of age, when he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least that he was known to do so,) he surprised the town with two or three pieces of that kind; as if a tenth Muse had been newly born, to cherish drooping poetry. The Doctor at that time brought him into that company which was most celebrated for good conversation; where he was received and esteemed with great applause and respect. He was a very pleasant discourser in earnest, and in jest; and therefore very grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich.

"He had been even nursed in parliaments, where he sat when he was very young; and so when they were resumed again (after a long intermission) he appeared in those assemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of speaking, and by thinking much upon several arguments (which his temper and complexion, that had much of melancholic, inclined him to) he seemed often to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had only administered the opportunity of saying what he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great lustre to all he said; which was rather of delight than weight. There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, so to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach; viz. a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking; an insinuation and servile flattery to the height, the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with; that it preserved and won his life from those who were most resolved to take it; and in an occasion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it; and then preserved him again from the reproach and contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price; that it had power to reconcile him to those, whom he had most offended and provoked; and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied, where he was most detested." He died 1687, aged 82.

Da.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear;
Love's flames will shine in every tear.
Chor. They kiss'd, and wept, and from their lips and eyes
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet.

DR. JOHN EARLE.

"Doctor Earles* was a person very notable for his elegance in the Greek and Latin tongues; and being fellow of Merton College in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very witty and sharp discourses being published in print without his consent, though known to be his," [probably *Microcosmography*, 1628, 8*vo.* for which see CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 145.] "he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men; being a man of great piety and devotion; a most eloquent and powerful preacher; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent in his dress and habit and mien; no man more wary and cultivated in his behaviour and discourse; insomuch as he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet both in Latin, Greek, and English, as appears by many pieces yet abroad; though he suppressed many more himself, especially of English, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those sallies of his youth. He was very dear to the Lord Falkland, with whom he spent as much time as he could make his own; and as that Lord would impute the speedy progress he made in the Greek tongue to the confirmation and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, so Mr. Earles would frequently profess, that he had got more useful learning by his conversation at *Tew* (the Lord Falkland's house) than he had at Oxford. In the first settling of the Prince his family, he was made one of his chaplains, and attended on him, when he was forced to leave the kingdom. He was among the few excellent men, who never had, nor ever could have an enemy, but such an one, who was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and therefore wou'd never make himself known." He wa made Bishop of Worcester 1662; translated to Salisbury 1663, and died Nov. 17, 1665. His Elegy on Francis Beaumont is prefixed to that author's *Poems*, 1640. See Wood's Ath. II. 365.

* So Clarendon writes it.

But

But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise;
The sun betrays us else to spies.
Shep.
The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.
Shep.
Hark! *Nym.* Ay me, stay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No, arise
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Chor. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies."

"To my friend G. N. from Wrest.[*]

" I breathe, sweet Ghib, the temperate air of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging storms opprest,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting Winter dwells; where, mild
Favonius, and the vernal winds exil'd,
Did never spread their wings; but the wild North
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flowry birth,
And cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning heat
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes thro' the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use;
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are

[*] I suppose, Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Earls of Kent.

Adulterate;

Adulterate; but at Nature's cheap expense
With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry;
But built a house for hospitality:
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertains his sight, but clear
And chearful flames cherish and warm him here.
No Doric, nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face.
The Lord and Lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem in sight;
Instead of statues to adorn their wall
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats.
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the Lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious circle fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids, and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,
Or straiten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more convenience dispose

Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use: which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horn
Of plenty is not in effigie worn
Without the gate, but she within the door
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd circle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd unscissar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not in emblems to the eyes,
But to the taste, those useful deities.
We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
Yet we decline not all the works of Art:
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertains the flowing streams in deep
And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
In snaky windings as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd,
In which our watry constellations float;
Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat
Envied by those above, which wish to slake
Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast, nail'd to the barren sphere,
Whilst our increase in fertile waters here
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona. Zephyr sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink,
Which from that fountain flows, you'll clearly think
The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
Or else disguis'd in wat'ry robes did swim
To Ceres bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting so himself on her: for know,
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in Autumn; but our fire boils here
As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
Of this blest peace, whilst toil'd in the pursuit
Of bucks, and stags, th' emblem of war you strive
To keep the memory of our arms alive."*

"*A Dialogue between Araphill and Castara. By William Habingdon.*

ARAPH. Dost not thou, Castara, read
Amorous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'd shew, and yet disguise?
Senses act each other's part;
Eyes, as tongues, reveal the heart.

* See a description of Wrest in Pennant's Journey to London.

CAST.

CAST. I saw love as lightning break
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to hear thy silence speak:
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sense of Learning hears
The dumb music of the spheres.
ARAPH. Then there's mercy in your kind,
Listn'ing to an unfeign'd love.
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y' are piteous, as y' are fair.
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.
CAST. But loose man too prodigal
Is in the expense of vows;
And thinks to him kingdoms fall,
When the heart of woman bows;
Frailty to your arms may yield:
Who resists you wins the field.
ARAPH. Triumph not to see me bleed;
Let the boar chaf'd from his den
On the wounds of mankind feed:
Your soft sex should pity men.
Malice well may practise art;
Love hath a transparent heart.
CAST. Yet is love all one deceit;
A warm frost, a frozen fire.
She within herself is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may find his eyes.
ARAPH. Hymen's torch yields a dim light,
When Ambition joins our hands;
A proud day, but mournful night,
She sustains, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man; but for their ore
Th' Indians had been free, though poor.

CAST.

CAST. And yet wealth the fuel is
Which maintains the nuptial fire;
And in honour there's a bliss;
Th' are immortal, who aspire.
But truth says, no joys are sweet,
But where hearts united meet.

ARAPH. Roses breathe not such a scent
To perfume the neighb'ring groves,
As when you affirm content
In no sphere of glory moves.
Glory narrow souls combines:
Noble hearts Love only joins."

These lines appear to the Editor to be highly elegant and beautiful; and require no allowance whatever for the time at which they were written. They are alone sufficient to immortalize Habingdon's name.

The following is from the third part of Castara, entitled *The Holy Man*; and consisting almost wholly of religious poems.

" *Cogitabo pro peccato meo.*

" In what dark silent grove
Profan'd by no unholy love;
Where witty Melancholy ne'er
Did carve the trees, or wound the air,
Shall I religious leisure win
To weep away my sin?

How fondly have I spent
My youth's unvalued treasure, lent
To traffic for celestial joys?
My unripe years pursuing toys,
Judging things best that were most gay
Fled unobserv'd away.

Grown

Grown elder I admir'd
Our poets as from heaven inspir'd.
What obelisks decreed I fit,
For Spenser's art, and Sydney's wit?
But waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd,
And each bright face an idol made:
Verse in an humble sacrifice
I offer'd to my mistress' eyes.
But I no sooner grace did win,
But met the devil within.

But grown more politic,
I took account of each state trick;
Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise;
Whom soon I found but form and rule,
And the more serious fool.

But now my soul prepare
To ponder what and where we are:
How frail is life; how vain a breath
Opinion, how uncertain death:
How only a poor stone shall bear
Witness that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
Us to the bar as traitors call,
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath Hope with flattery belied;
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand."

"*The Grasshopper. By Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

"*Ode.*

" O thou, that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well fill'd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where now th' art rear'd;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lie!

Up with the day; the sun thou welcom'st then;
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thy self, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting, as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the north wind he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
  Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
  Shall cry, he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
  From the light casement, where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
  And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
  That asking nothing nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas embrace; yet he
  That wants himself is poor indeed."

" *Sonnet. Set by Mr. William Lawes.*

I.

" When I by thy fair shape did swear,
And mingled with each vow a tear,
  I lov'd, I lov'd thee best;
  I swore, as I profest;
For all the while you lasted warm and pure,
  My oaths too did endure;
But once turn'd faithless to thyself and old,
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II.

I swore myself thy sacrifice
By th' ebon bows that guard thine eyes,
  Which now are alter'd white,
  And by the glorious light
Of both those stars, of which their sphere
  Only the jelly's left:

Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,
Than swearing to a saint, that proves untrue."*

"*Elegy to the memory of his worthy friend, Colonel Richard Lovelace. By Charles Cotton.*

"To pay my love to thee, and pay it so
As honest men should what they justly owe,
Were to write better of thy life than can
The assuredst pen of the most worthy man:
Such was thy composition, such thy mind
Improv'd from virtue, and from vice refin'd;
Thy youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Inur'd to arms and exercis'd to arts;
Which with the vigour of a man became
Thine and thy country's pyramids of fame,
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth,
Into the paths of honour and of truth.
These parts so rarely met made up in thee
What man should in his full perfection be;
So sweet a temper into every sense,
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,
Without a wrinkle in thy face to show
Thy stable breast could no disturbance know;

* Some or. in my copy has mark'd in pencil the following imitation:

"I lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Walter Harte has observed, that "not a few celebrated poets have taken the liberty to borrow some thoughts from this author; and sometimes the very expressions." Gent. Mag. Vol. LXII. p. 166.

In fortune humble, constant in mischance;
Expert in both; and both serv'd to advance
Thy name by various trials of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit;
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
And learned to an undisputed pen;
Good as the best in both, and great; but yet
No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit:
These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy friend;
Under which title I have found my name
Fix'd in the living chronicle of fame
To times succeeding; yet I hence must go
Displeas'd, I cannot celebrate thee so;
But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
What these together when improv'd, improve,
Call it by any name (so it express
Aught like a tribute to thy worthiness,
And may my bounden gratitude become)
LOVELACE, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.
And though thy vertues many friends have bred,
To love thee living, and lament thee dead,
In characters far better couch'd than these,
Mine will not blot thy name, nor theirs increase;
'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre time and fate, it shall not die.

Sic flevit
CHARLES COTTON."

Of these three poets, the most intrinsic merit appears to me to be possessed by Habingdon; and Carew is superior to Lovelace, with the exception of the famous Song by the latter, to ALTHEA from Prison; beginning "*When Love with unconfined wings.*" It is the fault of Carew's poems that they are too quaint, laboured,

laboured, and far-fetched; which renders the censure of his satirical cotemporaries, that he was slow and costive in his productions, highly probable. Superfluous ornament is the result of art and toil; and never flows from animated genius in the fervour of composition. The search after minute similes and metaphors, and still more the pursuit of metaphysical conceits, is totally inconsistent with the rapid movements of the eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling." Headley says of Carew, I think rather unhappily, that "he has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit." He certainly writes like an eloquent courtier, of an ingenious and exercised fancy; but his ingenuity and elegance are palpably laboured. Lovelace would have exhibited more nature with equal imagination, if he had made composition more a business; but he seems to have wanted the requisite degree of polish and attention. Habingdon seems almost every where to shew a mind exuberant in a copious and affecting morality, gilded by a smiling fancy, almost always chaste and classical.

ART. IV. *The Fancies Theater. By John Tatham, Gent.*

Horat.

"Quod si me Lyricis Vatibus inseres
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

London: Printed by John Norton, for Richard Best, and are to be sold at his shop neere Grayes-Inne gate in Holborne. 1640. 12mo.

"John Tatham (says Winstanley)* was one whose muse began to bud with his youth, which produced early blossoms of not altogether contemptible poetry, in a collection of poems entituled '*Fancy's Theater:*' which was ushered into the world by divers of the chief wits of that age." The names of these wits are R. Broome, Tho. Nabbes, Geo. Lynn, Rob. Chamberlaine, H. Davison, James Jones, Wm. Barnes, Tho. Rawlins, An. Newport, R. Pynder, W. Ling, and another in the body of the book signs himself Geo. Sparke. By Lynn our poet was fed with the following gross flattery:

"—— methinks the genius of those *three*
Admired laureats are ensphear'd in thee,
Smooth *Shakespeare*, neat *Randolph*, and witty *Ben*,
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from thy pen."

And by Ling he was thus addressed:

"Had I *Chapman's* line or learning, *Johnson's* art,
Fletcher's more accurate fancie, or that part
Of *Beaumont* that's divine, *Dun's*† profound skill:
Making good verses live, and damning ill,
I then would praise thy verses," &c.

These "chief wits" seem to have studied the *ars adulandi* more than the *ars poetica*; and I therefore contrast their applauses with the censure of a minor wit.

"Tatham makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And plays, and songs, and ballads he comprizes
In keene iambicks; a lymphatick lyrick
He is, and plays and sings sweeter than *Derick*:‡

* Lives of the English Poets, p. 190.
† I. e. *Donne's*. ‡ Probably the *Hangman*.

For

For which amongst the broakers and broom-criers,
Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
Hee's cried up for a bard—and he is one;
For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone." *

Winstanley proceeds to inform us, in his brief poetical biography, that Tatham was contemporary and "of much like equal fame with Thomas Jordan:" a report that may probably be true, since he seems to have been "of much like equal" talent. He tells us further, that Tatham was also city-poet, making those speeches and representations used at the Lord Mayor's Show, and other public meetings. This piece of information is by Granger called erroneous; but his reasons for saying so he has omitted to assign: and we therefore seem entitled to give credence to Mr. Reed, who affirms that he was succeeded by Jordan † in the office of *city-poet*. ‡ It is certain that he com-

* Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. 1651, p. 142.

† Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, says, as to his being City Poet, "To the Restoration I have traced him, and a year or two beyond, in that office; but what became of him afterwards I know not. I suppose he was succeeded by Thos. Jordan." Oldys mentions his 1. "Londinum Triumphans," &c. 4to. 1663. 2. "Neptune's Address to his Majesty," congratulating his coronation in shews upon the water. Fol. 1661. 3. "London's Triumph celebrated Oct. 29, 1659," in honour of Tho. Allen, Lord Mayor of that city. 1659. 4to.

"There is some true history of Oliver Cromwell's wife Elizabeth in the play of 'The Rump, or the Mirrour of the late Times, 1661. 4to.' as well as much drollery. His friend Thos. Jordan, in his little Collection of Poems, called 'Wit in a Wilderness,' has one upon his faithful and ingenious friend, and old acquaintance, John Tatham, Gent. much to his praise."

"There was one John Tatham of Merton College, Oxf. admitted M. A. 1567, and afterwards Rector of Lincoln College." *Oldys.*—EDITOR.

‡ Biographia Dramatica, i. 266.

posed a mask in honour of Sir John Frederick's assuming the mayoralty of London in 1661, as a printed copy of it occurs in the British Museum. Gildon smiles at Langbaine for having found out a pleasant compensation for Tatham's want of extraordinary wit, by saying he possessed loyalty in the highest degree: this, he shrewdly adds, might be something to atone for the defects of a servant's brains, but very little for those of a poet.* Tatham however seems to have wanted judgment more than capacity, and taste more than ingenuity. He evidently formed his love-poems on the model of Cowley, and his miscellanies in emulation of Jordan. The present collection, which he terms "the maiden-blossoms of his Muse," is inscribed to the most worthy Mecænas, Sir John Winter, Knt Secretary of State and Master of Requests to the Queen. It consists of numerous amatory odelets and acrostics, addresses to friends, epithalamiums, elegies, epigrams, &c. From the former of these I extract one of the most pleasing pieces.

"*Cupid's Summons.*

"Fairest mortall, think not I
Priviledge a starre-like eye,
Or the choycest Faire on earth;
I can blast 'em in their birth:
Yet that you might feel desires,
Quenching Love's Idalian fires,
'Mongst a many beauties more,
I preserv'd thee to adore
My deity: but now I see
Thou disdain'st my power and me.

* Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, p. 140.

Therefore,

Therefore, by my Paphian bow,
My commands must let you know,
That a strange complaint of late
Beat a parley at my gate;
And so entred, that the gods
With that uprore grew at odds:
In so much that they me sent
Messenger of punishment,
In my mother's sacred name
You a traitor to proclame
'Gainst the laws of love and beauty;
And to what you owe by duty
To th' ethereal powers and me,
Cancell'd through inconstancie.
By my bow and flaming dart,
By the lover's bleeding hart,
By the hand and by the glove,
By the eye that captiv'd Jove,
I command and summon thee
At Love's barre to answer me,
To what we shall there object
'Gainst thy scorn and base neglect.
Fail not, creature, as you will
Answer your ensuing ill."

I add two specimens of the epigrams: and bad are the best.

" Will, the perfumer, met me in the street;
I stood amaz'd:—he ask'd me what I meant?
' In faith, (said I) your gloves are mighty sweet,
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger scent.'

" Jonas, the brasier, and his wife fell out:
He call'd her ' Slut,' and so it came about.
' Slut,' knave, (she said) now in good truth you lye—'
' With whom?' quoth he. Whereat, she 'gan to cry:
Reply'd—

Reply'd—' Enough; I'le yield in such a case,
When you are still your selfe a brazen face.'

The volume closes with "Love crownes the end: a *pastorall* presented by the schollers of Bingham in the county of Nottingham, in the yeare 1632." Much of this pastoral is as little fitted for scholastic representation as are some of the plays of Terence: but the plot is sufficiently puerile. Langbaine calls it a *tragi-comedy*, * and says it was printed with Tatham's poems entitled "The Mirrour of Fancies," in 1657. If so, the present volume may have had a second impression: though I think it more likely to have had only a new title; an established trick of trade among the book-venders of every period.

T. P.

ART. V. *Ostella: or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconcil'd. By I. T. Gent. London: Printed for John Tay, at the White Lion in the Strand, near the New Exchange.* 1650. *4to. pp.* 115.

The dedication to Sir Richard Hastings is signed John Tatham; whose portraiture is prefixed, and under it the following lines by R. C. initials that would apply to several contemporaries, though here probably

* Langbaine appears to have borrowed this blunder from Winstanley, who is certainly most to blame, since he had seen the book, or he could not have treated his readers with what he calls a taste of Tatham's juvenile wit; being the first six lines of introduction to a metrical dialogue, and as unfavourable a sample as he could have selected.

put

put for Robt. Chamberlain, who had complimented his "Fancies' Theater."

"Here is noe schisme, the judging eye may see
In every line a perfect harmony
And *Love* and *Beauty*, for soe great a grace,
Joy in theire lovely *reconciler's* face."

This publication would seem to be more rare than the preceding, from being unnoticed by Winstanley and others, who have given us notices of the former: but it has little except its rarity to recommend it. The servile mimicry of "Cowley's Mistress" will be obvious in the following specimens.

"*The Retreat.*

"Retreat, retreat; do you not see
As fast as you granadoes throw,
She quencheth them in pits of snow,
Intrencht about with ivory.

And when you undermine, you are
By cunning countermining crost,
And all your pioneers are lost;
Nay, all your treaties are but air.

Your cannons do no terrour sound;
For she, with penetrateless strength
Repels them:—then retreat, at length,
Ere your own weapons give you wound."

"*A Tempest.*

"Help, Love! or else I sink; for know
He best can help, that causeth woe:—
Help then, and with thy smoother palm,
The fury of my passion calm.
Succeeding tears in billows rise,
As they were seas met in my eyes:

My

My sighs united, proudly groan,
As the four winds combin'd in one.
Hark! how they roar:—my sighs and tears
Sure have conspir'd to tempt my fears:
See, how they swell!—now they are met,
And even a tempest do beget:
It shakes my bark, her ribs do crack,
And now my hopes expect a wrack.
Help, Love! for pity then, I pray—
Ere my poor heart be cast away."

All this is the froth or feculence of poetic wit. Writers of such love-verses sound "the very base string of humility" upon the dulcimer of apathy: or in the pastoral language of Shenstone—"'tis their's with *mock* passion to glow," &c. After proceeding through seventy pages, devoted to his imaginary Dulcinea, yclept OSTELLA, the poetizer commences with "Occasional copies of verses upon several subjects." Among these the most interesting appears to be stanzas addressed to the accomplished and gallant author of "Lucasta."

"*Upon my noble friend, Richard Lovelace, Esq. his being in Holland. An invitation.*

"Come, Adonis, come again;
What distaste could drive thee hence,
Where so much delight did reign
Sateing ev'n the soul of sense?
And though thou unkind hast prov'd,
Never youth was more belov'd.
Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
For Venus brooks not thy delay.

Wert thou sated with the spoil
Of so many virgins' hearts,
And, therefore didst change thy soil,
To seek fresh in other parts?

Dangers

Dangers wait on forreign game;
We have deer more sound and tame.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Phillis, fed with thy delights,
In thy absence pines away;
And Love, too, hath lost his rites;
Not one lass keeps holiday.
They have chang'd their mirth for cares,
And do onely sigh thy airs.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Elpine, in whose sager looks
Thou wert wont to take delight,
Hath forsook his drink and books
'Cause he can't enjoy thy sight:
He hath laid his learning by
'Cause his wit wants company.
Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
For friendship brooks not thy delay.

All the swains that once did use
To converse with Love and thee,
In the language of thy Muse,
Have forgot Love's deity:
They deny to write a line,
And do only talk of thine.
Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

By thy sweet Althea's* voice
We conjure thee to return;
Or we'll rob thee of that choice,
In whose flames each heart would burn:
That inspir'd by her and sack,
Such company we will not lack;
That poets in the age to come
Shall write of our Elisium."

* See Lovelace's Poems, p 97; or Percy's Reliques, Vol. ii. p. 329.

Like

Like Lovelace our author must have been "in durance vile," since he makes Ostella shed "precious tears" for his *imprisonment*. Two prologues occur near the end of the volume: one spoken at the Cock-pit, at the coming of the Red-Bull-players thither; and the other spoken at the Red-Bull, to a play called "The Whisperer, or what you please;" a play not recorded in the Biographia Dramatica.* Tatham has a few quibbling lines on the death of his father, and he informs us that his mother was Dorothy the daughter of Christopher Percy, Esq. of Manson in Dorsetshire, a justice of peace and high-sheriff of that county. I close my report of this obscure publication with a tribute to the loyal brother of Henry Lawes, the composer of Milton's Comus. He was killed at the siege of Chester, and for his death King Charles I. is said to have worn a private mourning. † He rivalled his brother in musical talent.

"*On the report of Master William Lawes his death.*

"Who says Will Lawes is dead?—had not his breath
Virtue enough to charm the spleen of Death?—
He that to discord could pure concord give,
Instructing all society to live,
Doth't come within your reason he can die,
Who bears a part in friendship's harmony?
Let not such thoughts abuse you: for the earth
Receives no musick but what was his mirth.
He dead, the melancholly world must be
Brought straight into a general lethargie:

* Tatham has a copy of verses before the "Sun's Darling," a masque, by Ford and Decker, printed in 1656.

† See Todd's Milton, V. 209.

Yet

Yet this I guess; finding his health impair,
He made this change but for a better *air*."

T. P.

ART. VI. *The Serpent of Deuision. Wherein is conteined the true History or Mappe of Rome's ouerthrowe, gouerned by Auarice, Enuye, and Pride, the decaye of Empires be they neuer so sure.*

Three things brought ruine vnto Rome,
that ragnde in Princes to their ouerthrowe:
Auarice, and Pride, with Enuie's cruell doome,
that wrought their sorrow and their latest woe.
England take heede, such chaunce to thee may come:
Feelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Whereunto is annexed the Tragedye of Gorboduc, sometime King of this Land, and of his two sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. Set foorth as the same was shewed before the Queene's most excellent Majesty, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London printed by Edward Allde for Iohn Perrin, and are to be sold in Paules Church yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1590. * *4to.* 12 *leaves.*

An Address "to the Gentlemen Readers."—"If thou demaund why I publish out Cæsar in this simple manner, I answer; that being not able to doo as I would, I must doo as I can.—To say somewhat to the purpose, though not altogether so much as thou expectest: I cannot though I would paint him foorth in bare cullours, yet I know his vallour hath blazend his

* Printed in 1559 by Owen Rogers.

owne

owne perpetuall honour in England, in oyle cullours, which are of longest continuance: for note when he entred Brutes Albion, after called Brittaine, and now of late England, in memory of his name, what rare monuments erected he after he had conquered Cassibilean of Albion, and made this lande paye yeerelye vnto Rome 3000 poundes tribute, then builded he Douer, with the two famous citties, Canterburye and Rochester, the tower of London, the castell and the town of Cesarisbury, now named Salisbury, and more according to his owne name, he edified Cesar-chester, after called for brevitie's sake Chichester, and after the strong castell of Exeter. In the meane space his prefixed time was past, and he returning to Rome receiued his ouerthrow, which hereafter followeth.—Such is the Serpent of diuision,—let it suffise, affable reader, thou sit thee downe and patiently with a mer-maide's eye peruse this small volume."—

Then follows an account of some of the principal events in the life of Cæsar and the manner of his death. "The cheef worker of this murder, was Brutus Crassus, associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate; all hauing bodkins in their sleeues; and as it is written in stories, he had twentye fower deadly woundes as he sat in the capitall. And as saith diuers recordes, he neuer in all his smart made cry nor noise, except only a lamentable sigh like one whom sodain sorrow had affrighted, so that touching the manner of his tragedy, I may conclude with y^e. flower of poets in our English tung, and the first that ever elumined our language with flowers of rhetorick & eloquence; I mean famous and worthy Chaucer which compendiously wrought

wrought the death of this mighty Emperour, saying thus:

> With bodkins was Cæsar Iulius
> Murdred at Rome, of Brutus Crassus.
> When many a region he had brought full lowe
> Lo: who may trust fortune any throw."

One page at the end with "the conclusion. Thus by the large writings and golden vollums of that woorthye Chaucer, the froward dame of Chaunce hath no respecte of persons, &c."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VII. *A lytle treatyse entytuled the damage and destruccyon in Realmes.* [The fragment of a tract printed by Peter Treuerys.] 12*mo. L. iiii.*

This little work is the same as the last article, and attributed to that voluminous writer John Lydgate.

——"befell tofore the dethe of Cezar, was this. Vpon the same nyght-tofore, that he was slayne on the morow; this noble Cynquerour Julius had a reuelacyon, semynge vnto hym in his slepe that he was wynged lyke an egle; and how he toke his flyght so hyghe, that he sored aboue the skyes, and aproched to the celestyallsee of Jupyter, and fell downe vppon the ryght hande of his god. An other maruelous sygne or prodygy there fell. Also his wyfe named Caliphurna, a lytle tofore the dethe of her lorde Julius, had a wonderfull dreme or vysyon, semynge vnto her whan she was a slepe, that the moste hyghest pynacle of the imperyall palays, sodeynly and vnwarely fell downe, and

there vppon incontynently all the wyndowes of the chambre where she slepte, without hande of any man; sodaynly brake a two theyr barres of yron and opened. Of whiche noyse she beynge sore afrayde in her slepe and of femynyne drede full sore syghed in her harte, as she that could nat conceyue in mynde what it ment. Also as Vnyce't in his hystoryall boke maketh mencyon, an hondred days before his petyous murdre, in the large market place of Rome, where as the stature & the gret ymage of Cezar stode vppon an hyghe pyller of stone, the name of Cezar grauen with letters of gold aboue his hede, whan the wether and the attempre ayre was most clere and styll, with a sodeyn stroke of the fyry leuen, the fyrst letter of his name C was smyten away; declarynge by this pronostycall sygne that lyke as this lettre C in nombre betokeneth an hondred, and was also most craftely wrought & grauen as for the chyef capytall letter of his name; to shew openly that the rasynge away of this lettre by vyolence of the fyry leuen, that he that was hede of all the erthe, within the space of a hondred days next ensuynge, sholde be vengeably murdred in Rome.

"Also the same day of his mordre as he wet moste ryally in his imperyall aray toward the consystory, a pore man named Tongisius toke hym lettres of all the purposed conspyracy by the Cenate vpon his dethe. But for he was neclygent to rede the lettres and to enclose them, the vengeable mordre was execute vpon hym. By which example, let no man be slowe nor neclygent to rede his letters, leste after for his neclygence it may turne hym to gret damage, which after may nat lyghtely be recouered. And the chyef cause and worker of this murdre was Brutus Crassus, assocyed

vnto

vnto hym two hondred & syxty of the Cenate, all hauynge bodkyns in theyr sleues. And as it is in story remembred, he had foure and twenty dedely woundes as he sat in the Capytoly. And, as sayth myn auctour, he neuer in al his smarte, made nouther crye nor no noyse, excepte onely a lamentable and a dolorous syghe, lyke a man that with sodeyne sorowe were afrayde. So that touchynge the vengeable maner of his pyteous murdre, I may conclude with hym that was floure of poetes in our Englysshe tonge, & the fyrst that euer enlumyned our language with floures of rethoryque & of eloquence. I mene my mayster Chaucer which compendyously wrote the deth of this myghty Emperour, saynge in this wyse. As foloweth on the next syde of the lefe.

¶ With bodkyns, was Cezar Julius
Murdred at Rome, of Brutus Crassus
Wha̅ many a regyon he had brought full low;
Lo, who may trust fortune any throwe.

Thus by wrytynge of my wyse prudent maister tofore sayd the frowarde and the contraryous lady dame fortune spareth nether emperour nor kynge to plunge hym downe sodeynly fro the hyghest prycke of her vnstable whele. Alas that neuer man lyst to lyfte vp his hertes iye, and prudently to aduerte the mutabylyte and the sodeyne chau̅ge of this false worlde. And let the wyse gouernours of every lande and regyon make a myrrour in theyr mynde of this manly man Julius, and consydre in theyr hertes the contageous damages and the importable harmes of dyuysyon, and let them se aduysedly and take example how the ambycyous pryde of Julius, the fretynge enuye of Pompeyus, & the vn-

stauncheable gredy couetyse of Marcus Crassus, were chyef and prymordyall cause of theyr destruccyon, executed and accomplysshed by cruell dethe. And nat onely that these aforsayd thre abhominable vyces were cause of theyre owne deth onely, but occasyon of many a thousãde other, many more than I can tell. Thus the cytty of Rome nat onely made bare and bareyne of theyr olde rychesse and spoyled of theyr treasour on the tone syde, but destytue & desolate by deth of theyr knyghthode on the other syde, me semeth ought ynough suffyce to exemplyfy what is to begyn a warre: and specyal ally to consydre the irrecuperable harmes of dyuysyon. And for this skyll moste especyally by cõmaundement of my mayster, I toke vpon me this lytell translacyon, & after my lytle cunnynge haue put it in remẽbraunce.

" ¶ Thus endeth this lyttle treatyse entytuled the Damage and destruccyon in Realmes. Newly and of late Enprynted by me Peter Treuerys. Dwellynge at London in Southwarke, at the sygne of the Wodõwes."

[The following unentitled verses on the last page.]*

" This lytle prose, declareth in figure
The great damage, & destruccyon
That whylõ fell, by fatall auẽture
Vnto Rome; the myghty royall towne
Caused onely, by false Dyuysyon
Amonge them selfe, the story telleth thus
Through Couetyse, & vayne Ambycyon
Of Pompey; and of Cezar Julius.

* "The declaracion of thys tragicall History in this lytle Booke." Edition 1559.

Chrysto

Chryste hymselfe, recordeth in scrypture
That euery lande, & euery regyon
Which is deuyded may no whyle endure
But turne in haste to desolacyon
For whiche ye lordes & prynces of renowne
So wyse, so manly, and so vertuous
Make a myrrour, tofore in your reason
Of Pomney and of Cezar Julius.

Harme done by dethe no man may recure
Agaynste whose stroke, is no redempcyon
It is full harde, in fortune to assure
Her whele so ofte turneth vp & downe
And for to eschew stryfe & dyscencyon
Within your selfe be nat contraryous
Remembrynge ay, in your dyscressyon,
Vpon Pompey, and Cezar Julius.
Finis."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VIII. *Syrs, spare youre good.* [The fragment of a poem printed in quarto by Wynkyn de Worde]

Of the shattered remains of two leaves the first page has apparently the customary ribband, for title which begins, "Sy." Beneath, a wood-cut of an old man and a young one in the attitudes of walking, and the last pointing to the preceding figure, yet looking at an object past; probably meant to represent the intention of youth to follow the course of experience. A tree between the figures and a blank label over each person. The same cut appears noticed in Herbert, 1780, as prefixed to "the complaynt of a louer's lyfe." On the second page the poem commences, and might have

been entitled "prologe." Some letters of the rhime of the first couplet remain, as follows:

aye
ye
gesse
haue I blesse
it well by a thynge
whiche I hauh had knowlegynge
As here after ye shall here full well
Of a knyghtes sone howe it befell
A ryche knyght there was in Fraunce I vnderstnade
And was a man of grete lande
And hyght Syr Thomas perlore
A sone he hadde wyth his wyfe and no more
And she was called fayre ysaungrayne
And theyr sone was called Rafeleyne
And of this chylde ye shall here
And of his fader and his moder dere
Of his fader he was lefe and dere
So was he of his moder I you ensere
So it happened vpon a daye
That this yonge man sholde sporte and playe
His fader badde hym go amonge wyse men
That he myght lerne some good of theym
But this yonge man hym be thought
That after his faders counseyll he wolde do nonght
But to yll compayne he hym drewe
And lerned all vyce and lefte vertue
Tyll fader and mode[r] were dede
T. an coude he none other rede
But burye theym after the comen vse
Othersorowe wolde he none vse

[*Conclusion of second side.*]

Whan soeuer in the world of ryote my be th[ought]
I coude it lyghtly helpe for to be wrought

Whiche

Whiche is now bytter it was than swete at that
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hap

Wherefore sholde not I take no sorowe agayne
Ye certes there is none that wyll me ony thynge lene
Euen thus the whele of fortune rennethe
And yf good locke dyde rayne, I sholde not be wete
If it be good locke or yll happe
It cometh to hym that shall haue it at a clappe
Euery body may se by me in this shande
Thyr fore spare your good that ye haue in hande

A man maye well a good felawe be
In the wyne in good ale in bere where so it be
And yf he thynke for the comune profyte also
Here or there where so euer he go
Thus maye a man haunte myrth and game
If he do it not by mesure he is to blame
For in euery thynge mesnre is good I vnderstande
Therefore spare your good that ye haue in hande

Fare well I sette you all this testamente
Who well lerne this shall be vnshente
And can kepe hym amonge good company
Shall be fre of all sorowe and myserye
Who so euer taketh this testament in remembraunce
Pouerte and myserye shall not fall to his chaunce
His good his worshyp shall he kepe I vnderstande
Therfore spare your good that he haue in hande

F I N I S

[*Conclusion of third side.*]

[Her]e endeth a lytell treatyse very profytable for [euery] yonge man and yonge women called Syrs spare [youre] good. Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete [at the] sygne of the Soone by me Wynken de Worde.

A M E N.

After the colophon the printer's device, as described in CENSURA, Vol. VIII. p. 354.

From the errors of the press, and entire neglect of punctuation, this tract appears to have been one of the earliest attempts by Wynken de Worde. The alteration of measure in the verse also implies the first portion contained an introductory description of the whole relation, and the hiatus a deficiency of four pages. *

These fragments were pasted within fly leaves of an old folio volume, and are now in the possession of the Reverend JAMES ASHLEY, of Binfield, Buckinghamshire, from whose obliging communication the transcript has been made.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IX. *A treatice of Moral Philosophy contayuynge the sayinges of the wyse, wherein you maye see the woorthye and pytthye sayinges of Philsophers, Emperors, Kynges and Oratours; of their liues their aunsweres, of what linage they came of, and of what countrey they were; whose worthy sentences, notable preceptes, counsailes, parables, and semblables doe hereafter followe. First gathered and partly set forth by William Baudwin, and nowe the fourth time since that enlarged by Thomas Paulfreyman, one of the Gentlemen of the Queenes Maiesties Chappell. If wysedome*

* It is difficult to ascertain the deficiency of such fragments. To ascertain at what period printers first adopted the plan of occasionally printing by sixes of a quarto size, or inserting a half sheet in the middle, is become material from the many titles and ends discovered as above described. I believe it was not practised so early as Wynken de Worde.

enter

enter into thyne harte, and thy soule delyght in knowledge; then shall counsell preserue thee, and vnderstanding shall keepe thee. Prouer. ij. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum 1579. 12*mo.* 136 *leaves.* *

Dedicated to Henry Hastings, Earle of Huntington, as a treatise "very expedient to al estates but most necessary (as Aristotle saith in his Ethnicks) to those y^t. by vertu of knowledge shal haue the gouernance of a com̃on wealth." In the prologue to the reader the writer states having read Bauldwin's work to avoid idleness, and calling "to remẽbrance the like worthy and notable sentences and good counsailes that I had often read in diuers and sundry other woorks; and to thentent by placing them together, I might the better keepe them in memory, and effectuallye bestowe some smale part of my tyme in such kinde of exercise, as should be to the glory of God——I minded this slender and small enterprise, which by his grace I haue most gladly finished."

The volume commences with the history of philosophy, a brief notice of several philosophers, princes, poets and wise men, from whose works the selection is

* The work originally formed by Baldwin passed three editions; then followed the enlargement of Palfreyman, printed by Tottel 1564. The words of the title, "fourth time," was continually repeated in subsequent editions. That of 1579 is without printer's name or colophon.—Again, "Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, 1584."—Again, "at London, printed by Robert Robinson, dwelling in Feter Lane neere Holborne. 1587."—According to Brand's catalogue, by Whitchurch, without date.—The latest edition I have is also without date. "London, printed by Thom s Snodham," and described as "the sixt time since inlarged by," &c.—An edition "by Richard Bishop, 1631," and probably many others.

formed.

formed. This portion is considered the first book, and concludes with a piece of poetry as

"*The summe of al.*

"In this first booke of Philosophers I briefly declared
The right order of their liues, and godly conuersation,
Whose examples of vertue ought ioyfully be embraced
And to be followed of al men without exception.
Their counsailes are comfortable in euery condition,
And next the deuine scriptures there is nothing more true
Then their godly good doctrine, to trade men in vertue."

Repeated publication for above a century multiplied the number of copies of this work to leave few persons without one. A short extract from the twelfth and last book may conclude.

"*Of pithy meeters of diuers manners, of Prouerbes, and Semblables. Wherein chiefely consisteth man's happy life in this world.*

"My frind the things that do attaine,
the happy life, be theis I find:
The riches left, not got with paine,
the fruitly ground, the quiet mind.

The equal frind, no grudge & strife,
no charge of rule nor gouernaunce:
Without disease, the healthie life,
the householde of continuance.

The meane dyet, noe deinty fare,
wisedome ioyned with simplenes.
The night discharged of al care,
where wine the wit doth not oppresse.

The

The faithful wife withouf debate,
such sleepes as may beguile the night.
Content thy selfe with thine estate,
nether wishe death, not feare his might." *

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *The treatise of Heauenly Philosophie: conteyning therein, not onely the most pithie sentences of God's sacred scriptures: but also the sayinges of certeine auncient and holie fathers as also of sundrie others, prepared and ordered greatly to edifie (according to the time) the vertuous and godlie Christian. By T. P. The worlde passeth away, and the lusts thereof: but he that fulfilleth the will of God, abides for euer. Psal. lxxxix. Esaie. xl. 1 Iohn ii. Imprinted at London for William Norton. 1578. 4to. pp. 816, without introduction and table.*

Increasing popularity of the work, mentioned in the preceding article, probably suggested a formation of the present. As that was modelled on a commonplace arrangement of the moral sentences of heathen philosophers, this is a similar arrangement derived from scripture. It did not extend to a second edition.

By the Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Honorable and his very good Lord, Thomas Earle of Sussex, Vicount Fitzwater, and Lord Egremount and Burnell, Knight of the most Honorable Order of the Garter, Capteine of the Queene's Maiestie's Gentlemen Pensioners, and Gentlemen at Armes, Chiefe Iustice and Iustice in Oyre of all her Maiestie's Forrestes, Parkes,

* These are by Lord Surry, from Martial.

Chases,

discussion of the supposed change in things that must take place in every leap year.

"The leape yeare for any thing I see, might well vse the defence of merie Skelton, who being a priest, and hauing a child by his wife, euery one cryed out, oh Skelton hath a child, fie on him, &c. Their mouthes at that time he could not stop: but on a holy day, in a mery mood, he brought the child to church with him, and in the pulpit stript it naked, and held it out, saying, 'See this child, is it not a pretie child, as other children be, euen as any of your's; hath it not legs, armes, head, feet, limbes proportioned euery way as it should be? If Skelton had begot a monster, as a calfe, or such like, what a life should poore Skelton haue had then?' So we say for the leape yeare, if it had changed the nature of things, as it is charged, how should it haue done then to defend itselfe? If the nature of any thing change in the leap yeare, it seemeth to be true in men and women, according to the answer of a mad fellowe to his mistresse, who being called knaue by her, replied that it was not possible, for, said he, if you remember your selfe, good mistresse, this is leape yeare, and then, as you know well, knaues weare smockes."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIII. *Seneca his tenne tragedies translated into Englysh. Mercurij nutrices, horæ. Imprinted at London in Fleet streete neere vnto Saincte Dunstan's Church by Thomas Marsh.* 1581. *4to.*

Dedicated to Sir Thomas Henneage, Treasurer of the Queen's chamber. The first play is Hercules furens,

furens, translated by Jasper Heywood,* and the recital of the chorus, at the conclusion of the first act, thus commences:

"The fading starres now shyne but seelde in sighte,
In stipye skye, night ouercome with day
Plucks in her fyres, while spronge agayne is light,
The day starre drawes the cleresome beames theire waye.
The ycye signe of haughtye poale agayne,
With seuen starres markt, the beares of Arcadye,
Do call the light with ouerturned wayne;
With marble horse nowe drawne, hys waye to hye
Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spred;
The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
Of Thebes strewde, by daye do blushe full redde;
And to returne doth Phœbus syster flee.
Now labor harde beginnes, and euery kynde
Of cares it styrres, the shepehearde doth vnfolde;
His flockes vnpende do grase their foode to fynde,
And nippes the grasse with hoary frost full colde.
At will doth play in open medow faire
The calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
The empty kyne their vdders doe repayre;
And lyght with course vncertayne here and there.
In grasse full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges;
In toppe of boughe doth sitte with chaunting songe,
And to the sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,
Bestirres herselfe her mourneful nestes amonge;
The Nightingall; and doth with byrdes aboute
Confuse resounde with murmure mixed ryfe
To witnes day.———"

The following is the description of the dog Cerberus, in the third act.

* Nat. 1535. Ob. 1597.

" Of greedy Ditis after this doth then the house appere,
The fierce and cruell Stygian dogge doth fraye the spirites there,
The whiche with great and roaring sounde his heads vpshaking three
The kingdome keepes his vgly head with filth full foule to see
The serpentes licke; his hayres be fowle with vypers set among,
And at his crooked wrested tayle doth hysse a dragon long,
Like yre to shape: when him he wyst his pace that way to take,
His bristle hayres he lifteth vp with fierce vp bended snake,
And sounde sent out; he soone perceyues in his applyed eare
Who euen the sprits is wont to sent as soone as stoode more neare
The sonne of loue, the doubtfull dogge strait couched downe in denne,
And eche of them did feare; beholde with dolefull barking then
The places dumme he makes a dred, the threatning serpent stout
Through all the fieldes about doth hysse; the bawling noyse sent out
Of dredfull voyce from triple mouth, euen sprits that happy bee
Doth make afrayde."———

Col.—" Here endeth the first Tragedye of Seneca, called Hercules furens, translated into Englishe by Iasper Heywood, studente in Oxenforde." Then follows a head title.

The second tragedie of Seneca entituled Thyestes, faythfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, felow of Alsolne Colledge in Oxenforde.

The chorus at the conclusion of the first act thus depicts the fate of Tantalus.

— — —

With empty throate standes Tantalus begylde,
Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,
Then Phineys fowles inflight a swifter pray,
With turned bowes declynd on euery syde,
And of his fruites all bent to beare the sway.
The tree eludes the gapes of hunger wyde,
Though hee full greedy feede theron would fayne,
So oft deceyu'de neglectes to touch them yet;
He turns his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
And famine fixt in closed gummes doth shet:

But

But then each braunch his plenteous ritches all
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie
With lither leaues they flatter like to fall
And famine styrre, in vayne that bids to trye
His handes; which when he hath rought forth anone
To be beguyld, in higher ayre againe
The haruest hanges, and fickle fruit is gone;
Then thirst him greeues no lesse then hungers payne:
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling bloud
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call
That meete his mouth; which straight the fleeyng floud
Withdrawes, and from the dryed foorde doth falle,
And him forsakes that followes then. He drinkes
The dust so deepe of gulfe that from him shrinkes."

A speech by Atreus, in the third act, describing portion of his revengeful cruelty, thus begins:

"Entrapt in trayne the beast is caught and in the snare doth fall,
Both him, and eke of hated stocke with him the ofspryng all,
About the father's syde I see; and now in saufety stands
And surest ground my wrathfull hate, now comes into my hands
At lengthe Thyestes; yea hee comes and all at once to mee;
I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant may anger brydled bee.
So when the bloud hound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent
Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,
With nose to soyle doth hunt, while he the boare alooffe hath founde
Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde
With silent mouth; but when at hand he once perceiues the pray,
With all the strength he hath he striues with voyce, and calls away
His lingring maister, and from him by force out breaketh hee,
When ire doth hope the present bloud, it may not hydden bee."

The thyrd tragedy of L. Annaevs Seneca: entituled Thebais, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Thomas Newton, 1581.*

* Born about 1540—50. Ob. May 1607.

A few lines from the speech of Antigone, when her father Œdipus would have him leave her, will suffice.

" No, though the worlde went all on wheeles; though Ioue should from aboue
Hurle flashing flakes vpon the earth, all shall not quayle my loue.
No, though his thumping thunderbolt (when wee togeather stand)
Should light betweene vs, whereas we are plighted hand in hand,
Yet wil I neuer thee forsake, but hold my handfast still;
Therefore its booteles, father deare, to countermand my will
In this my full resolved mynd. Forbid me if you please,
But surely I wil be your guide in weale, woe, dole, & ease.
And maugre all your sharpe reproſes (though much against your mind)
I will direct your steppes and gate, that your way may fynd,
Through thick & thinne, through rough and smoth, I wil be at an ynch;
In hill and dale, in wood & groue, I'le serue at eu'ry pinch."

The fovrth and most rvthfvl tragedy of L. Annaevs Seneca, entituled Hippolytvs, translated into Englishe, by Iohn Studley. *

From the chorus at the end of the second act.

" Hippolytvs euen as the rageing storme away doth fly,
More swift than whirling westerne wynde vptumbling cloudes in sky,
More swift then flashing flames, that catch their course with sweeping sway,
When stars ytost with whisking windes long fiery drakes display.
Fame (wondring at of alder time our aunce:tours renowne)
Farewell with thee, and beare away olde worship from our towne.
So much thy beauty brighter shines, as much more cleare and fayre,
The golden moone with glorious globe full furnisht in the ayre
Doth shine, when as the fiery tips of wayning hornes doe close,
When lifting vp her fulgent face in ambling waine she goes,
Vpon her nightwatch to attend, the starres of lesser light
Their darckned faces hide, as hee the messenger of night,
That watchword geues of th' euening tide and Hesperus hee hight;
That glading earst was bath'de in seas, and hee the same agayne,
When shades be shrunck, doth then the name of Lucifer obtayne."

* Killed in Flanders, 1587. *Chetwood.*

Oedipvs,

Oedipvs, the fifth tragedy of Seneca, Englished the yeare of our Lord M. D. LX. By Alexander Nevyle. *

This play has an Epistle Dedicatory addressed "to the Right Honorable Maister Doctor Wotton, one of the Queene's Maiestie's Priuy Counsayle;" which describes the translatour as only sixteen, and in a preface to the reader he states "his author in word and verse somewhat trasformed, though in sense little altered; and yet oftentimes rudely encreased with mine owne simple inuention, more rashly (I confesse) than wisely, wishing to please all; to offend none."

The chorus at the end of the first act, gives minute particulars of the misery arising from the wrath of the gods.

"Nothing, alas! remaynes at all in wonted old estate,
But all are turned topsett downe, quight voyd and desolate;
The faisting horse for sodayne paine from back his burden tats,
And afte. on his maister's brest his liueless lyms he squats;
Who cries for help; but all in vain the beastes in field that bide
Vnkept, vnknowen wayes and paths do raunge and ouerstride.
The bull for lacke of foode and meate in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flocke dispersed quight, the sely shephard dyes.
The herdman eke amongst his beasts his fatal breath expiers,
And to the heuens with piteous cries commends his last desiers.
The harts without all feare of wolues do lyue in wretched peace,
The rage, and wrathful roring sounds of ramping lions cease;
The vengeaunce wild outragious beares are now as tame as sheepe,
The vgly serpent that was wont the rocky dennes to keepe,
Oft quaffing poisoned venom sups in inward heat she boyles,
And all inflam'd and schorcht, in vayne for lenger lyfe she toyles.
The woods are not adourned now, with fresh and lyuely hue,
The wonted shades are gon. All things are quight out of their queu!
No greenish grasse on ground doth grow, the earth no moisture soupes,
The vine withouten any sap his drowsy head down drowpes.

* Nat. 1544. Ob. 1614.

What shall I say? All things alas are writhen out of course,
And as they seeme to me are lyke to fare still worse and worse.
O mighty God aboue! When ende these euer durying yls?
When cease these plages that gilties bloud thus fierce and raging spils?
I thinck but we, almost alyue there do no men remayne,
Whom dolful darts of destenies on earth haue left vnslayne;
I thinke the darcksome shades of hell where filthy fluds do flow
Where plages and vile diseases too, where dredfull horrors grow,
And all the furies broosten loose do mischiefs on vs throw,
With botch and blaine of sundry kindes which southern blasts do blow,
And wrekful vexed hagges of hell do breath and on vs bringe;
The angry fendes of hell I thinke their vengeaunce on vs flinge,
And out their mortall poyson spue which they againyst vs beare!
Lo see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes doth leare;
See, see, Oh Ioue! howe fast hee throwes his dartes; not one he spares,
But all confounds, his thretning force withstand no creature dares.
No doubt, the lothsome feryman the sinfull soules that traynes,
Through stincking fluds, his labour lothe that he for vs sustaynes,
Such presse by plumps to him is made which still renews his paynes.
But harke yet monsters more then these, the fame abroade doth fly
That hellishe dogges wt bawling sound were heard to howle and cry,
And yt the ground with trembling shooke, and vnder feete did moue,
And dreadful blasing comets bright were seen in skies aboue;
And gastly shapes of men besides to wander on the ground,
And woods, and trees on euery syde, did fearefully resound;
Besides all this strange ghosts were seene in places where they stoode
And ryuers more than one, or two, that ran all blacke goord bloode;
O cruell plague! O vile disease! farre worse then speedy death;
O wee vnhappy thrise and more, who doe prolonge our breath!"

The sixte tragedie of the most grave & prudēt author Lvcivs Annævs Seneca entituled Troas, with diuers and sundrye additions to the same by Iasper Heyvvood.

An Address to the Reader, considers the writer, wil be accused of arrogance in attempting to give in English the flower of all writers, Seneca, when so many fine wits and towardly youth are at that time flourishing

ing. The several additions are noticed and the favour requested for his beginnings. The argument is in thirteen seven-line stanzas; as a specimen of Heywood's original composition the first five are taken.

" The ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to heare,
And of th' affayres that there befell in fight;
Reade ye the workes that long since written were,
Of th' assaultes, and of that latest night,
When turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright;
Good clerkes they were that haue it written well,
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish toung,
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
Ech one in writ hath pen'd a stoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and casteth care to knowe
These antique authors, shal the story showe.

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the banners spread,
Achilles' yres, and Hector's frightes they teach;
There may the iestes of many a knight be read,
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Aiax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full sore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made;
A hugie horse where many a warlike knight
Enclosed was; the Troians to inuade
With Sinon's craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
While close they lay at Tenedos from sight,
Or how Eneas els as other say,
And false Antenor did the towne betray:

But

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne author hath not all that story pen'd;
My pen his wordes in English must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at end,
What finall fates the cruell God could send;
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Troians, therof shall I speake."

The chorus of the second act is composed in similar measure, and commences;

" May this be true, or doth the fable fayne,
When corps is deade the sprite to liue as yet?
When death our eies with heauy hand doth strain,
And fatall day our leames of light hath shet,
And in the tombe our ashes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewyse his funerall,
But still, alas! do wretches liue in thrall?
Or els doth all at once together die?
And may no part his fatal howre delay,
Bul with the breath the soul from hence doth flie?
And eke the cloudes to vanish quite awaye,
As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day?
And may no iote escape from desteny,
When once the brand hath burned the body?
What euer then the ryse of sunne may see,
And what the west that sets the sunne doth know;
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
That restles seas do wash and ouerflow,
With purple waues stil tombling to and fro;
Age shal consume, each thing that liuth shal die,
With swifter race than Pegasus doth flie."

The seventh tragedye of L. Annaevs Seneca, entituled Medea, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Iohn Stvdley.

The

The argument is rendered in three seven-line stanzas. A long speech of the chorus at the end of the third act begins;

"No fier's force, nor rumbling rage of boistrus blustring winde,
No dart shot whirling in the skies such terrour to ye. minde
Can driue, as when ye. ireful wife doth boile in burning hate
Depriued of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
Nor where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gusshing showres apace.
Where veighment Isters waumbling streame comes waltring downe amayne,
Forbidding both the banks to meete, & cannot oft contayne
Himselfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way;
Nor Rodanus whose russhing streame doth launch into the sea.
Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne
The winter's snowes disolude with hate downe to the ryuers runne;
The clottred top of Haemus' hill to water thin doth turne,
Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly doth burne,
And modest rule regardeth not, nor brydels can abyde,
Nor dreading death doth wish on dinte of naked blade to slyde."

The eyghth tragedye of L. Annaeus Seneca entituled Agamemnon, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Iohn Stvdley.

To this play Studley added, at the conclusion, a whole scene, from which is selected a relation of the death of Cassandra.

"While thus were woefull waylings hard in euery place about,
The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
Like as the swan, who when the time of death approcheth nye,
By nature warned is thereof, and pleased well to dye,
Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemne songe;
Euen so the noble vyrgin who in wee hath liued longe,
Most ioyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
Stout boulstring out her burly breast with pryncely porte and grace.
Nothing dismayde with courage boide, and chearefull countenaunce,
On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe aduaunce;

As

As though she had not thyther come, to leaue her lothsome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to tas'e the stroke of fatall knyfe;
But euen as if in brydale bed her iourney were to meete
Corebus deare, not hauing mynde of death, nor winding sheete,
When looking rounde on euery side she took her leaue of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greekes themselues to griefe are mou'de to see this heauy sight,
So pity pearst the headman's heart, that thrise aboute to smite
He stayde the smot; with shiuering hand yet once agayne he tryed,
And from her shoulders stroke her heade, and thus the vyrgin dyed."

The ninthe tragedy of Lucius Annæus Seneca, called Octauia; translated out of Latine into Englishe by T[homas] N[uce or Neuce.][*]

Seneca, in character, having described the age of Saturn, &c. proceeds;

"But now this age much worse then all the rest
Hath leapt into her mother's broken breast:
And rusty lumpish yron and massy gold
Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighting fistes haue armd without delay,
And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,
Haue certayne seuerall ioly kingdomes made,
And cities new haue raysde now rulde with blade,
And fenseth eyther with their proper force
Strau'ge stoundes, or them assaults the which is worse.
The starry specked virgin, flowre of skies,
Which Iustice hight, that guilty folke discries,
Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,
Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere
The sauage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
With dabbed wristes in goary bloud embrude;
The great desyre of griesly warre is sprong:
And raping thurst of gold, it is not young."

[*] Prebendary of Ely Cathedral, 1586. Ob. 1617.

The

The tenth tragedy of L. Annae. Seneca, entituled Hercvles Octævs: translated out of Latin into Englishe by I[ohn] *S*[tvdley.]

The following lines are from the chorus to the third act.

" Fvll true the dytty is
that holy Orphevs sang,
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof
the rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat
for euer to endure;
Dame Nature's byrdes each on must stoupe;
when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth cri-pen lockes,
or goulden hayres full,
In time hath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time
doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde Satvrne sharps his syth at length
to reape it downe agayne.
Though Phoebvs ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy clowde.
To th' Gœtans Orphevs sang
such kinde of melody;
And how the gods themselues were bounde
to lawes of destiny.——
The shiuerynge sunne in heauen
shall leese his fadyng lighte;
The pallace of the frames of heavens
shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish gods
some kynd of death shall quell,
And in confused chaos blynde
they shall for euer dwell,

And

mentioned in my last, the following comparison between them will sufficiently convince them of the truth of the fact with respect to that short portion alone of the ninetieth Psalm.

"*Edit. of* 1597.

V. 2. The earth and all abroad.

Edit. of 1715.

The earth and world abroad.

V. 3. And then thou sayest againe return,
Againe ye sons of men.
Thou unto them dost say again
Return ye sons of men.

V. 5. All as a sleep and like the grass.
Ev'n as a sleep or like the grass.

V. 7. And of thy fervent wrath and fume
And of thy fervent wrath O Lord.

V. 8 Our privie faults, yea, eke our thoughts.
Our privy faults yea all our thoughts.

V. 10. Our time is threescore yeeres and ten
That we do live on mould,
If we see fourscore, surely then
We count him wondrous old.

V. 10. *The time of our abode on earth*
Is three score years and ten,
But if we come to four score years,
Our life is grievous then.

V. 11. Yet of this time the strength and age,
The which we count upon,
Is nothing else but painfull grief.

V. 11. *For of this time the strength and chief,*
We dote so much upon,
Is nothing else but pain and grief.

V. 12. Who once doth know what strength is there,
What might thine anger hath.

V. 12.

V. 12. *What man doth know what power, and*
What might thine anger hath."

Now if so many alterations were made, many for the worse and none for the better, except sometimes an obsolete word removed, it were to be wished that a different plan had been adopted, that of equally removing the most flat and vulgar expressions, in order that by substituting more select phrases the insipidity might be removed without destroying the simplicity of language. This is an excellence in poetry, of which the writers in Elizabeth's reign seem to have had no conception; for they often overwhelm their thoughts under a profusion of high-flown, pompous and turgid expressions, which lift us up to the third heavens, and then in the very next line we sink down again, along with Sternhold, far below the level of mediocrity, and down to the very dust of the ground. Now as *essences* are so much in fashion, it seems to me possible however to have extracted from Sternhold's lines an *essence* of some better poetic effect, by the preparation abovementioned; whereas the opposition between the high flights of other Elizabethian poets and their inclination to creep upon the ground, presents itself so continually, as renders the operation more difficult in them, and indeed almost impossible without a double distillation from the grosser materials, in order to be able to extract any poetic essence, even in almost any two stanzas together, without the spirit evaporating altogether. The Psalms by Sternhold, so modelled, would have been more acceptable to common congregations than any new version in a higher style; and it was with this view, that I have given a sample of such an *essence of*

Sternhold, in which more is retained from the ancient edition of 1597, than from the variations in the later ones. S.

In Shakespear's *As You Like It* the following lines are known to all.

" Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters *warp*,
Thy *sting* is not so *sharp*
As friends rememb'red not."

But I doubt whether all persons understand in the same sense the line *Tho' thou the waters warp*. The word *warp* is now always used in a bad sense to denote the perversion of an object from its right state to one less natural or proper, as when a board is said to be warped: among weavers only it is still used in a sense approaching nearer to its original meaning of *to work*; thus their first parallel threads extended for a web are called the warp, as being the foundation of the *work*, which are afterwards crossed by other threads by means of the shuttle, and called the *woof*. Did Shakespear then mean to suggest, that the conversion of water into ice might be considered as a perversion of it from its right state? This may be possible, and, I believe, it is thus generally understood; yet it seems to be both an uncommon and even harsh kind of expression. Or did he allude to the parallel threads of icicles hanging from the eaves of houses, which in the first scene of this act he calls the *icy phang*, and may here mean

mean by the *sharp sting?* Now I doubt whether he meant either sense, and did not rather use *warp* here in its original sense of merely *to work upon* the waters, which primitive sense the word still retained in his age, and is often employed in that sense in the version by Sternhold; nay, I know of no example there, where it has any other meaning, the idea of perversion not being then included in *warping*. Thus in Ps. 52.

" Why doth thy minde yet still devise
Such wicked wiles to *warp?*
Thy tongue untrue in forging lyes
Is like a rasour *sharp.*"

Where we may observe also that it rhymes to the very same word *sharp* as in the poet, and is a mere variation of the prose version, " Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs like a sharp razor, *working* deceitfully." This extensive sense *weorpan* always has in the Anglo-Saxon, i. e. *projicere, jactare, immittere,* and *to do* any thing in general; a mole was called a mould-warp, on account of its *throwing out* the mould and *working* under ground. Again in the seventh Psalm,

" He whets his sword, his bowe he bends,
Aiming where he may hit,
And doth prepare his mortal *darts,*
His arrows *keen* and *sharp,*
For them that do me persecute,
Whilst he doth mischiefe *warp.*"

Here *warp* means again to work mischief in the original sense of the Saxon word; in the prose it is only *conceived mischief:* but the edition of Sternhold of 1715 has changed it to *harp.* " And do at mischief harp." In another Psalm we have,

" What vantage or what thing
Gettest thou thus for to *sting?*

Thy tongue doth hurt, I weene,
No less than arrows *keen*." 120th.

In these lines we find so many thoughts, words and rhymes, similar to those lines of Shakespear, that one would be almost tempted to think those psalms to have been uppermost in the poet's mind at the time of composition, and although he followed the ungodly trade of a poet, yet that he did sometimes go to church and sing psalms, and even remembered them the next day: he had only to change the meaning *mutatis mutandis* from inveighing against the malice of open enemies to the above lines against the ingratitude of false friends; and we have no reason to conceive that he meant any thing more by *to warp the waters* than to *operate upon, or work upon the waters*, agreeably to the sense of warp in the version of his cotemporary Sternhold. We have seen in the case of Coligny's ghost how ready he was to turn every thing which he read to use, and pluck flowers from every bush in his way.

P. S. It being mentioned in your last, p. 258, that Hawking has been noticed by Firmicus, in his astrology, who lived under Constantine, I find there the following words: "In Virgine si Mercurius fuerit inventus, quicunque sic eum habuerint fortes erunt et industrii, sagaces, equorum nutritores, accipitrum, falconum cæterarumque avium, quæ ad aucupia pertinent, similiter et canum, molossorum, vertagorum et qui sunt ad venationes accomodati. Homines quoque et milites tenebunt, omniaque munimenta ad militiam pertinentia, ac plurimum equestri jaculatione delectabuntur." *Lib.* v. 8. Query whether the Greeks had preceded the Romans in this art? S.

ART.

ART. XV. *On the Mode of Interpreting the Prophecies.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

With very great respect for the learning and talents of your venerable Correspondent *S.* to whom I think all your readers are under much obligation, I must differ from him with regard to some of the positions stated in his letter inserted in your last Number. That there is a medium to be observed between the wholly literal and wholly allegorical or mystical interpretation of the prophecies cannot be denied. But the difficulty still remains to know where to draw the line. Good and eminent men, Jews as well as Christians, ancients as well as moderns, have erred on both sides. In our own days we have seen the virtuous and learned Bishop Horne allegorizing almost the whole of the scriptures; and Rosemuller (as I judge from what *S.* says of him) reducing them again to their literal meaning. Yet surely there is a line to be drawn, safe at least, though neither inclusive nor exclusive of a great part of the Bible, which is from the information of the New Testament. Whatever Rosemuller or any other commentator may say, while I believe in the general inspiration of the apostles I must also believe that those prophecies which they expressly quote, and to the completion of which in their own sight they bear witness, were in the proper sense prophecies and to be fulfilled at a future time, however literally they might appear to be accomplished in their first and most obvious sense: and references of this kind in the New

Testament are too numerous and well known to make it necessary to quote them. That these were also the sentiments of Bishop Lowth, who in the opinion of *S.* maintains the literal in opposition to the mystic sense of prophecy, appears from his own words, in a part of the very note which he quoted in your last; "yet obvious and plain," says the Bishop, "as I think this literal sense is, we have nevertheless the *irrefragable* authority of John the Baptist, and of our blessed Saviour himself, as recorded by all the evangelists, for explaining this exordium (of the xlth ch. of Isaiah) of the prophecy of the opening of the gospel by the preaching of John, and of the introducing of the kingdom of Messiah."—"And this we shall find to be the case in many subsequent parts also of this prophecy, where passages manifestly relating to the deliverance of the Jewish nation, effected by Cyrus, are with good reason and upon undoubted authority to be understood of the redemption wrought for mankind by Christ."

"If the literal sense of the prophecy cannot be questioned, much less surely can the spiritual; which I think is allowed on all hands, even by Grotius himself." *

I cannot therefore see how Lowth "completed what Martin begun and Grotius corrected." For in reality Lowth was not a commentator but a translator. It was to the structure and imagery of the language to which he particularly applied his attention, both in his Isaiah, and in his "*Prælectiones de sacra Poesi.*" †

* *Even by Grotius*; it may then be observed here, obiter, that the Bishop evidently means to infer that Grotius attached himself too strictly to the *literal* interpretation of prophecy.

† It is not meant that no other subjects are embraced in this elegant work, but that the explanation of the prophecies makes no part of it.

In

In neither of them does he enlarge on the scope and design of the prophecy explained, though he sometimes refers to it in a short and cursory manner. But let him speak for himself. "Whatever senses are supposed to be included in the prophet's words, spiritual, mystical, allegorical, analogical, or the like, they must all depend upon the *literal* sense." * And again, "The † design of the notes is to give the reasons and authorities on which the translation is founded; to rectify or to explain the words of the text; to illustrate the ideas, the images, and the allusions of the prophet, by referring to objects, notions and customs, which peculiarly belong to his age and his country; and to point out the beauties of particular passages. I sometimes indeed endeavour to open the design of the prophecy, to shew the connection between its parts, and to point out the event which it foretels. But in general I must entreat the reader to be satisfied with my endeavours faithfully to express the literal sense, which is all that I undertake. If he would go deeper into the mystical sense, into theological, historical, and chronological disquisitions, there are many learned expositors to whom he may have recourse, who have written full commentaries on this prophet; to which title the present work has no pretensions." The *literal* sense therefore in which the Bishop is supposed to follow or agree with Grotius, is in reality only the *literal* manner in which he has thought proper to translate his original. It refers merely to the version, not to the explanation of the prophecy. With respect to the 40th chapter, Lowth certainly supposes that the prophecy

* Preliminary Dissertation, p. lii. † Ib. p. lxxiii.

has a double meaning, the one nearer and the other more remote; but I am at a loss to discover where *S.* has found (as he asserts p. 298) that Lowth differs from Origen concerning the meaning of the 53d chapter. I can find nothing like it either in his notes or in his Prælections. In the latter (Prælect. xix) he uses this strong expression about it, "illustre illud Vaticinium de Messiæ humilitate & pœnis piacularibus." In the former he introduces this prophecy by saying, "here Babylon is at once dropped.—The prophet's views are almost wholly engrossed by the superior part of his subject. He introduces the Messiah as appearing at first in the lowest state of humiliation; and obviates the offence which would be occasioned by it, by declaring the important and necessary cause of it, and foreshewing the glory which should follow it." The only place in which the Bishop mentions Origen is to introduce a note by Dr. Kennicot on the eighth verse, to prove a various reading of the Hebrew from the lxx; nor does he in any of his notes even hint at any application of this prophecy to any other person, primarily or remotely, but to Christ alone.

P. M.

ART.

ART. XVI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N°. LV.

On the Beneficence of Providence in bestowing a Sensibility to the Charms of Nature; and on the permanent Power of delighting possessed by Poetry, which describes them.

It is probably for the most beneficent purposes that we are endued with a keen sensibility for the charms of Nature. Even now, when winter howls round us, and a damp and black gloom hovers over the lawn, and the brown leafless woods that skirt it, I look abroad from my retirement, and feel my anxieties gilded by a solemn kind of pleasure. Addison has a paper on this subject written with all that philosophical truth, that beauty of imagery, moral pathos, nice discrimination, and felicity of language, which render his essays inimitable.

From the very earliest period of my life, almost every thing which has been of sufficient interest to make a lasting impression on my memory, has intermixed itself with some look of the sky, or the fields, or the woods; or some other image of Nature. I remember, though I have not power to describe, a hundred aspects of the sun and the moon over the scenes of my nativity, as connected with some childish exploit, from the age of six, nay of four, years. And surely, as sensations of this kind are among the most pure and virtuous of our existence, we may be allowed to look back upon them with satisfaction and delight!

The

The remark may be sufficiently obvious, but I c not help here expressing it, that this habit of a ciating all his feelings and every event which he scribes with natural scenery, is among the prin charms of the poetry of Burns. It almost alv makes the opening of his love-songs; and gene even of his songs of war. For this we need lool further than the index, containing the first lines o songs, in the fourth volume of Currie's edition o works. And I will only specify two or three, w immediately cross my eye.

" The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;
Nor lavrock sung on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while;
And aye the wildwood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballockmyle." &c.

" Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green br
Flow gently; I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not my dream

" Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell;
Yon distant isle will often hail:
' E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!"

" *Evan Banks.*

" Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
O banks, to me for ever dear!
O streams, whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the tide!" * &c.

It appears to me that Burns never made an assignation of pleasure or friendship, without feeling that the tints of the sky, and the natural scenery around him, were prominent ingredients in his enjoyment. This is one striking feature among the many exquisite charms of *Gray's Elegy*. All the characteristics, every leading event of the rustic's life, which are delineated with such admirable feeling, and such vigorous and living touches, are connected with, and marked out by some image of surrounding nature. Thus " the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," (one of the finest lines in the whole body of English, or any, poetry) " the twittering swallow;" the " woods bowing to the axe," &c. &c. (all of which are too familiar to every reader to be here particularized), so soften and smooth the melancholy created by the affecting ideas of mortality and earthly oblivion, as to make us in love with a peaceful obscurity, and hang with benevolent and tender hearts over the " short and simple annals of the poor."

* This last is from Mr. Cromek's new volume of " Reliques of Burns," just published, by Cadell and Davies. 8vo.

This

This was also the vital charm of the poetry of Cowper, who says, speaking of the country,

> " I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
> That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
> But here I laid the scene!"

But it has been doubted, and justly doubted, whether descriptions of this kind will long interest without much intermixture of sentiment and moral remark. Man must form an important part of the picture; and to develope its operations on him will always give it its highest interest.

I will venture to say, that no ambitious verbal delineation, no unchaste and gorgeous heaping together of imagery, no laboured combination of objects, will gain the approbation of judges, or the sympathy of those, who have a genuine taste. They, whose writings are dictated by artifice and imitation, want those infallible directors in selecting and combining their materials, which are to be found in the voluntary impulses of the head and the heart endowed with genius. These mocking-birds of poetry catch perhaps distinct parts of the songs of their masters with tolerable exactness; but being insensible of the flow of soul, by which they have been produced, they jumble them together in an association so unnatural, as to retain no part of the charms which the originals possessed. We see similar defects every day exhibited in pictures; we see glaring colours, distorted invention, and incredible toil: but all is vain; and whatever the mob may pronounce, the eye of skill turns away from them unaffected, except with disgust. In the mean time the real painter combines without effort; embodies the unsought visions of

his fancy; and meets delight in every cultivated spectator; and a mirror in every well-formed bosom.

The test, which I have now, and often before, mentioned, I believe to be infallible, if applied to the merits either of poetry or painting. It will shew where lies the radical defect of the multitudes of second-rate rhymers, who follow at the heels of the few poets of every age. It will account for the similitude of the outward forms of their productions; and the marked dissimilitude of the souls which animate them. In the first a secret power carries us along with them in every line; in the others it is *vox et præterea nihil.*

Let us instance in a poetess lately dead. Where lies the charm of those little poems of Mrs. Smith, which she has entitled SONNETS? Is it in description? We shall find many among her cotemporaries, whose descriptions are more abundant, more uncommon, and more splendid than hers! But are they equally natural? Do they seem equally to breathe the freshness and vigour of original feeling? And is the association such as equally to command the sympathy of the reader?—Is it in sentiment? Perhaps few among her rivals exhibit sentiments less recondite, or even less free from some appearance of triteness. But have they the effect of triteness in her? No: because they evidently spring from the fulness of a pure, a pathetic, and an overflowing heart.

The well-spring of natural eloquence was never yet tedious or insipid. The unsophisticated ideas, whose vividness shines through the language in which they are clothed, possess a permanent attraction; and though they are such as have appeared to the world a thousand times before, still continue to delight. Stupid critics analyse,

analyse, and the charm is gone; they separate the parts, and find nothing in them. We may say with Burns,

> These "pleasures are like poppies spread;
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-falls in the river,
> A moment white, then melts for ever;
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm." *

But the charm will be renewed; and real poetry will always delight, as it re-appears, in spite of critics and analysers; while all the rules of writing, and all the praise of the mechanical judges, will not preserve a production, where the soul of poetry is wanting. A simple, touching, and vivid description of the scenery of Nature, is an ingredient which has never been known to fail in giving permanent interest to a composition.

Dec. 15, 1808.

N°. LVI.

On the Allegorical Style of Poetry of Collins;—with a Comparison of it with that of Sackville.

Melior fieri tuendo.

I doubt whether there are any poems in our language more elegant and highly finished than those of Collins. There scarcely occurs an imperfect line, a lame sen-

* Tam O'Shanter.

tence

tence, or a flat and improper word. They are perhaps more marked by the singular praise of being such as none but himself have produced than the compositions of any other author. On the other hand they are, I think, deficient in some ingredients, which constitute the very first charms of poetry. Let me be forgiven, if with a love of this great poet above that of most men, I endeavour with candour to point these out; while I trust I shall shew myself fully sensible of his inimitable beauties.

His Odes are principally descriptive of single allegorical figures. We know that in painting no subjects are more generally tiresome than these. Whether it requires too great a habit of abstraction, or whether the condensing into one person all the varieties of a passion, too much narrows our ideas, or whatever be the cause, it is certain that even of those who are pleased with such exhibitions at first, the major part soon grow weary. Collins's delineations partake of this defect; and partake of them the more, because he has chosen to delineate them too much in the manner of a painter. He has not sufficiently enriched his figures with sentiment; and with that expression of the movements of the soul, which the pencil of the painter, and he who is merely conversant with matter, can never reach. I do not mean that he has not gone beyond the painter; because a painter cannot exhibit the successive movements of a figure, nor place it in a variety of situations and circumstances in the same picture, nor express any of those invocations, which the dulness of the spectator will seldom be able to supply to the lips of the person worshipping the goddess which may form the main feature on the canvass.

But

But why should the poet so much curtail, if he do not entirely forego, his superiorities? Why should he leave those paths, whither the painter cannot follow him, for others, in which the painter in some important points has even the advantage. The finest Ode of Collins, next to that to the Passions, is the Ode to Fear; it contains the strongest expression of the internal workings of the spirit of the personified being addressed: but perhaps even this sublime composition is in some degree liable to these objections. The animated and inimitable groups of the PASSIONS themselves disclose their characteristic impulses by action only.

There is I think another trait in the allegorical personages of Collins. They are almost too abstract; too far removed from human creatures; instead of earthly beings somewhat elevated and purified. I can more easily illustrate this by instances, than by definition. When Gray personifies ADVERSITY, he manages his invention in such a manner, as to give it a more moral effect, and bring it more "home to men's business and bosoms," while his composition loses nothing of the poetical character.

But there is a poet, who appears to me to have given this moral cast to descriptions of this kind beyond all others. The vigour and solemnity of his personifications, and the powers of his language are entitled to the highest praise, without reference to the age in which he wrote, while the fact of their having appeared two hundred and sixty years ago must excite not only admiration but astonishment. I refer to the INDUCTION of Thomas Sackville, the first Earl of Dorset, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

The

The poet is conducted by SORROW to the classical hell, the place of torments and the place of happiness, where he describes the dreadful group of beings whom he found sitting within the porch.

——" She forthwith uplifting me apace
Remov'd my dread, and with a stedfast mind
Bade me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our travel end should find
Wherewith I arose, and to the place assign'd
Astoin'd I stalk, when strait we' approached near
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth o'erwhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that cleped is Averne.

A deadly gulf, where nought but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth, in thicken'd lumps that lies,
Which up in th' air such stinking vapours throws,
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choak'd with the pestilent vapours that arise.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell
Sat deep REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness; and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
  Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brougl
So was her mind continually in fear,
  Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought
  Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful chear, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we DREAD, all trembling how he shook
  With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there:
Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look
  Search'd every place, all pale and dread for fear,
  His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
Storm'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
  Sat fell REVENGE, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
  Never in rest till she have her desire;
  But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell REVENGE, with bloody foul pretence
  Had shew'd herself as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
  Till in our eyes another sight we met;
  When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I set,
Ruing alas upon the woeful plight
Of MISERY, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
  And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But what his body was I cannot say,
  For on his carcase raiment had he none,
  Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;

With

With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
  Unless sometime some crums fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he;
  As on the which full daintily he would fare:
  His drink the running stream; his cup the bare
Of his palm clos'd, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poor life was MISERY ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
  With tender ruth on him and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
  And by and by another shape appears
  Of greedy CARE, still brushing by the breers;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
  To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun;
  But let the night's black misty mantle rise,
  And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while;
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy SLEEP, the cousin of Death,
  Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on;
  Or whom she lifted up unto the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
  The travel's ease, the still night's seer was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,

Rever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Cræsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek.

But, an' the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,
That in such wither'd plight and wretched pain
As eld, (accompanied with his loathsome train)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might awhile yet linger forth his life;

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In dept of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good

To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mus'd, and marvell'd much whereon
This wretched age should life desire to feign,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crook'd back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear eyed,
Went on three feet and sometimes crept on four,
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door,
Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale MALADY was plac'd,
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste;
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers, every one,
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure;
Detesting phisick, and all phisick's cure.

But O the doleful sight that then we see;
We turn'd our sight, and on the other side
A grisly shape of FAMINE mought we see,
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meat as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was knawn on every where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain;
When all for nought she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade,
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay;
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws that by no means ymay

Be satisfied from hunger of her maw;
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shright in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiver with the might,*
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal pale DEATH
Enthrilling it to reve her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight;
No town, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yeild unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with nought but bones, perdie,
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All, save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood WAR, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued,
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued;
And in his left, that kings and kingdoms rued,
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

* What an admirable and highly poetical line!

Citi

Cities he sack'd, and realms that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress,
His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe with gnashes deep and wide.

In midst of which depainted there we found
Deadly DEBATE, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Outbreathing nought but discord every where;
And round about were pourtray'd here and there
The hugy hosts; Darius and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his power!" * &c.

The merit of these descriptions does not require to be pointed out. They seem to me more picturesque, and of a more sombre and sublime cast than those of SPENSER himself. I trust my readers will think they illustrate the point, for which I have introduced them.

To return to Collins. His imagination, if not always quite as moral or as bold as Sackville's, was eminently beautiful and brilliant. In the *Ode to the Passions* the personifications are exquisitely picturesque, animated, and appropriate; the language is so purely poetical and finished, and the harmony of the numbers is so felicitous, as to leave it without a rival; and indeed without any attempt at rivalry in its own class. †

Dec. 14, 1808.

* *Mirror for Magistrates, second edition*, 1563. But these lines are extracted by Warton in his History of English Poetry, which I did not recollect when I first began to transcribe them.

† Mrs. Barbauld has prefixed an excellent Essay on Collins's Poetry, before her edition of his Poems, 1797; but in the view which I have taken, I am not aware that I have interfered with it.

N° LVII.

On Book-Making.

There cannot be a question, that re-combining the old materials of literature, without any new results, or even any material improvement of the order and method pursued, to which the term *Book making* has been contemptuously applied, requires discouragement and censure. It is, no doubt, a common practice in these, and has been in all days, since the first invention of printing.

But it is equally certain that the word so understood is very often most grossly misdirected. This blame is often thrown upon volumes where new results arise from the new position of the matter; where research has been exercised in bringing it forward; or at least an active and cultivated memory employed in forming its new arrangement. As books increase, they still generate the necessity of others; and compilers, though not among the higher ranks of authors, are labourers whose services in the fields of literature are indispensible. They are often requisite to do the drudgery even of first gathering together and binding up the sheaves where others have cut the corn.

He, who tells me that he requires no aid to his memory, and that the repetition of any thing which is to be found in print among the books of his library, is absolutely superfluous, must either deem me very stupid, if he hopes to gain my belief, or must allow me to suppose his books very few, and the course of his studies exceedingly limited. I even consider no small benefi

benefit gained, in many cases, by the addition of a few notes, or a better type and paper.

The mere use of paste and scissars, the jumbling together the disjointed parts of books in a different form, merely by way of disguising the piracy, and for the mere purpose of lucre, is indeed vile and highly reprehensible. And every one must observe daily instances of this contemptible abuse.

If vanity induces a man, who dares not trust the powers of his own mind, to grasp at the fame of authorship, by re-editing the works of others, the passion is at least innocent, and often produces effects useful and laudable. But it is something much better than vanity that frequently generates this exertion. It is often a generous duty; and often a noble desire of a virtuous intellectual occupation in pursuits productive of public instruction or pleasure.

It may be admitted that persons so employed sometimes mistake the value of their materials, and sometimes when they judge rightly of them make a false estimate of the public taste. But for these errors or ill fortunes, no liberal or wise mind will blame their undertakings; nor need they despair that full justice will at length be done them. Time will weigh them in the true balance; and they will find their place according to their worth.

There was a day probably, when old Fuller was confounded by those, who when they get a cant term of censure deal it about them to the right and to the left, and always without discrimination, among the bookmakers of his generation! I am afraid he was not totally without an occasional trait or two of it in some of his numerous works. But his predominant merits

have

have made his volumes buoyant over all these prejudices. His *Worthies*; his *Church-History*; his *Abel Redivivus*, &c. not only rise in price, but are found to contain large portions of instructive and amusing matter. His vivacity and his learning have surmounted his quaintness; and his diligence has brought together, if not exclusively preserved, numerous minute notices, which they who love to make the past predominate over the present will always highly value. Loyd, the imitator, and in many parts plagiarist, of Fuller, may more properly be called a book-maker; but even his volumes contain many memorials, and remarks, which are now become interesting. I cannot say much for poor Winstanley; but we sometimes see that contemptible scribbler quoted to this day by respectable authors; because he has intermixed here and there a scrap or two of original information.

If books were to be written by none but by men of the first genius; and nothing were to be said that had been said before, I am afraid that the lovers of new publications must be without a rational amusement, and the trades of printers and booksellers be nearly annihilated.

But this is the cant of a set of beings, who are determined to find fault, and whose interest and whose malignity it gratifies to deal in censure.

Dec. 17, 1808.

Art.

ART. XVII. *On Arrowsmith's Map; the Highland Roads; and the Caledonian Canal.*

A sense of public duty demands the insertion of the following important communication. No one will suspect the Editor of having local or personal prejudices on this subject to gratify.

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Having lately seen your Miscellany, I read in it two communications from FACT AGAINST PUFF. These contain some severe truths, from the effects of which the Commissioners for Highland Roads and Bridges cannot escape; nor the Scotch nation claim exemption. I trouble you with this letter in order to explain to FACT the probable reason why Arrowsmith's Memoir has not been published; and to communicate some important information to the Commissioners, on a subject of which they appear to be as ignorant, as of the mode employed for constructing the great Map from Roy's justly celebrated Survey.

It is very well known, that in the Memoir there was a description of a new discovery by Mr. Arrowsmith, which was neither more nor less than that of a method of finding the variation of the magnetic needle. It is very probable that the Memoir was to be made subservient to the annunciation of the discovery; for on its being submitted to the revisal of scientific men about two years ago or more, they pronounced Mr. Arrowsmith's lucubrations to be little if at all better than nonsense. I do not know that Mr. Arrowsmith is

yet

yet convinced that his discovery is good for nothing; but it is likely that he is; and that the Memoir has become so crippled by so severe an amputation as to be unfit to appear. Indeed it could contain no other information than that Professor Playfair, Mr Nimmo of Inverness, and a few private individuals had compared the map with such parts of the country as they best knew. Mr. Playfair has often travelled through the Highlands and other parts of Scotland not frequented by ordinary tourists; and as he is undoubtedly one of the few profound mathematicians which inhabit Great Britain, his authority is of the highest order. Mr. Nimmo is a young man of very considerable talents and learning; and he has rendered a most important service in delineating the boundaries of the northern counties. While executing the task assigned to him, he experienced many of those privations and annoyances so glowingly described by your Correspondent in his second communication. In every instance when it was not possible for Arrowsmith to procure authority for deviating from the original survey, we find the map perfectly correct. But he has neglected many alterations which were necessary on account of the removal of villages, and the changes in the names of places, which have taken place since the survey was made. The Commissioners have certainly trusted too much to Arrowsmith, who ought to have been contented with the profits of publishing a copy of Roy's survey, without permitting his ambition to dare to correct it.

In one of the reports of the progress of the Caledonian Canal the Commissioners gravely state that a steam engine, which was not immediately wanted, had been sunk for *preservation* in one of the lakes. If this

statement

statement be true, it betrays a most unpardonable degree of ignorance. The meanest labourer on the canal knows that any thing made of iron, especially an apparatus, the goodness of which depends on the smoothness of its surface, will be destroyed by such treatment. How this has escaped censure in the House of Commons it is not easy to discover. But the statement is *false*, and the Commissioners have allowed themselves to be grossly deceived by their tutor Mr. Telford. The engine in question was put upon a raft, in order to render its conveyance easy. The raft *gave way*; and the *engine was lost*. Whether the canal was originally intended as a tub to amuse the Highland whale, or as a big gew-gaw to divert some great treasury babies I do not know. But the whale is tired of it; and John Bull had better take care of those he trusts with such expensive playthings as steam-engines. ANOTHER FACT AGAINST PUFF.

ART. XVIII. *Salle Tragedie di Vittorio Alfieri, da Asti.*

SONNET.*

1.

O HAIL, ALFIERI!—To thy tragic tone
The GRECIAN BARDS, a band sublime appear,
And with a pleas'd and deep attention hear
A voice and spirit ah how like their own!
Far was that spirit from our regions flown.

* I prefer the arrangement of the Sonnet which marks the recurrence of the rhimes by correspondent indentings.

SIENNA 1783 Qualtro Tragedie. Quindci Traged: EDIMBORGO 1806. 3 vols. 12mo Editore il Dott^re: ANTONIO MONTUCCI.

But

But Dante's self, the aweful, the severe,
Bends to thine accents the approving ear:
Nor SHAKESPEARE breathes his energies alone.

2.

Light-rob'd SIMPLICITY, and keen-ey'd ART,
And high-ton'd GENIUS, in thy labours join,
And philosophic VIRTUE calm and free.

PITY and AWE fill the expanding heart;
Exalt and purify!—such works divine
Merit the glorious name of TRAGEDY.

Troston, 21 Oct. 1808. C. L.

Die, NELSONI ultimâ Victoria & Morte, insigni.

ERRATA

P. 201, Quinzain, l. 15. r. "purest day."—Sonnet III. v. 3. transpose thus:

When their melodious way graceful they wind

Sonnet V. after "mourn" a comma—p. 204. Ruminator, No. XLIX. ΕΤΩΝΗ ΦΙΑΤΑΤΗ. iota subscript — stanza 2. l. 2. φαλαῖγων.— ΕΔΟΑΡΔΟΣ Αυλῆ.—st. 4. Δικησῖι—st. 5. Ἰης μειον'—St. 6. p. 205, ὁρμαινυσαι & φειγος—st. 7. ιϛ-ιν—st. 8. αμηχωνιι—st. 9. Πινδαρικον in one word—st. 10. ΑΙΣΧΥΛΕΙΟΝ —st. 13. Μαθημαῖων—st. 14. p. 206, Σωσιπολει in one word—st. 16. ιξιλαμψε—st. 17. Θεμις—Μαιμακτηριωνος.

CORRIGEND:

for Ταυῖης r. Της μεν γαρ.

ART.

Art. XIX. *Old Poetry.*

Preceptes of Wisedom.

Credite	not all	thow heerest others saye;
Saie thow		thow thinkest in thy mynde;
Covet		thow seest by night or daye;
Trust thow		thow knowest to be kinde;
Dispend		thow hast for fear of lack;
Doe thow		thow mayst for fear of wrack.

In each beginning take good heed,
The middle likewise well perpend;
Proceeding, make not too much speed;
Then mayst thow haply praise the end;
Doo that is good, saie that is true;
Cherishe old frindes, chainge for no newe.

Who speakes thee faire and looves thee not,
Geve him good speech and trust him not;
As good a foe that hurteth not,
As frinde at need that helpeth not.

Ro. Da.

Conduit street. J. H.

Art. XX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctour in Astronomye and phisicke. Profitable to kepe the bodye in health, and also Ptholomeus saieth the same. This Prognistication serueth for all the world ouer. Oct. 12 leaves. b. l. n. d. or printer's name.

An augur prognosticating the even's of the year from the day of the week on which it commences, can only awaken compassion for the credulity of some portion of the human kind. A specimen equally fallacious is the following;

" Of

" Of the signification of thonder in every day of the weake. If it thonder on the Sondaye, there wil be a great death of clarkes, of judges, and other peruers people by signification. If on the Mondaye it chaunce to thonder, then many women shall dye, and the corne will suffer an eclipse by signification. If it thonder on Tuesdaye it betokeneth plentie of corne. If on Wednesdaye it chaunce to thonder, it betokeneth that yere that common women and lighte wenches and folishe women shall die, and then shal be great bloudsheding. If it thonder on the Tursday then shal be great chepe of corne. If on Friday it chaunce to thonder it betokeneth that a great man shalbe slaine, and diuers other murthers shalbe done. If on Saterday it chaunce to thonder it betokeneth that then shall be a generall pestilent plage whereof many shall die &c. Expilcit. Thus endeth this prognostication for euer."

Art. 2. *A Modell of truths or a Discovery of certain reall passages of this Parliament. Printed in the Yeare* 1642, qto 4 leaves.

Prefixed is " a coppy of a letter sent from London to one Mr. N. C. living in Gloucester," in answer to a desire of knowing the occurrences of the great throng swarmed together, " commonly called the High court of Parliament; but things of this sort are of such a spreading nature, that what is newes when I write it, may grow old ere you have read it." Not fearing to offend " with a *Crambe*," and being easier put to tune, the writer " thought fit to deliver in that habiliment of a Madrigall." The Poem is in nine stanzas, from which are selected the fourth and fifth.

" They would not have the Kingdome fall
By an ignoble funerall,

But

But piously preferre the Nation
To a renowned Decollation.
The feet and lower parts 'tis sed,
Would trample on, and off the head;
What e're they say this is the thing,
They love the Charles, but hate the King.
To make an even Grove, one stroake
Should lift the Shrub unto the Oake.
A new found musicke, they would make
A Gamut, but no Ela take.
This is the pious good intent
Of Priviledge of Parliament.

In all humility they crave
Their Soveraigne to be their slave,
Desiring him that he would be
Betray'd to them most Loyally:
For it were meeknesse sure in him
To be a Vayvod unto Pym:
And if he would a while lay downe
His scepter, Majesty, and Crowne,
He should be made for time to come
The greatest Prince in Christendome.
Charles at this time not having need,
Thank'd them as much as if he did.
This is the happy wisht event
Of Priviledge of Parliament."

A portion of this last stanza the reader will find inserted in most old collections of poetry as the humble petition of the House of Commons, with the King's answer.

Art. 3. *The Generall History of Women, containing the lives of the most holy and profane, the most famous and infamous in all ages, exactly described not only from poeticall*

fictions, but from the most ancient, modern, and admired Historians to our times. By T. H. Gent. London, printed by W. H. for W. H. at the sign of the blew Anchor, at the backside of the Roiall Exchange, 1657, oct. pp. 651.

At. p. 244 of this compilation, under the head of Incest, is inserted the story of the Mysterious Mother, transcribed from Byshop's Blossoms with trifling variation, which may be added to the account already given at p. 184 of the present volume.

In the Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience, &c. by Jeremy Taylor, 2d edit. 1671, the name of Manlius as an authority is converted into Comitolus; and given as what "was determined by a congregation of learned and prudent persons, in answering to a strange and rare case happening in Venice." The story is similar in principal facts, and the whole passage may be found among the Extracts at the end of "a Miscellany, containing, amidst a variety of other matters curious and interesting, remarks on Boswell's Johnson, &c. &c. by S. Whyte, and his son, E. A. Whyte." Oct. Dublin, 1799.

Art. 4. *The Choise of Change; containing the triplicitie of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie; Short for memorie; profitable for knowledge; and necessarie for maners; whereby the learned may be confirmed, the ignorant instructed, and all men generally recreated. Newly set forth by S. R. Gent. and Student in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge. Tria sunt omnia. At London, printed by Roger Warde, dwelling neere Holburne Conduite, at the signe of the Talbot. An. Dom.* 1585. qto. 58 leaves.

"To the right honorable Sir Henry Herbert, knight of the most noble order of the garter, Lord of Cardiffe manor and S. Quintin, and Earle of Pembrocke, the right worshipfull

worshipfull Sir Philip Sidney Knight, with the right worthy Gentleman M. Robert Sidney Esquire, S. R. wisheth increase of vertuous qualities in the mind, of the gifts of the body, and goodes of Fortune.—I present these my three bookes of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie (comprized together in one volume) vnto you three right H. and W. (who are linked and vnited together in an indissoluble band of amitie and fraternitie) humbly requesting that you wil countenance them with fauour, and patronage them by your autheritie, that thereby they may eschew the reproches of malitious tongues, and bleare the enuious eyes of such as prye at other mens faultes in the water, which cause thinges seeme bigger then they be, but regard their owne faultes as through small nets, which cause things to seeme lesse.—Your Honor and Worships to commaund. S. R."

" To the reader. 1. He that knoweth not that he ought to know, is a brute beast among men. 2. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. 3. He that knoweth all that may be knowen, is a God among men. 1. Read willingly. 2. Correct friendly. 3. Judge indifferently.

Of each article, divinity, philosophy, and poetry, there are the first and second hundredth only, leaving the work incomplete as to the triple number of books. The following class under the head of poetry.

" There is a scarcitie of 3 sortes of men in this our age. Of priests, for if there were not, one should not need to haue 3 or 4 benefices. Of noble men, because citizens doe aspire to honor, and buy nobilitie. Of Jewes, because christians make an occupation of vsury."

" Whosoeuer will retaine a Lawier, and lawfully seeke his owne right, must be furnished with 3 pockets. In the first pocket he must haue his declarations and certificates, wherewith he may shew his right. In the second pocket

he must haue his red ruddockes ready, whiche he must giue vnto his Lawier, who will not set penne to paper without them. In the third pocket he must haue patience, which must stand him in stead when his Lawiers do delay him, and when sentence passeth against him."

" Mens iudgements differ much in these 3 things. Bookes. For one saith, this booke is too long, another too short, the 3 of due length, and for fine phrase and stile, the like that booke was not made a great while. It is al lies said another, y^e. booke is starke naught. Wine. For concerning the qualities of wine, men are diuersly affected. Ah, this is hard wine quoth one; it is too sweete in my opinion said another; nay, nay quoth the 3 ma, it is sharp and piercing me thinkes. It is a cup of neate wine said the owner; I said another it hath a good smacke of the caske, it will doe a man as much good in his shoes, as in his belly. Cheese. For diuerse hath diuers tastes in seuerall mens mouthes. He saith, it is too salt; he saith it is too fresh; he saith it is too hard; he saith it is too nesh. It is too strong of runnet, saith he. It is, saith another, not strong enough for me. It is sayd one as good as can be. Hereof no two of any ten can agree. So that, no booke, no wine, no cheese, be it good or bad; but praise and dispraise it hath, and hath had."

Art. 5. *A very proper treatise, wherein is briefly sett forthe the arte of Limming, which teacheth the order in drawing & tracing of letters, vinets, flowers, armes and Imagery, & the maner how to make sundry sises or grounds to laye siluer or golde vppon, and how siluer or golde shal be layed or limmed vppon the sise, and the waye to temper golde & siluer and other mettales and diuerse kyndes of colours to write or to limme withall vppon velym, parchement or paper, & how to lay them vpon the worke which thou entendest to make, & howe to vernish yt when thou hast done, with di-*

uerse

merse other thinges very mete & necessary to be knowne to all suche gentlemenne, and other persones as doe delite in limming, painting or in tricking of armes in their right colors, & therfor a worke very mete to be adioined to the bookes of Armes, neuer put in printe before this time. Imprinted at London in Flete strete within temple Barre at the signe of the Hande & starre by Richard Tottill, an. 1573. *Cum Priuilegio.* 4to. 12 leaves.

This little collection of Receipts to assist in the art of limning is principally for emblazoning arms; gilding; and the mode of tracing with a pen; probably intended to assist the scribe in illuminating initial letters; an art now entirely neglected. Herbert notices only one edition printed by Purfoot, as the assignee of Tottill, 1583. In the catalogue of John Strange, Esq. 1801, are two copies, one printed by Purfoot, 1588, and another described as "The art of Limning, &c. with the names of all such colours, &c. as are mentioned and conteyned in this present booke, and are for the most part to be sold at the Potecaries," by same printer, 1596. This varying of title accords with the present copy, as the enumeration of colours is inserted at the last folio. The following receipt is yet in estimation. "To renewe olde and worne letters. Take of y^e^ best galles you can get & bruse them grosly then lay them to steepe one day in good whyte wine. This done distill them with the wyne, and with the distilled water that commeth of them, you shal wet hādsomly the olde letters with a little cotton or a small pe̅cel, & they will shewe freshe & newe again in suche wyse as you may easely reade them."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XXI. *Lines by Dr. Cowper, Father of the Author of the Task.*

Dr. Cowper addressed a poetical Epistle many years ago to the first Duke of Chandos, from whence the following extract

tract * is taken. (Dr. Cowper is said to have excelled in ballad-writing.)

Good-natur'd wit, a talent is from heaven,
For noblest purposes to mortals given:
Studious to please, it seeks not others harm,
Cuts but to heal, and fights but to disarm.
It cheers the spirits, smooths the anxious brow,
Enlivens industry, and chaces wo:
In beauteous colours dresses homespun truth,
And wisdom recommends to heedless youth.
At vice it points the strongest ridicule,
And shames to virtue every vicious fool!
Like you, my Lord, it all mankind invites;
Like you instructs them, and like you delights.

Art. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. October 20, at Pentonville, æt. seventy-five, Mr. John Coote, formerly a bookseller in Paternoster-row, a native of Horsham in Sussex. He was author of an Opera and five Farces, three of which have been printed.

Oct. 23. Rev. James Hare, Rector of Coln St. Denis, co. Glouc.; and Vicar of Stratton St. Margaret's, Wilts; author of an *Essay on Scepticism*, and several Sermons.

Oct. 30, at his Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall, the learned and Rev. John Whitaker, born at Manchester, about 1735. He was educated at Oxford, where he obtained a Fellowship at C. C. C.; took the degree of A. M. 1759; and proceeded B. D. 1767. In 1771, he published the first volume of his *History of Manchester*, 4to.; and the second volume appeared in 1774. He had already published the

* Duncombe's Letters to Archbishop Herring, p. 69, 70.

Genuine

Genuine History of the Britons asserted, in an 8vo. volume, 1772. In 1773, he held for a short time the morning preachership of Berkeley chapel, London; and during his residence in the capital, he became acquainted with Johnson, Gibbon, and many other literary characters. In 1778 he obtained from his college the valuable rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne. In 1783 he published *Sermons upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell;* and he was author of a controversial tract, entitled *The Origin of Arianism;* of *The Real Origin of Government,* expanded from a sermon into a considerable treatise; and of *The Introduction to Flindell's Bible.* His *Mary Queen of Scots* appeared in 1787, in three vols. 8vo. He was author also of *The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall;* and of a *Supplement to Polwhele's Antiquities of Cornwall.* He wrote also many articles for the English Review; British Critic; and the Antijacobin Review; and shewed his poetical talents by his contribution to the collection of *Cornwall and Devon Poetry,* two vols. 8vo. He was a great literary character; and good as well as great. He had an active and acute mind, and most vigorous imagination. An eloquent character of him appeared in the Truro paper of Nov. 5, (supposed to be written by Mr. Polwhele) which has since been copied into the Gentleman's Magazine, p. 1035, &c. &c.

Nov. 28. Sir Richard Hill, Bart. of Hawkstone in Shropshire, aged seventy-six, late M. P. for that county. His religious opinions are well known. He was of the sect of Whitfield in opposition to Wesley, and was author of a variety of pamphlets, in favour of the opinions which he embraced; of which one entitled *Pietas Oxoniensis,* was on the subject of the expulsion of his brother Rowland Hill, and five other students from Oxford in 1768, for preaching and praying there at prohibited times and places. Another brother is the Rev. Brian Hill, also an author. He is succeeded

ceeded by his next brother John, formerly M. P. for Shrewsbury, whose son, major-general Rowland Hill, a distinguished officer, is lieutenant-colonel of the 90th foot.

Dec. 17, aged eighty, the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, (whose father, colonel Jenkinson who died 1750, was a younger son of Sir Robert Banks Jenkinson, Bart. who died 1738.) He was Under Secretary of State, 1761; and Secretary to the Treasury in 1763, and 1764; a Lord of the Admiralty 1766; and a Lord of the Treasury from 1767 to 1773. In 1786 he was created a Peer by the title of Lord Hawksbury; and appointed in the year Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1796 he was advanced to the Earldom of Liverpool. He was author of *A Discourse on the establishmunt of a National and Constitutional Force in England*, 1756. Of *A Discourse on the conduct of the Government of Great Britain in respect to Neutral Nations, during the present War*, 1758. He edited *A Collection of Treaties from* 1648 *to* 1783, in three vols 8vo. 1785; and about three years ago published an able *Treatise on the Coins of the Realm, in a Letter to the King*: to which the Edinburgh Review has paid great compliments. *See Longman's Biographical Peerage*, vol. i. p. 344.

The Index of this Volume will be given in conjunction with that of the next, peculiar circumstances having rendered it impossible to prepare it in time for this closing Number of the present Volume.

ERRATUM.

For Louth, *read* Zouch, p. 103.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

VOLUME X. AND LAST.

BEING THE SEVENTH OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1809.

PREFACE.

THE motives and objects of this work have been equently explained in former Prefaces. But if they ad not, the explanation would now have been un-ecessary; for the work having coming to a close may irly be left to speak for itself.

Whoever shall hereafter make researches into old nglish Bibliography, will scarcely neglect to turn to e copious stores furnished by these volumes. If erbert, and Ritson, furnish a more complete collec-on of title-pages, they who wish to go deeper, will me hither, for contents, specimens, and sometimes, is hoped, for opinions. Few have now the oppor-nity or the means of gathering a large assemblage of lack-letter literature, which is becoming every day ore scarce, and higher priced. But every well-fur-ished library requires a substitute for it; and under at denomination it may surely be not too pre-mptuous to class the ten volumes of the CENSURA -ITERARIA.

Of almost all the numerous, yet rare, poets, of Queen Elizabeth's reign, something beyond what is to be found in any other, may be learned in this collection. Even the elegant labours and beautiful criticisms of Warton, may be frequently illustrated by these pages; which at the same time, by descending far lower than the times of which Warton treats, furnish a variety of curious matter beyond his limits.

If the readers of this publication have not been numerous, it is matter of just pride that they have been those, whose notice is most flattering, and makes ample amends for numbers.

Unknown at book-sales, and living remote from the metropolis, the Editor has had to win his way against prejudice and indifference. But candour and kindness have gradually opened a path to him; he has had the satisfaction of seeing the usefulness of his work at least acknowledged by some, who long gave it an unwilling reception; and heard with no little triumph some gentle sighs of regret, now that it is about to close.

The few, (even if there be any) perfect copies now to be had, will at least secure to the Editor the satisfaction of seeing a high price put on his labours, which,

as it cannot be expected that so large a work should ever be reprinted, is not likely to diminish.

To the greater part of his Correspondents the Editor has neither space nor opportunity to return more than general thanks. Four he feels himself called on to particularize.

To Mr. PARK he repeats his warm acknowledgments for his invaluable assistance to the early volumes; which his own increasing literary engagements have never entirely withdrawn from the latter.

To the venerable and profoundly learned Correspondent of NORWICH, every mark of respect and admiration is due for industry and vigour of research and command of acquirements in the most abstruse paths of literary inquiry, at an age, when the few who reach it, are generally in a second childhood.

To the Rev. MONTAGU PENNINGTON, (the nephew and biographer of the celebrated Elizabeth Carter) the delicacy of an intimate friendship restrains the Editor from expressing what he feels for his continued and various aid.

To Mr. HASLEWOOD it would be ridiculous to return thanks as to an occasional Correspondent. Every

page

page almost of the latter volumes of the Bibliography displays his labours. To him almost all their curious contents are due. Coadjutor seems a word hardly strong enough. Perhaps his name ought long since to have been substituted for that of the first Editor.

With his aid, that Editor still glowing with the *Biblio-mania*, and undamped by its fatigues and languors, has been persuaded to undertake another similar work, which he has already announced.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, May 25, 1809.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVII.

[Being Number XXV. of the New Series.]

Art. I. Introductory Paper.

A perfect collection of all the English poetry published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be an invaluable treasure, not only for curiosity but for use. It is in poets that we must study all the varieties of language, all the force of words, both singly and in combination; and all the energy and vivacity of ideas. That bright mirror of things, which exists in the poet's brain, reflects them back with a proportionate clearness and brilliance of expression.

The difficulty of attaining a large portion of these volumes has rendered it necessary to recur to modern compilations of selections and extracts from them, made by the honourable industry of those, whose love of literature combined with opportunity has stimulated their researches in these obsolete and forbidding tracks of study. The taste of the public has kept pace with the labours of these bibliographers and critics. We

have seen the fashion for black-letter reading increase in the last ten years with wonderful celerity.

It has given a new cast to our modern compositions in verse; extended their subjects; enlarged their phraseology; varied and enriched their imagery; and brought back their productions nearer to the vigorous simplicity of better days.

However uninviting the black-letter page with its redundant spelling, and its unusual or strangely-accented words, may appear at first, a little practice reconciles us to these objections. We then find a new delight in the contrast with modern modes of communicating our thoughts; forms of phrase, which have lost all force from their triteness, are relieved by new combinations; and the operations of the mind seem to derive an infusion of vigour from the new light in which they are clothed.

The generous and enlarged intellect swells with a proud satisfaction at thus having spread before it all the stores of the most cultivated genuises of its country for centuries back. All literary merit is relative; the products of a single age may be puny when compared with those of others: but when the standard of comparison is extended to those of every age of a country since the revival of letters, the most inquisitive and hesitating research must be satisfied. It may proceed to draw results with a confidence, which future facts will not be likely to disturb. The experience, with which it will be furnished, will shew with almost unerring certainty, what are the vital ingredients in a composition, which will preserve its fame to future ages.

If

If it be a just and praiseworthy desire in a cultivated and extensive mind to see foreign countries and foreign manners, that we may shake off those narrow attachments and views of things, which a narrow scene and narrow acquaintance with the actions and customs of mankind almost necessarily generates, is not this desire as applicable to times as to countries? Does not the lapse of ages vary the modes and thoughts of the inhabitants of the world, as much as the diversity of scenes and climates? Is there not something still more worthy of a noble and refined curiosity, in unfolding the mantle of Time, in opening the grave, and bidding the dead speak?

I have at length read so much of Elizabethan poetry, and Elizabethan biography, that all the wits of that age, all its genius, and all its state, seem to be brought upon the stage before me; and my eyes and my ears are full of their figures, and their language! Their modes of thinking; their feelings; their customs; their phraseology, are brought back to life, and offer themselves for a comparison with what I hear and see among my cotemporaries. I would not draw their "frailties from their dread abode" in the tomb: but I delight to revive their virtues; and talk with their spirits, though their bones have long since mouldered into dust!

ART. II. *Psalmes of Dauid drawen into English Metre by Tomas Sterneholde. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.** Col. *Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche. Anno Domini* 1551. 16*mo.* folds G eights.

"To the most noble and verteous King, oure Souëraygne Lord Kyng Edward the vi Kinge of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, &c. Thomas Sternholde, Grome of hys Maiestie's robes, wysheth increase of healthe, honour and felycytie. Althoughe moste noble Soueraigne, the grosnes of my wit doth not suffyce to searche oute the secrete mysteryes hidden in the boke of Psalmes, whyche by the opinion of many learned men, comprehēdeth the effect of the wholle Bible: yet trustīg to the goodnesse of God, whyche hathe in hys hande the key thereof, which shutteth and no man openeth, openeth and no man shutteth, albeit I cannot geue to youre Maiestye great loaues thereof, or bring into the Lorde's barne ful handefulles; yet to thintent I would not appear in the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine, being warned with the exaumple of the drie figtre, I am bold to present unto youre Maiestie, a fewe crummes whiche I haue pycked vp from vnder the Lorde's borde.——Seing further, that youre tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holye songes of veritie, then in any fayned rymes of vanytie, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the saide booke of psalmes: trustynge that as your Grace taketh pleasure to heare them song sometymes of me, so ye will also

* In a compartment having the sun at the top, and at the bottom th printer's mark, central of anno 1545.

delyg

delyght not only to see and reade the youre selfe, but also to commaunde them to bee songe to you of others: that as ye haue the psalme it selfe in youre mynde, so ye maye iudge myne endeuoure by youre eare. And yf I maye perceyue youre Maiestie wyllynglye to accepte my wyl herin, where my doyng is no thanke worthy, and to fauour so this my beginning, that my labour be acceptable in perfourming the residue, I shall endeuoure my self with diligence, not only to enterpryse that which better learned ought more iustlye to doe, but also to perfourme that without faulte, which youre Maiestie wyll receyue with iuste thanke. The Lord of earthli kinges, geue youre Grace daily encreaſe of honour and vertue, and fulfyll all your godlie requestes in hym, without whose gifte we haue or can obtain nothing. Amen."

After the Dedication follows the psalms, to the number of thirty-seven; each having a quatrain prefixed of principal matter.* At the conclusion "Here ende the psalmes, drawen into Englishe metre, by M. Sternhold." On the next page an address "to the Reader. Thou haste here (gentle Reader) vnto ye psalmes that were drawen into English metre, by M. Sternhold vii † moe adioined. Not to the intēt that they shoulde bee fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimacion to bee the more hyghly esteemed: neyther for that they are, in myne opinion (as touching the metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doinges. But especially for

* This might be an imitation of the proem introductory to two of three psalms versified by Lord Surrey. Nugæ Antiquæ, by Mr. Park, Vol. II. p. 360.

† No. 30, 33, 43, 52, 79, 82, 146.

that they are fruiteful, although they bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a Christyan mind, although not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore, yf thou (good reader) shal accept and take thys my doyng in good part, I haue my hearte's desire herein. Farewell. J. H."

ART. III. *Foure score and seuen Psalmes of Dauid in English mitre by Thomas sterneholde and others: confereed with the Hebrewe, a*ͣ*d in certeine places corrected, as the se*ͤ*se of the Prophet requireth. Whereunto are added the Songe of Simeon, the ten Commandements and the Lord's Prayer. James v. If any be afflicted let him pray: and if any be merie let him sing Psalmes.* M.D.Lxj. Without printer's name. 12mo. 154 leaves.

Warton, in the third volume of his valuable History of English Poetry, has given a long and critical account of the English version of the Psalms. He appears to have seen an edition of those translated by Sternhold, as printed by Whitchurch, in 1549, and another edition (which he considered the second) in 1552. These from his account must be supposed to contain in number fifty-one. "Sternhold died in the year 1549. His fifty-one psalms were printed in the same year by Edward Whitchurch." Unfortunately dates and numbers, when accurately preserved by an editor, seldom pass the chances of the press correctly. The useful and laborious Wood is the earliest writer I have seen that assigns such a number to Sternhold; his words are, that "being a most zealous reformer, and a very strict liver, he became so scandalized at the amorous

amorous and obscene songs used in the court, that he forsooth turned into English metre 51 of David's psalms, and caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets." In the same column, to a quotation from Heylin's Church History, there is added, by Wood, where it states Sternhold to have translated "no more than thirty seven, [that sure is false.]"* Wood also states the initials T. S. are "set before, to distinguish them from others:" but I have never in any copy of the whole psalms, that appeared like an authority, been able to extend the number beyond 43, and some of those doubtful.

Warton, whose genius kept no beaten track, like the steeple hunter, unheeding land-posts, turnpikes, and tickets, while he distanced his contemporaries, left little facts to be gleaned by lesser minds; and, as this number did not originate in the History of Poetry, Ritson, who could occasionally loiter to plumb a pool for pebbles, considered the authority sufficient to repeat it.

One error in Wood is manifest,—the considering Sternhold as having "caused musical notes to be set to them;" for although he had sung them to the King and others, neither of the editions of 1549, 1551, 1552, and one by the same printer, without date, contain any musical notes. †

* Ath. Ox. Vol. I. Col. 76.

† Upon this point there was considerable variation in the arrangement of the notes, and several omissions. Sixty psalms have musical notes in 1561, as well as the four accompanying pieces at the conclusion. In 1581 only forty-five psalms are thus distinguished with eighteen tunes for the additions.

How often the psalms were printed by Whitchurch is uncertain; nor should the above article of 1551 (now first known), be presumptively considered as the second edition. Neither is it probable, with their novelty and rising popularity, that they remained without again reprinting, until 1561, although unnoticed in the most accurate researches into early typography. That of 1561 is not mentioned by Herbert, and may be considered extremely rare. For the copy here described I was obliged from the rich and extensive collection of Mr. Bindley, whose liberal communications and assistance in researches of this nature claims continual acknowledgment. The whole seems arranged for church service, having the musical notes attached. There is not any prefixture, but, in addition to the notice of the title, at the end is "a prayer to be said before a man begins his worke," in prose, and an index.

Every reader of Warton must regret the inattentive want of accuracy in quoting the several authorities before him. Although in the present instance there appears little doubt of the statement being erroneous and first taken from Wood, yet I cannot proceed with a task begun some months since, without acknowledging that every attempt has proved ineffectual to obtain an inspection of either of the other editions, which Warton possessed, of 1562,* 1564, or 1577, when the entire version was first published. In a complete state my best authority is

ART. IV. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English meter by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and*

* An account of this edition, with notice of any prefatory advertisement, and corrections as to the following statement, would be a serviceable article.

conferre

others, conferred with the Hebrue, with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be song in all churches, of all the people together before and after Morning and Euening prayer: as also before and after sermons, and moreouer in priuate houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all vngodly songes, and balades which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. James v. If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be mery, let him sing psalmes. Coloss. iii. Let the worde of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisedome, teaching and exhorting one an other in psalmes, hymnes, and spiritual songes, and sing vnto the Lord in your hartes. At London printed by Iohn Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate. Anno 1581. *Cum &c. 4to.* Sixty leaves.

Having enumerated the leading authorities I shall proceed to the list of persons who assisted in the first metrical version adopted in church service.

Thomas Sternhold, supposed to have been born in Hampshire. He held the situation of Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and Edward VI. and by the first esteemed a sufficient favourite to obtain a bequest of 100 marks in the Royal will.* He died 1549. His portion is the first seventeen; 19, 20, 21, 25, 28,† 29, 32, 34, 41, 43, 44, 49, 63, 68, 73, 78, 103, 120, 123,

* "Henry the Eighth, for a few psalmes of David, translated and turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him Groome of his Privie Chamber." *Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1630, p. 191.

† By misprint this stands as 27, and 123 as 122, in edition 1561, and also in another noticed by Herbert, p. 549, containing only 19: again, 33 stands for 34; but 138 is a mistake for 128. A copy is in Mr. Bindley's possession, it was printed without date.

128,

D. Cox. A version of the Lord's Prayer, printed anonymously 1561, is given afterwards with this name. *

Thomas Norton, a Barrister at Law, and assistant of Lord Buckhurst in the once popular tragedy of Gorboduc. His name, and the subsequent notices, first occur in the entire version. He appears to have studiously supplied deficient numbers. The initials T. N. are to a second translation of number 51, but the usual distinguishment is only the N. as prefixed to 75, 101, 102, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129, 131,† 135, 136,‡ 138 to 145 inclusive; 147, 149, 150, in all 28.

Robert Wisdom. A second version of psalm 125§ and a well-known prayer at the end of the collection.‖

M. Unnoticed by Ritson, it might be John Mard-

* A writer not mentioned by Ritson. He has likewise a grace before and after meat, in sixteen lines each, of alternate rhime, in a Manvel of Christian Prayers by Abraham Fleming, printed by Peter Short for the assignes of William Seres, 1594, 16mo.

† Letter M. in 1581, the other authorities N.

‡ A second version by T. C. added at some period after 1583. From that period, when ascertained, the probability will appear of its being done by Thomas Churchyard.

§ So little care or research has been considered essential to rectify errors upon the present subject, that every mention of this writer particularises this number as 25.

‖ It seems improbable that this "arch-botcher of a psalm or prayer" should be ridiculed into celebrity by the facetious Bishop Corbet, unless he was a noted psalm singer, or author of more than generally ascertained. He is likewise mentioned by Sir Thomas Overbury, who says a Precisian "conceives his prayer in the kitchin, rather than in the church, and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the Almighty to talke with him extempore. He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of Robert Wisdom's psalmes, then the best hymn a Cherubin can singe." *Wife*, &c. 1638. Wisdom died in 1568.

ley,

ley, who "turned twenty four psalms into English odes, and made many religious songs." Supposing the first supplied number 132, from the last might be selected "the humble sute of a sinner," and "the lamentation of a sinner."

T. B. Usually supposed to denote Thomas Bastard, but appears too doubtful to be applied to the Morning and the Evening Prayer.

E. G. Initials unapplied, prefixed to *Da pacem Domine*.

Anonymous. Of the prefixtures, Veni Creator, Veni exultemus, Te Deum, Song of the Three Children, Benedictus, Magnificat, Song of Simeon, Creed of Athanasius, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and Complaint of a Sinner. Of the affixtures, the Creed, Prayer to the Holy Ghost, the Lamentation and Thanksgiving. Some of these are attributed to Whittingham in the History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 168.

To this detail of numericals may be subjoined comparative specimens of the psalmody. As an introduction I shall borrow part of Warton's just and appropriate observations, reviewing the translation as well with respect to the period of its first appearance, as also embracing the variation of an incumbered idiom arising from the lapse of time. "It is certain had they been more poetically translated, they would not have been acceptable to the common people. Yet however they may be allowed to serve the purposes of private edification, in administering spiritual consolation to the manufacturer and mechanic, as they are extrinsic to the frame of our liturgy, and incompatible with the genius of our service, there is perhaps no impropriety in wishing that they were remitted.—Whatever estimation,

mation, in point of composition, they might have at tracted at their first appearance in a ruder age, an however instrumental they might have been at the in fancy of the reformation in weaning the minds of me from the Papistic ritual, all these considerations ca now no longer support even a specious argument fc their being retained. From the circumstances of th times, and the growing refinements of literature, c course they become obsolete and contemptible. A work grave, serious, and even respectable for its poetry in the reign of Edward the Sixth, at length, in a cul tivated age, has contracted the air of an absolute tra vestie.—Attempts have been made from time to tim to modernise this antient metrical version, and to rende it more tolerable and intelligible by the substitution o more familiar modes of diction. But to say nothing of the unskilfulness with which these arbitrary correc tions have been conducted, by changing obsolete fo known words, the texture and integrity of the origina style, such as it was, has been destroyed: and many stanzas, before too naked and weak, like a plain olc Gothic edifice, stripped of its few signatures of anti quity, have lost that little, and almost only strength, and support which they derived from ancient phrases. Such alterations even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain; and exhibit "motley performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contains more improprieties than those which it professes to remove. Hearne is highly offended at these unwarrantable and incongruous emendations, which he pronounces to be *abominable* in any book, "much more a sacred work;" and is confident, that were Sternhold and Hopkins "now living, they would be so far from 'owning what is ascribed to them,

them, that they would proceed against the innovators as CHEATS."* It is certain that this translation, in its genuine and unsophisticated state, by ascertaining the signification of many radical words now perhaps undeservedly disused, and by displaying original modes of the English language, may justly be deemed no inconsiderable monument of our ancient literature, if not of our ancient poetry."

Hopkins is not traced later than 1556, but from the additions made, in his name, after 1561, there is little doubt he was living beyond that period, and was the ostensible editor of the complete version. Presuming this fact, notwithstanding in the above advertisement he expresses much cautious fear that his own performance might "be fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimation to be the more highly esteemed;" yet he proves not equally tenacious upon reprinting the portion by Sternhold. Though the thirty-seven psalms are considered as the translation of his predecessor, the alterations are always to be traced in a greater or lesser degree. The following specimen is long but not incurious. By the alternate pages will be seen what was the real performance of Sternhold, and what the subsequent revision supposed by Hopkins.†

* Gloss. Rob. Gl. p. 699. This united testimony in favour of correct transcripts may be aptly applied, as unanswerable, to those who object to the servile copy of a text which they consider obsolete and unintelligible.

† This can only extend to supposition. The question is every way doubtful, and to assert the revision entirely by Hopkins is inconsistent with the further language of the advertisement describing his own metre as not in any part to be compared with Sternhold's "MOST EXQUISITE DOINGS." If the "arch botcher" may be considered as the interpolating editor of the whole collection it would account for Corbet invoking the ghost of Wisdome to "patch us up a zealous lay, with an old *ever and for ay*, or *all and some*;" language that is not used in either of the pieces ascribed to him.

(*From*

(*From the edition of* 1551.)

Quam bonus. Psal. lxxiii.

He wondereth how the foes of God doe prosper and encrease: And howe the good and godly men, doe seldome liue in peace.

How good is God to suche as bee, of pure and perfect hearte?
Yet slip my fete awaye from hym, my steppes decline apart,
And why, because I fondly fail, in enuye and disdayne
That wicked men all thynges enioye, without disease or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon their neckes nor burden on theyr backe:
And as for store of worldly goodes they haue no wante or lacke.

And, free from all aduersitie, when other men be shente:
And with the rest they take no parte of plage or punishement.
Wherby they be full gloryously in pryde so hyghe extolde:
And in theyr wronge and violence, be wrapte so many folde,
That by aboundaunce of theyr goodes, they please theyr appetite:
And doe all thynges accordyngly vnto theyr hearte's delyte.
All thynges are vyle in theyr respect, sauing themselues alone:
They bragge theyr mischiefe openlye to make theyr power be knowne.
The heauens and the liuing lorde, they care not to blaspheme:
And loke what thyng they talke or saye, the worlde doth well esteme.
The flocke therefore of flatterers, doe furnish vp theyr trayne:
For there thei be ful sure to sucke some profite and some gayne.
Tush, tush, say they vnto themselues, is there a God aboue;
That knoweth and suffereth all this yll and wil not vs reproue?
Loe, ye may see howe wicked menne, in ryches styll increase:
Rewarded well with worldly goodes, and liue in rest and peace.

[*Conclusion.**]

And loe, all suche as thee forsake, shall perysh euerychone,
And those that trust in any thyng sauyng in thee alone.

---

* The variation of the intermediate lines is very trifling.

(From the edition of 1561.)

Psalme lxxiii. Tho Ster.

he p̄phet teachet by his exā̄ple, that neither the worldelie p̄sp̄itie of the dlie, nor yet the afflictiō of the good ght to discourage God's children, ather ght to moue vs to consider our father's prouidence, and to cause reuerē̄ce God's iudgemē̄tes, forasmuche as the wicked vanish away smoke, and the godlie euer into life euerlasting, in hope whereof he re-th himselfe into God's handes.

loweuer it be, yet God is good and kinde to Israel:
nd to all suche, as safely kepe their conscience pure and wel.
et, like a foole, I almost slipt, my fete began to slide,
nd, or I wist, euen at a pinch, my steppes awrie gan glide.
or when I sawe suche foolish men, I grudgde and did disdaine,
hat wicked mē all thi"gs shulde haue without turmoile or paine.
hey neuer suffer pangs nor grief, as if death shulde them smite:
heir bodies are bothe stoute & strō̄g, and euer in good plite.
nd fre from all aduersitie, when other men be shent;
nd with the rest they take no parte of plague or punishment.
herefore p̄sumptiō doeth embrace their neeks, as doeth a chaine.
nd are euen wrapt, as in a robe, with rapine and disdaine.
hey are so fed, that euen for fat their eyes oft times out start:
nd as for worldelie goods they haue more then can wish their heart,
heir life is moste licencious, boasting muche of the wrong,
hich they haue done to simple men, and euer pride among.
he heauens and the liuing Lord, they spare not to blaspheme,
nd prate they do on wordelie thi"gs: no wight they do esteme.
he people of God oft times turne backe to se their prosprous state;
almoste drinke the selfe same cuppe, and followe the same rate.
low can it be that God, say they, shulde knowe and vnderstand
hese worldelie thi"gs, since wicked men be lordes of sea & land?
or we may se how wicked men in riches still increase;
ewerded wel with worldlie goods, and liue in rest and peace.

[*Conclusion.*]

nd lo, all suche as thee forsake, thou shalt destroy echone;
nd those that trust in any thing, sauing in thee alone.
herefore wil I drawe nere to God, and euer with him dwell:
n God alone I put my trust, thy wonders wil I tell.

In attempting to supply the mechanic wit
plainest version, the labour of the editor did n
with only improving the text of a deceased
and Hopkins sought by rejection to perfect the
Pursuing this laudable attempt, still it is doub
the untoward rhimes of Ainsworth, (who print
English version at Amsterdam half a century
wards), from more nearly resembling the ori
would not have been considered better to supply
ficiency, than the refined strains of Lord Surry
others, contemporary, which could have been ad
The pen of Norton supplied a substitute to
tingham's 129th Psalm, thus commencing,

" Of Israel this may now be the song,
Euen from my youth my foes haue oft me noyed;
A thousand ils, since I was tendre and yong,
They haue me wroght, yet was I not destroyed.

As yet I beare the markes in bone and skin,
That one wolde thinke that the plowme with their plow
Upon my backe haue made their balkes farre in,
For, like plowde grounde, enen so haue I long forowes."

In the portion selected of Kethe's number
variation is very slight from the modern copies.
following may compare with the editor's second ve

" Saue me, o God, for thy name's sake,
And by thy grace my cause defend;
Oh, heare my prayers which I make,
And let my wordes to thee ascend.

For strangers do against me rise,
And tyrants sicke my soule to spil;
They set not God before their eyes,
But bent to please their wilful wil.

Bel

Beholde, God is mine helpe and stay,
And is with suche as do me aide;
My foes dispite he wil repay;
Oh, cut them of as thou hast saide.

Then sacrifice, o Lord, wil I
Present ful freely in thy sight;
And wil thy name stil magnifie,
Because it is bothe good and right.

For he me broght frō troubles great,
And kept me, from their raging ire:
Yea, on my foes, which did me threat,
Myne eyes haue sene mine heart's desire." (Ps. 54.)

Pullain is the last name requiring notice,* and being little known as a writer, I shall trespass on the page to give the single omission.

" Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord
A new ioyful song:
His praises resounde in euerie grounde
His Saintes all among.
Let Israel reioyce, and praise eke with voyce,
His maker louing;
The sonnes of Sion let them euerie one
Be glad in their king.
Let all them aduance his name in the dance,
Bothe now and alwayes;
With harpe and tabret, euen so likewise let
Them vtter his prayes.
The Lord's pleasure is, in them that are his,
Not willing to start,
But all meanes do seke, to succour the meke,
And humble in heart.

* Cox, Norton, &c. may be referred to in any copy.

The saintes more and lesse, his praise shal expresse,
As is good and right;
Reioycing, I saye, both nowe and for aye,
In their beddes at night.
Their throte shall brast out, in euerie route,
In praise of their Lord;
And as men moste bolde, in hand shall they holde
A two-edged sworde;
Auenged to be in euerie degre
The heathen vpon:
And for to reproue, as them doth behoue,
The people echone;
To bind strange kings fast in chaines that will last;
Their nobles also;
In hard yron bands, as wel fete as hands,
To their grief and wo;
That they may in dede giue sentence with spede,
On them to their paine;
As is writ. Alwayes suche honour and prayes,
His saintes shal obtaine.

(Ps. 149).

To render a translation in our vernacular tongue, that should unite all the energetic simplicity and wild sublimity of the original, when forced into measure, and fettered with rhime, is perhaps impossible. The pressure of this difficulty might induce Warton, after "condemning the practice of adulterating this primitive version," to reprobate "any version at all, more especially if intended for the use of the church." Admitting the many objections that must occur to reflection upon this subject; admitting that any translation partakes of the character of "sacred poems;" that "the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always

lways obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, nd elevation of his fancy; [and that] this is rarely o be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion;" since " whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, s comprised in the name of the Supreme Being;— Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be mplified; perfection cannot be improved;") — admitting " all that pious verse can do is to help the nemory, and delight the ear;" yet as for these purposes it may be very useful,* let us not entirely reject netrical psalmody. In substituting hymns for this inguid versification may be traced the rapid increase f the proselytes to methodism. Rather let the best paraphrastic imitations be selected, under dignified authority, and if those who have wandered do not return, t will at least prove, in part, an antidote to the chanting delusions of modern sectarists.†

J. H.

* Dr. Johnson's Life of Waller.

† In the critical observations, particularly on the ninetieth Psalm, which ppear in the last volume of the CENSURA, the name of Sternhold seems ntended to imply the whole version. The passages from psalms translated y him are the 7th and 120th, given at p. 403. Subsequent alterations ave little trace of their earlier translator.

" His sweorde to whet, his bowe to bend,
and stryke vs for our sinne.
He wyll prepare his killing tooles,
and sharpe his arowes preste;
To stryke and pearce with violence,
the persecutour's brest. 7th.

Howe hurtefull is the thyng,
Or els how doth it styng,
The tonge of suche a lyer;
It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arowes sharpe and kene,
Of whote consumyng fyer." 120th.

Such is the language printed by Whitchurch.

ART. V. *Religionis Funus, et Hypocritæ Finis.*

Quasi vulpes in deserto,
Prophetæ tui, O Israel. Ez. xiii. 4.

Ne rodas jubeo, mea carmina, Mome, sed orbi
Ede tua, et Momos etiam tu Momus habebis.

Londini, Excudit Tho. Whitaker, MDC. XLVII. 4*to. pp.* 22.

This rare little volume, which is accompanied by as rare a print of the author, Henry Oxinden, had never been seen by Granger, whose account is erroneous in both editions of his work. He calls the author Sir Henry Oxinden, and says he was ancestor of the present Baronet of that name. But he was only a collateral branch of that family.

The print (which is very prettily engraved, and has been lately copied by Richardson) is inscribed "*Hen. Oxinden de Barham.*" Beneath this motto "*Non est mortale quod opto.* 1647." In the upper corners, the arms and crest, viz. 1 & 4. Arg. a chevron gules between 3 oxen passant Sab. for *Oxinden* 2 & 3 Az. on a chevron argt. 3 talbots passant sable for Brooker of Maydekin. Crest, a lion's head full faced issuing out of a ducal coronet. He was son of Richard Oxinden of Little Maydekin in Barham (or rather Denton, for the house stands in Denton Street at the junction of the two parishes) in East Kent, (which Richard died 1629,) by Katherine daughter of Sir Adam Sprackling of Canterbury, Knt. Richard, the father, was 2d son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Dene in Wingham, in East Kent, by Elizabeth daughter and heir of James Brooker

ooker of Maydekin, who died 1588. Henry, the thor, was buried at Denton June 17, 1670.* He ems to have been a decided loyalist, which was not e case with the head branch of his family.

The book has nothing but its rarity worthy of tice. On this account alone I give the following tracts.

" *Ad Lectorem.*

" Lector, conjuro te, ne carmina nostra in obliquum nsum, et extra intentionem nostram torqueas. inime quidem propositum nostrum est, in ignomiam sanctorum, et hominum vere religiosorum tubam stram inflare. Absit, absit a nobis hujus farinæ usica. Nos tantum in cautionem hypocritarum, minum bicordium, quales Apostolus in ultimo hoc culo venturos prædixit, metra nostra proferimus; orum sermones satis prolixi plerunque tendunt ad orum commodum, ideoque ut ipse dixit CHRISTUS, rutator cordium, in speciem utuntur longis precibus, t exinde exedant domos viduarum, ut ab hiis caveas, optat

Amicus tuus,
HEN. OXINDEN
de Barham."

" *Hypocritæ Finis.*

" Quid si ipsas feriet capite excellentia nubes?
Ipse in perpetuum sicut sua fæda peribit

* His descendant and heir, Lee Warley of Canterbury, Gent. lately died Canterbury, aged upwards of 90; and left his library of books, many of ich were collected by the above H. Oxinden, to the parish of Elham, next enton; with money to build a room next the church, in which to deposit em.

Stercora; dicet ubi est tandem qui viderat illum?
Atque volans non visus abest ut visio noctis.
Et vidisse sat est oculo qui vidit, et ultra
Heu locus ipsius non contemplabitur ipsum,
Ossa juventutis vitiis implentur iniquæ
Cumque illo remanent misero sociata sepulchro.
O quam dulce suo scelus ipsius ore fuisset!
Et quam sub linguâ tacite celaverat illud!
Atque epulæ illius conversæ in viscera ventris
Illic instanter factæ lethale venenum.
Evomuisset opes male quas surrepserat omnes,
Nam de ventre ejus Deus ipse extraxerat illas.
Aspidis hic suxit cerebrum, quoque vipera lingua
Occidit, hic nunquam rivos spectabit amœnos
Mellis torrentes dulcis, butyrique placentis.
Exitus hic malus est hominis, qui bella movebat
In cœlum, Dominumque suum Regemque beatum.
Hi, quamvis titulis speciosis fallere mentes
Mortales possunt, quamvis imponere turbis
Simplicibus valeant verbis, et pectore ficto,
Non tamen illi oculum qui conspicit omnia fallent
Ætherie patris, qui cernens abdita rerum
Intima rimatur clausi penetralia cordis.
Qui capite obliquo incedunt, qui lumine terram
Figunt, qui longo ducunt suspiria tractu,
Quique preces longas bulbis de naribus efflant,
Atque supercilio breviores ferre capillos
Gaudent, sed ficto simulant pia pectora vultu,
Qui facie gestant agnas, sed corde leones:
Hi quamvis fallant homines mendacibus umbris,
Et ficta pietate colant, et Sabbata servant,
Non tamen illudent oculis vigilantis Olympi.
Tempus erit, quando Dominus qui pectora cuncta
Scrutatur, vultus simulatos deteget omnes,
Et manifestabit secreta latentia cordis,

Tunc deturbabit cunctos ad Tartara fictos
Torquendos sine fine pice, et nigrantibus undis
Cocyti, et facibus furiarum ardentibus intus."

Such are the contents of this little volume. I am fraid the author's English poetry has still less claims) praise, if we may judge from the only specimen in ıy power, which is copied from a mouldering tomb- :one under the communion rails of my little church f Denton. It is the epitaph on my remote predeces- or.

" *Epitaph.*

" Sir Anthony Perceval, Knight, 12 Jan. 1646,
Aged about 45, and Dame Gertrude, * his Lady
Deceased May 12, 1647, aged 33; from hence
Expect the speedy return of their blessed Saviour."

" Behold the ashes of a worthy Knight,
Which make for thee, O Reader, a glasse light.
Hee had not been confined to this grave,
If wit or prudence him from thence could save.
But these his vertues only were the shade
Of heavenly grace that flowers in their fade.
And thou in Christ thy choicest giftes must raise
† ——- ——— ———
† ——— ——— ———
Who ———— with vertue's highest spheare,
And where both wits and beauties were abundant
E'en there for wit and beauty was transcendant.
But this her graces above all did beare,
That they were sublimated in God's feare,
Who loving her before the world began
Ordained her a spouse for 's only sonne.

* She was daughter of Sir Henry Gibbs, of Co. Warwick, Bart.
† Covered by the Communion rails.

O blest

O blest beyond the reach of human chance,
Whom neither Order nor yet Ordinance
Can hurt or reach, or Envy can annoye,
Or vote them from the pleasures they enjoye.
And Death ——————— in vain,
For these your Master ——— with him to raigne.*

TESTE HEN. OXINDEN
De Barham."

ART. VI. *The Whole Workes of Samuel Daniel, Esquire, in Poetrie. London: Printed by Nicholas Okes for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Crowne,* 1623. 4*to. pp.* 231 *and* 479.

The first series of pages contains the poem of *The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster,* in 8 books.† In the second series of pages are several additional title-pages, viz.

1. *A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius. London, &c. as before.* Here, at p. 15, occurs *A Funeral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Devonshire.*

* Sir Anthony Percival (who appears by his arms to have been of the Egmont family) left a son and heir, John Percival, Esq. who married a coheir of the family of Monins of Waldershare, (now the seat of Lord Guilford.) He sold the Denton estate about the time of the Restoration. Sir Anthony's first wife, Alice Kempe, has a monument in St. James's church, Dover, 1637, (see Topogr. I. 125) where a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by the learned John Reading, for whose numerous publications see Wood's Ath. II. 407.—Sir Anthony was at that time Comptroller of the Customs at Dover. He was knighted by Charles I. on Dec. 8, 1641.

† The four first books were published 1595, 4to.; a fifth book was added 1599; a sixth, 1602; and the two last 1609.

2. At

2. At p. 27, *A Panegyrike Congratulatorie, delivered to the King's most excellent Majestie at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles,* with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author.*

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

London, &c. as before. The Epistles are to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper; to Lord Henry Howard; to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland; to Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford; to Lady Anne Clifford; and to Henry Wrothesley, Earl of Southampton. Then follows "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the sea, and having in his boat two women, of whom he loved the one that disdained him, and scorned the other, who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which was referred to his own choice," two pages.

3. At page 79, *Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning.*

4. At p. 113 *The Complaint of Rosamond.* † At p. 149 commence the Sonnets, called *Delia.*‡ After p. 180, *A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino,* three pages. Then an address *To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent Sir Phillip Sidney,* three pages. Then, *A Letter written to a worthy Countess,* three pages of prose. Then, "*To the Right Rev. James Montague, Bishop of Winchester,* a poetical epistle, three pages. All these pages are unnumbered.

* Published separately. London, 1603.

† First published 1592, 4to.—1594, 12mo.

‡ Daniel's first publication was "The Tract of Paulus Jovius, 1585."

5. At

5. At p. 181, *The Tragedy of Philotas. London: Printed &c.* *

6. At p. 257, *Hymen's Triumph. A Pastorall Tragicomœdie, presented at the Queene's Court in the Strand, at her Majestie's magnificent entertainement of the King's most excellent Majesty, being at the nuptials of the Lord Roxborough.*

7. At p. 325, *The Queene's Arcadia. A Pastorall Trage-Comedie, presented to her Majesty and her Ladies by the University of Oxford in Christ's Church in Aug.* 1605. †

8. At p. 403, *The vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Maske the eight of January, at Hampton Court by the Queene's most excellent Majesty and her Ladies.* ‡

9. At p. 421, *The Tragedie of Cleopatra:*

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

ART. VII. *Poems by Michael Drayton, Esquyer. Collected into one volume. Newly corrected MDCXXXVII. London: Printed for John Smethwick.* In an engraved title-page by Marshall, with Drayton's head at top. pp. 487. 12mo.

These poems consist of, 1. The Barons' Wars. 2. England's Heroical Epistles. 3. The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandie. 4. The Legend of Matilda. 5. The Legend of Pierce Gaveston. 6. The Legend of Great Cromwell. 7. Idea, containing sixty-three Sonnets. Why the historical poem of the Battle of Agincourt is left out, does not appear.

* First published 1602, 12mo.—1605, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

† Published following year, 1606, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

‡ Printed by Waterson, 1594, 12mo.—1599, 4to.—1611, 12mo.

ART.

ART. VIII. *The Battailes of Crescey and Poictiers, under the fortunes and valour of King Edward the Third of that name, and his sonne Edward, Prince of Wales, named the Black. By Charles Aleyn. Printed by Tho. Harper, &c.* 1633.*

This is the 2d edition—the first was published in 1631.

ART. IX. *The Historie of that wise and fortunate Prince Henrie of that name the Seventh, King of England. With that famed battaile fought between the said King and Richard III. named Crook-back, upon Redmore, near Bosworth. In a poem by Charles Aleyn.* † *Printed for Tho. Cotes.* 8vo. 1638. ‡

ART. X. *The Reign of King Henry the Second, written in Seaven Bookes. By his Majestie's command.*

Invalidas vires Rex exutat, et juvat idem
Qui jubet; obsequium sufficet esse meum. AUSON.

London: Printed by A. M. for Benjamin Fisher, dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the Talbot. 1633. *Sm.* 8vo.

These articles are thus placed here, that they may illustrate each other by way of juxta position. Of Daniel and Drayton it will be necessary to say very little, as they are well known, and have lately been reprinted in Anderson's Poets. In matters of taste it is neither my wish nor would it be possible to convince;

* This title is copied from Oldys's article of Aleyn in Kippis's Biogr. Brit. my copy having lost the title-page.

† Aleyn also published "The History of Eurialus and Lucretia," translated from Æneas Sylvius. 8vo. 1639.

‡ Athenæum, No. 23, (Novr. 1808) p. 422.

but

but, I confess, my own preference of Daniel to Drayton is decisive. If the language of the latter is less abstract, that of the former is more pure, perspicuous, fluent, pointed, and original; it abounds in a stream of the most acute moral reflections, often expressed with surprising force and felicity, the result of a discriminative head constantly exercised in meditating on all the variety of human affairs, and constantly arranging those meditations till they were ready with all their shades of difference at his call. But all these nice and masterly operations of the head would have been little, unless they had received a vivifying effect from the spirit of a feeling, warm, and virtuous heart. It is said that he is too much of an historian, rather than a poet. But does not Drayton, who makes this charge, * fall into the same defect?

I will select a short specimen from each on similar topics; the presages of death felt by K. Edward II. and K. Richard II. which are very favourable extracts of both poets.

"*Edward II. at Berkeley Castle. By Drayton. Baron's Wars, Cant. V. st.* 40, *&c.*

40.

"Thus they to Berkeley brought the wretched King,
Which for their purpose was the place fore-thought.
Ye Heavenly Powers, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,

* "Amongst these, Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose."
Drayton's Epistle to Reynolds of Poets and Poesy.

That

That might the nation into question bring?
But, O, your ways with justice still are fraught!
But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

41.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy room,
Where through strait windows the dull light came far,
(In which the sun did at no season come)
Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day waged a continual war;
Under whose floor the common sewer past,
Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

42.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As tho' they chim'd his last sad burying knells:
Under his cave the buzzing skreech-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

43.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets,
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams,
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets,
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms,
Of strong temptations by seducing sprites;
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

44.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost,
Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or slain,

Attended

Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge, and fatal Borough lost;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking every limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes;
Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Thro' the least cranny would not let him see.

46.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes
That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life, to Berkeley sent.

47.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did bear,
Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withal, how vile a thing it were;
But by the pointing was another thing,
And to dispatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murderers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

48.

When Edward hop'd a chronicle to find
Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which to pass the hours he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind;
But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
'For when true sorrow once the fancy siezeth,
What ere we see, our misery increaseth."

Edward now reads the fates of the different Norman Princes from the Conqueror down to his father, dw. I. Then,

58.

Turning the leaf, he found, at unawares,
What day young Edward Prince of Wales was born;
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to despite him, they were set in scorn,
Blotting the paper like disfiguring scars:
'O let that name,' quoth he, 'from books be torn,
Lest in that place the sad displeased earth
Do loath itself, as slander'd with my birth.

59.

Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea;
And future ages asking for that child,
Say 'twas abortive, or 'twas stol'n away:
And lest, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day:
Let all be done, that power can bring to pass,
To make forgot, that such a one there was.'

60.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to seem like roundlets, that arise

By a stone cast into a standing brook,
Appearing to him in such various wise,
And at one time such sundry fashions took,
As like deluding goblins did affright,
And with their foul shapes terrify his sight."
&c. &c.

"*Richard II. at Pomfret. By Daniel. From the Civil Wars, Book III.*

62.

" Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near genius of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, wherein it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear.

63.

However so it is; the now sad King
(Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat; still muses; sleeps unsound:
His senses droop; his steady eyes unquick;
And much he ails; and yet he is not sick.

64.

The morning of that day, which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out of a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees her people press'd;
Where others liberty makes him complain

The more his own; and grieves his own the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

65.

'O happy man,' saith he, 'that lo I see
Grasing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is, he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life, that is to live,
To *rest* secure, and not rise up to *grieve*.

66.

'Thou sitt'st at home, safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other harms, but feelest none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part; envy not all.

67.

'Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

68.

'Great Dioclesian, (and more great therefore
For yielding up what thereto pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' earth admires;

Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

69.

Are kings, that freedom give, themselves not free,
As meaner men to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree
That they cannot descend from that, and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I fear'd? Is there no way but death?'

70.

Scarce this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
When in rush'd one, and tells him such a Knight
Is now arriv'd!———" &c. &c.

It is now my business to give a specimen of the poetry of ALEYN. The passage which I can most easily detach is the following.

" *Prelude to the Battle of Crescey. From C. Aleyn's Battle of Crescey, p.* 18.

" Now War doth quit her prison, and rejoice
To try in Bretagne her uncertain chance;
Edward for Montfort stands, Philip for Blois,
Who both plead right in that inheritance:
Weapons are drawn on both sides to cut out
Their rights, but are put up before they fought.

For now two Cardinals (a Nun before)
Make a fair truce, and are the shields of France,
As Fabius of Rome: their swords fence more
Than arms; but when the English next advance,
And march to Crescey, then the French shall know
Their church hath not a guard for such a blow.

Impatie

Impatient Mars once more to prison must
And fast from blood; nor dare once dream of fight;
Their tools of death for want of use shall rust,
Whilst ploughmen stew'd in sweat make their's look bright.
'Twas iron's proper use for which 'twas found,
Not to carve up a Christian, but the ground.

This pause doth not determine, but defer,
And make more work for wounds, when next they fought;
This rest doth to another day refer;
This fire is yet but smother'd, not put out.
Truce is the curfew-bell, whose humming chime
Rakes up war's embers for some other time.

Now tho' their helmets gather rust, and are
The shops where spiders weave their bowels forth;
Yet let not those brave heads, which did them wear,
In rusty idleness entomb their worth.
The spirits are extinct, and valour dies,
Without their sovereign diet, exercise.

Which mov'd our second Arthur to erect
A table, lest their magnanimity
Should languish in dull coldness and neglect
Of practising their arms, and chivalry:
For exercise and emulation are
The parents that beget children for war.

Fam'd Arthur, worthy of best pens, but that
Truth is so far before 'tis out of sight;
Thy acts are made discourse for those that chat
Of *Hampton's* cut-throat, or the Red-Rose Knight:
Yet there is truth enough in thy fair story,
Without false legends to enshrine thy glory.

Some Monkish pen hath given thy fame more blows,
Than all the Saxons could thy body lend:
The hand a sacrifice to Vulcan owes,
That kill'd the truth by forgeries it pen'd.
When truth and falsehood interlaced lie,
All are thought falsehoods by posterity.

And to invite great men from foreign parts
(Guests worthy of this table) he did add
Rich salaries to sublimate their hearts
For high designs: some guerdon must be had
To raise a great, and a dejected soul:
Virtue steers bravely where there's such a pole.

Antiquity the Arts so flourishing saw,
Cheer'd by their patron's sweet and temperate air:
'Twas hope of meed that made Apelles draw
Such an unvalued piece of Philip's heir:
And well he might: rewards not only can
Draw such a picture, but make such a man.

Philip well knowing this association
Was of high consequence, and great import,
A table did erect in imitation,
Where Almains and Italians should resort.
He writ by Edward's copy: in all schools
Examples may instruct, as well as rules.

Yet in the reign of this first son of Mars,
All is not sternly rugged; some delights,
Some amorous sports to sweeten tarter wars,
And then a dance begun the Garter Knights.
They swell with love, that are with valour fill'd,
And Venus' doves may in a head-piece build.

As Sarum's beauteous Countess in a dance
Her loosen'd garter unawares let fall,
Renowned Edward took it up by chance,
Which gave that order first original.

Thus saying to the wond'ring standers by,
There shall be honour to this silken tye.

From that light act this ORDER to begin,
May seem derogatory from its worth:
And yet small things have directories been,
Actions of veneration to bring forth.
That accident might the original prove:
Nobility lies couching under love.

At least the MOTT retorted on the Queen,
And smiling courtiers might from hence proceed.
Something like that of Philip's having seen
The regiment of lovers that lay dead
At Cheronea. *May Destruction fall*
On them, who these think any ill at all.

Some the beginning from first Richard bring,
(Counting too meanly of this pedigree)
When he at Acon tied a leather string
About his soldier's legs, whose memory
Might stir their valour up. But choose you whether
You'll Edward's *silk* prefer, or Richard's *leather.*

But they take not a scruple of delight,
More than's by nature given to relish pain,
At once, you're welcome pleasure, and good night,
Before 'tis settled, 'tis expell'd again.
As dogs of Nilus drink a snatch, and gone;
Sweets must be tasted, and not glutted on.

By this time France is rank; her veins are full
And ripe to be let blood; death's instruments
Are now keen-edged, which before were dull,
And fit to execute the mind's intents,
The furies roused from their loathed shelves,
For former fastings now may feast themselves.

This truce was not to famish them, but get
Them better stomachs when they next shall feed;
The fight, and not the war was ended yet,
War by peace only is determined;
Truce but suspends a war, makes it not cease,
For there's no medium between war and peace.

Th' act of hostility, and the exercise
Of war hath stoppage, but the war is still:
As when victorious sleep doth win my eyes,
And captivate my senses; yet none will
Say I have lost my sense: thus truces are
But the mere sleeps, and holidays of war."

Of Thomas May I feel impelled to give a longer specimen.

"*Description of Henry the Second's Coronation of his Son at Westminster. By Thomas May. From his Reign of Henry the Second. Book II.*

"How ill Imperial Majesty can brook
A sharer, seek not far; nor need you look
Stories, whose credit time has ruin'd quite;
Nor need you read, what old tragedians write
Of this sad theme, or cast your pitying eyes
Upon the Theban brothers' tragedies,
Or brother's blood, that Rome's first voice did stain,
The spacious heavens (as poets wisely feign)
Brook'd not old Saturn and his Jupiter.
By every age, and dire example near
To us, how oft has this sad truth been prov'd?
How many sons and fathers have been mov'd
To parricide, to set themselves but free
From that, which Henry makes himself to be,
Rival'd in reign? But if he still retain
Full regal powers, what more dost thou obtain

By

By this thy fat' er's kind donation,
Young King, than title and a fruitless throne?
How vain thy sceptre is, when thou shalt see
The power divided from the dignity?
  Yet do not so mistake thy fate; no less,
Nay greater far esteem thy happiness
Than if thou now wert seiz'd of all alone;
The cares and dangers waiting on a crown
Have made some fear the burden, or despise
That sacred jewel of unvalued price.
A prudent King, when he awhile survey'd
The glittering splendour that his crown display'd,
Was sighing heard to say, if those that view
Far off thy flattering glories only, knew
How many cares and griefs in thee are found,
They would be loth to take thee up from ground.
This wisest monarch, if he now should see
Thy royal state, young King, would envy thee;
And count thee happy sure, that dost alone
Wear, without cares, the glories of a crown;
That from the burden of a King art free,
Invested only with the dignity.
  Yet this prerogative brings no content
To thee, that seem'st to want th' accomplishment
Of royalty, the power and regal sway.
Nothing, alas, this coronation day
Has brought thee to, but to a nearer sight
Of what thou hast not, nor is yet thy right.
Thy stirring mind meets torture with a throne,
But tantalized in dominion.
The cause, alas, of woes that must ensue,
And thy great father too too soon shall rue.
  That day's solemnity in truest state
The court of England strove to celebrate,
And with such great magnificence, as might
The majesty of that high presence fit;

When

When all at once two Kings, three Queens, were met,
Besides so many high-born princes, great
In fame and wealth. The feasting boards were fill'd
With what this island or rich France could yield.
Such cates as those, with which old poets feign'd
In Thessaly the gods were entertain'd
At silver-footed Thetis' bridal feast,
Where Jove himself vouchsaf'd to be a guest;
Where aged Chiron waited at the board,
And brought what air, earth, waters could afford,
When all rich Tempe, and th' adjoining seas
Were search'd, besides what then the Naiades,
What young Palæmon, Glaucus, and the green
Sea-nymphs had brought to grace their beauteous Que-
The choicest wines that France or Spain could yield
In cups of gold, studded with gems, were fill'd,
And antique goblets, where the carver strove
To equal Nature's skill; beasts seem'd to move,
And precious birds their glistening wings display'd.
The fair and massy vessels that convey'd
The feast to them, did far in their high rates
Exceed the value of those sumptuous cates.
King Henry, wanton with excess of joy,
Which now he thought no fortune could destroy;
(How soon deceiv'd! how soon enforc'd to find
The error in his ill-presaging mind!)
To testify a great affection,
And grace the state of his young-crowned son,
Himself, as sewer, will vouchsafe to wait
Upon his son; who sits in regal state,
And to his table the first dish present;
The Lords and Princes all with one consent
Applaud the King's great love, but secretly
Are struck with wonder these strange rites to see.
Some seek examples for it; some within
Themselves do sadly from that sight divine;

When

When York's Archbishop the young King bespake;
'Rejoice, my princely son, and freely take
The comfort of your state; no monarch, know,
On earth has such a servitor as you.'
With that the Prelate gently smil'd; but he
With a proud look replies; 'why wonder ye?
Or think these rites so strange, my father does?
My birth is far more royal, well he knows,
Than his; he only by the mother's side
With high imperial blood was dignified:
His father was but Anjou's Earl; but I
Derive from both my parents royalty,
A King and Queen!' They all with wonder hear;
King Henry sigh'd; and 'gan e'en then to fear
What after might ensue from such a pride.
But at that triumph he resolv'd to hide
His fears or griefs. Instead of which the court
Was fill'd with revels; with all royal sport;
All shows that high magnificence could give;
There Art in strange varieties did strive
Both to perplex and please the eyes of all;
But Nature more; for to the festival
From every part the choicest beauties came:
There, like a fire etherial, every dame
Did blaze more bright than elements could make,
While from the countries they all flock'd to take
Survey of kingly glories; while they sought
To view the lustre of a court, they brought
The lustre with them, and might seem to be
Themselves that splendour, that they came to see.
Amidst those sparkling beauties Cupid sat,
Love's powerful god, and rul'd in highest state,
Arm'd with his fires and shafts, resolv'd to be
In Henry's court a greater king than he;
Whose yoke the King must suffer. On the state
Of Cupid there the little loves did wait.

Throughout

Throughout the court they took their wanton flight
With wings unseen; and, when they list, would light
Upon the ladies' shoulders, or their breasts,
Their ruffs, or tires: they feel not those light guests
Which they give harbour to. Bold LICENCE there;
Sweet reconciled ANGER; blushing FEAR,
Unseen DELIGHT, did with pale WATCHING fly;
Desiring TEARS with wanton PERJURY,
And all the rest. They say the beauteous Queen
Of Love herself upon that day was seen
Approaching London: up clear Thames's stream
Borne on a sounding Triton's back she came:
The river smooth'd his face to entertain
The Queen of Love with her light-footed train.
The silver swans ador'd her all the way,
And churking did their snow-white wings display.
The river-nymphs, that saw her coming, thought
Some sweet achievement now was to be wrought;
That Cupid sure had promis'd her to see
Some high exploit, some royal victory,
As that, when once he made imperial Jove
Low like a bull for fair Europa's love;
Or when he made rough Neptune feel his fire;
Or warm'd chaste Cinthia's bosom with desire,
And made her court the shepherd. Such a one
Love's Queen now look'd for from her conquering son,
Nor was her expectation void. She found
As much as she could hope; a royal wound.
No less than Henry's noble breast must be
The trophy of her Cupid's victory.
Henry's pleas'd eyes now wander'd every where
Among those stars, that made his court their sphere,
(For such they seem'd; and no less bright they shew'd,
Although of different light and magnitude.)
Oft could he change the objects of his eye
With fresh delight; praise the variety

Without

Without distracted thoughts, till like the Queen
Of Light, fair Cinthia, ROSAMUND was seen.
There did he fix; there his amazed eye
Forgot all pleasure of variety,
And gaz'd alone upon her matchless hue.
False Cupid laugh'd, and thence in triumph flew.
Too much, alas, found Henry's wounded breast
How much her beauty did outshine the rest.
So golden Venus 'mong the sea-nymphs; so
Did Deidamia 'mong her sisters shew
When she inflam'd the young Achilles' heart.
As Rosamund appear'd, each single part
Of Love's rich dower, which she alone possest,
Had been enough to fire a vulgar breast,
And in another raise high beauty's fame.
Into her form all several Cupids came,
And all the Graces their perfection shew'd:
Nature confess'd she had too much bestow'd
On one rich mixture, which alone must wear
All her fair liveries; pure whiteness there,
Nor red alone must beauty's colours show;
Blue pleads a title, since her veins are so;
E'en black itself plac'd in her eye is bright,
And seems to be the colour of the light.
As they are hers, all forms, all colours please.
Henry, the more he looks, does more increase
His flame; and whether he should check desire,
And go about to quench so sweet a fire;
Or feed the flame he cannot yet resolve.
A thousand thoughts does his sick breast revolve:
Sometimes he seeks to cure the wound, and cast
Out Cupid's fatal shaft; but still more fast
The arrow sticks; and goes more deep into
His wounded heart; ensnared fishes so,
When they have once received the baited hook,
The more they plunge the deeper still are struck

So when by chance the stately stag is shot,
In vain he strives 'gainst fate; it boots him not
Thro' all the forests, lawns, and fields to take
His speedy course; no force, no flight, can shake
The mortal shaft out of his wounded side.
It boots not Henry to survey the pride
Of other beauties now; converse with all
The Princes met at his great festival,
Or fix himself on the solemnities,
The sports and revels of his court. His eyes
Can recompense him with no sight at all;
Nor yield him pleasure equal to the thrall
They brought him to, by sight of Rosamund.
No thoughts of state have power t' allay his wound.
Sometimes he yields to Love's imperial flame;
Resolves to court her favour straight; but shame
Restrains that thought. His servants all discern
A change; but are afraid the cause to learn.
'Tis not the crowning, Henry, of thy son,
Though that shall breed a sad confusion,
Can make thee less than King; or disenthrone
Thee half so much, as love of her has done.
That makes thee humbly sue: makes thee become
Thyself a subject, forc'd t' abide the doom
That sovereign beauty shall be pleas'd to give.
Thou, mighty Prince, whose high prerogative,
Equal to fate itself, us'd to bestow
Or death or life on suppliants, art now
Thyself an humble suppliant, and bound
To sue for health to beauteous Rosamund!"

May's *Reign of K. Edward the Third, in 7 books*, was published in 1635, in 8vo.

His Translation* of Lucan's Pharsalia, though since

* It is dedicated to William, Earl of Devonshire, and has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, H. V. and I. Vaughan. I have a copy in sm. 8vo. unpaged;

ɔe superseded by Rowe's, was highly praised by his emporaries.

ged; but extending to sign. T. The title-page being torn away, bably an engraved one.) I know not the date; which however may y be ascertained by a reference to catalogues. The third edition was *lon*, 1635, 8vo. The following description of the prodigies which pre-d the Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey, on which he thus begins,

"Wars more than civil, on Œmathian plains,
We sing; rage licens'd; where great Rome distains
In her own bowels her victorious swords;
Where kindred hosts encounter, all accords
Of empire broke: where arm'd to impious war
The strength of all the shaken world from far
Is met; known ensigns ensigns do defy,
Piles against piles; gainst eagles eagles fly;"

ibits as favourable a specimen, as I could collect

FROM THE END OF BOOK I.

"You gods, that easily give prosperity,
But not maintain it; that great city fill'd
With native souls, and conquer'd, that could yield
Mankind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
An easy prey to Cæsar; when a foe
Begirts our soldiers in a foreign land,
One little trench night's danger can withstand;
A sudden work rais'd out of earth endures
The foe's assault; the encamped's sleep secures.
Thou, Rome, a war but nois'd, art left by all,
Not one night's safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when Pompey flies,
'Tis time to fear; then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate; the threat'ning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies:
Unheard of stars by night adorn the skies:
Heaven seems to flame, and thro' the welkin fire
Obliquely flies; state-changing comets dire
Display to us their blood-portending hair;
Deceitful lightnings flash in clearest air.

Strange-

Strange-formed meteors the thick air had bred
Like javelins long, like lamps more broadly spread.
Lightning without one crack of thunder brings
From the cold north his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainst our Capitol: small stars, that use
Only by night their lustre to diffuse,
Now shine in midst of day: Cinthia bright,
In her full orb, like Phœbus, at the sight
Of earth's black shades eclipses: Titan hides,
(When mounted in the midst of heaven he rides
In clouds his burning chariot) to enfold
The world in darkness quite: day to behold
No nation hopes: as once back to the last
He fled at sight of sad Thyeste's feast,
Fierce Vulcan opes Sicilian Ætna's throat,
But to the sky her flames she belches not,
But on the Italian shore obliquely flings;
Blood from her bottom black Charybdis brings;
Sadlier bark Scylla's dogs than they were wont;
The vestal fire goes out; on th' Alban mount
Jove's sacrificing fire itself divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides
Like the two Theban princes' funeral fires;
Earth opes her threatening jaws; th' Alps nodding spires
Shake off their snow; Thetis does higher now
'Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spain's Calpe flow.
The native gods did weep; Rome's certain fall
The Lares sweating shew'd; the off'rings fall
Down in the temples; and, as we have heard,
Night's fatal birds in midst of day appear'd;
Wild beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with men's articulate voice their moan,
Births monstrous, in both limbs, proportion,
And number; mothers their own infants fear'd;
Sybilla's fatal lines were sung and heard
Among the people; and with bloody arms
Cybel's head-shaking priests pronounc'd their charms,
I' th' people's ears howling a baleful moan;
And ghosts from out their quiet urns did groan.

Clashing

Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they hear
In desert groves; and threatening ghosts appear.
The dwellers near without the city wall
Fled; fierce Erynnis had encompass'd all
The town; her snaky hairs and burning brand
Shaking; as when she rul'd Agava's hand,
Or the self-maim'd Lycurgus: such was she,
Who once, when sent by Juno's cruelty,
Great Hercules, new come from Hell, did fight:
Shrill trumpets sounded; dismal airs of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
Did then present: in midst of Mars his field
Rose Sylla's ghost; and woes ensuing told:
Ploughmen near Aniens streams Marius behold
Rise from his sepulchre; and fly appall'd.
For these things were the Tuscan prophets call'd;
As custom was."

May continued this poem down to the death of Julius Cæsar in 7 books, both in Latin and English verse, which continuation was joined to the translation of the original in 2d edit. 1633, dedicated to the King. Sir Arthur Gorges had already translated this poem, which was published by his son Carew Gorges in 1614.

May was joined with Sir Robert Le Grys in the translation of "Barclay's Argenis, 1628, 4to." He also Englished "Barclay's Mirror of Minds, 1633, 12mo."

Langbaine says, that being candidate with Sir Wm. Davenant for the honourable title of Queen's Poet, and being frustrated in his expectations, out of mere spleen, as it is thought, for his repulse, he vented his spite in his "History of the late Civil Wars of England." In an Elegy on the Death of John Cleveland, printed in his Works, p. 282, and signed I. M. (supposed to be Jasper Mayne) are these lines:

"His honest soul in consultation sat,
Unmasking vices both of church and state.
It was not power, but justice made him write,
No ends could, *May-like*, turn him parasite."

May also translated "Virgil's Georgics, London, 1622, 8vo. Oldys says "he died suddenly in the night of the Ides of November, 1650, being overcharged with wine. See Andrew Marvell's Poem on his death."

ART. XI. *A Letter sent by Sir Iohn Svckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discouerie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England. Imprinted at London.* 1641.

"A Letter sent by Sir John Suckling from France, [redacted], deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discoverie[redacted]e of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his[redacted]s adherents against England.

1. "Goe, dolefull sheete to everie street
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'um all thy masters fall,
That lived bravely mought-a.
2. Sir John in fight as brave a wight,
As the knight of the sun-a,
Is forced to goe, away with woe,
And from his countrie run-a.
3. Vnhappy stars to breed such iars
That England's chief Sucklin-a,
Should prove of late the scorn of fate,
And fortunes unlucklin-a;
4. But ye may see inconstancie
In all things under heiven a;
When God withdrawes his gracious lawes
We run at six and seven-a.
5. Alas, alas, how things doe passe?
What bootes a handsome face-a,
A prettie wit and legges to it
Not season'd well with grace-a.
6 I that in court have made such sport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and small
The maides of honour round-a.

7. I that did play both night and day
And revelled here and there-a,
Had change of suits, made layes to lutes
And bluster'd everie where-a.
8. I that could write and well indite
As 'tis to ladies known-a,
And bore the praise for songs and playes
Far more then were mine own-a.
9. I that did lend and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse-a
And gave the King a wondrous thing,
At once a hundred horse-a.
10. Blest providence that kept my sense
So well, that I fond elfe-a,
Should chance to hit to have the wit,
To keep one for myselfe-a.
11. I that marcht forth, into the North,
And went up hills a main-a
With sword and lance like King of France,
And so came downe again-a.
12. I that have done such things, the sun
And moone did never see-a,
Yet now poore Iohn, a poxe upon
The fates, is faine to flee-a.
13. And for the brave, I us'd to have
In all I wore or eate-a,
Accurssed chance to spoyle the dance,
I scarce have clothes or meate-a.
14. Could not the plot, by which I got
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright that Persian wight,
My roving fancie stay-a.
15. But I must flie at things so high,
Above me not allow'd-a?
And I Sir John, like Ixion,
For Juno kisse a cloud-a?

 16. Would

16. Would I had burn'd it, when I turn'd it,
Out of a Comedie-a;
There was an omen in the nomen
I feare of Tragedie-a;
17. Which is at last upon me cast
And I proclaim'd a sott-a,
For thinking to with English doe
As with a Persian plot-a.
18. But now I finde with griefe of minde
What will not me availe-a,
That plots in iest are ever best,
When plots in earnest faile-a.
19. Why could not I in time espie
My errour, but, what's worse-a,
Vnhappy vermin must bring in *Iermin*
The master of the horse-a.
20. The valiant Percie, God have mercie
Vpon his noble soul-a;
Though hee be wise by my advice
Was in the plot most foule-a.
21. The wittie poet (let all know it)
Davenant by name-a;
In this design, that I call mine,
I utterlie disclaime-a.
22. Though he can write, he cannot fight,
And bravely take a fort-a:
Nor can he smell a project well,
His nose it is to short-a.
23. 'Tis true wee met, in counsell set,
And plotted here in prose-a,
And what he wanted, it is granted,
Abridge made of his nose-a;
24. But to impart it to his art,
Wee had made prittie stuff-a;
No, for the plot, that we had got,
One poet was enough-a.

25. Which

25. Which had not fate and prying state
Crusht in the very wombe-a,
We had ere long by power strong,
Made England but one tomb-a.
26. Oh what a fright had bred that sight,
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
Within the wall of London all
In severall troopes should prance-a.
27. When men quarter'd, woman slaughter'd,
In heapes everie where-a,
So thick should lie, the enemie,
The very sight should scare-a.
28. That they afraid of what they made,
A streame of blood so high-a,
For safety fled, should mount the dead,
And unto heaven get nigh-a.
29. The scarlet gowne, and best i' th' towne,
Each other would bewaile-a,
That their shut purse had brought this curse,
That did so much prevaile-a.
30. Each Alderman in his own chaine,
Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
And all the city without pitty,
Made but one bloody bog-a.
31. The Irish Kerne, in battell sterne,
For all their faults so foul-a,
Pride, use, ill gaine, and want of braine,
Teaching them how to howle-a.
32. No longer then, the fine women,
The Scots would praise and trust-a;
The wanton dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter then their lust-a;
33. But too too late lament their fate,
And miserie deplore-a,
By the French knocks, having got a pox,
Worse then they had before-a.

34. Infants unborne should scape the horne,
By being murther'd then-a;
Which they were sure if life indure,
To have when they were men-a.

35. The precise frie, that now mounts high,
Full lowe we cast their lot-a,
And all that thinke it sin to drinke,
We doom'd unto the pot-a.

36. The parliament is fully bent,
To roote up bishops cleane-a;
To raze their fort and spoile their sport,
Wee did intend and meane-a.

37. With many things, confusion bringes,
To kingdoms in an hour-a
To burn up tillage, sack and pillage,
And handsome maides deflour-a.

38. But Argus eye did soon espy
What we so much did trust-a;
And to our shame and love of fame
Our plot laid in the dust-a.

39. And had we staid, I am affraid,
That their Briarian hand-a,
Had struct us dead (who now are fled)
And ceised all our land-a.

40. But thanks to heaven, three of the seven,
That were the plotter's chiefe-a,
Have led to France their wits a dance
To finde out a reliefe-a.

41. But Davenant shakes and buttons makes,
As strongly with his breech-a;
As hee ere long did with his tongue,
Make many a bombast speech-a.

42. But yet we hope hee 'le 'scape the rope,
That now doth him so fright-a;
The parliament being content,
That he this fact should write-a. Finis.

From Paris, June 16, 1641. I. S. K."

From

m a quarto tract of four leaves, the above is
l verbatim. The same rhyming measure was
in the ballad upon the Campaign of Sir John
ing. The above is not without value, as far as
uthority can be admitted. Joining in the plot
Sir William D'Avenant, and himself being alive
is in June 1641, are new biographical anecdotes.
eath was given as upon May 7, 164—, some
riters say 1641, in the 28th, what by their
computation was the 29th year of his age,
as they supposed, born in April 1613, until
ysons proved the inaccuracy from the parish
r, where it is entered of Feb. 10, 1608-9.
t research is tedious work is no excuse for inat-
: errors. Men that live in such turbulent
s as Suckling did, and take a prominent part in
tional spectacle, should have their entrances and
narked with accuracy, as forming no mean por-
the outline of their public character.

J. H.

XII. *The copie of a letter sent from the roarboyes in Elizium; to the two arrant Knights le Grape, in Limbo, Alderman Abel and M. ert, the two great projectors for wine; and to rest of the worshipfull brotherhood of that nt. Brought over lately by Quart pot, an nt servant to Bacchus, whom for a long time had most cruelly rackt, but hope shortly to be red to his ancient liberties. Whereunto is added,)ration which Bacchus made to his subjects, in lower world; publishea for the satisfaction*

and benefit of his subjects here. [Two wood-cut oval portraits of Abel and Kilvert, with incidental accompaniments.] *Brought over by the same Messenger.* 1641. *4to. four leaves.*

From the link of continuation created by the title, as brought from France with the last article, a brief notice of this tract seemed necessary. Seven pages of poetry, of lines introductory, the superscription, letter, and oration, commence thus:

" Bacchus into Elizium tooke his way,
And to his crew proclaym'd a holy day;
And taking up his horne that held a tonne
Of right Canary, drunk't off, and begunne
To wind it so loud that Elizium
Rang with the noyes, and every blade did come;
First came the poets, of each land, and tooke
Their place in order, learned Virgill struck
In for the first; Ben Iohnson cast a glout,
And swore a mighty oath hee'd pluck him out,
And wallowing towards him with a cup of wine,
He did so rattle him with Catiline,
That had not Horace him appeas'd, 'tis said
He had throwne great Sejanus at his head."——

J. H.

ART. XIII. *A true reporte of the death & martyrdome of M. Campion Iesuite and preiste & M. Sherwin, & M. Bryan preistes at Tiborne the first of December* 1581. *Observid and written by a Catholike preist, which was present therat. Wherunto is annexid certayne verses made by sundrie persons.*

persons. [Printer's device I. H. S. with a cross above; a heart pierced with three nails beneath; the whole in a double oval, and the inner irradiated]. *Apoca. 7. These are they that came out of gret tribulation, and haue washed their stoles and made them white in the bloud of the Lambe.* 16mo. 26 leaves.

It is probable this anonymous tract was printed at Doway; the device in the title appears similar to one used at that place in 1581.

By an address "to the reader," the work is declared to be a relation in answer to the slaunder spread abroad "to diminish the honour of their resolute departure & martirdome, as that M. Campion was timerous and fearfull, & that M. Sherwin died a Protestant.——And here by the way I might point out M. Elmer's folly, as not one of the least, who, notwithstanding the knowen lerning of M. Campion (he himselfe a man of knowen wisedome, & iudgement,) was not ashamed, at a sessions at Newgate, ypon the appearance of the Cutler of Holborne, to say openly, that M. Campion was vnlerned, and that a note booke or two of his fellowes being taken from him he had nothing in him, as it was manifest in his disputations in the tower.—Muche more M. Elmer spake that day, as he thought, to the discredite of M. Campion, but I pray God giue him better consideration both of this and of further iustice, and so shall the poore poulter at his nexte complaynt be heard, euen of himself, beeing as he himself said a Bishop, a Lorde, and of some credite, Farewell."

This "true report" might be written by Robert Parsons,

Parsons, whose pen was repeatedly employed by the Catholics on similar defences. He describes himself as a priest and an eye witness of the execution. "Since which time, vpon request of some of my fellows and brethren, I wrote those dealings, to answere and satisfie our aduersaries generally, to content and comfort our persecuted brethren specially, and, in part, to diminishe those sinister rumors which are raysed against these good men by a notable and most infamous libel, entituled, *An Aduertisement and defence for truth against her backbyters, and specially against the whispering fauorers and colorers of Campions, and the rest of his confederates treasons*, published there, and openly read, printed abrode without authoritie of seen and alowed, a pamphlet, false, impudent, and farssed with lyes and vntruthes, only to colour and shadowe with some face of equitie those strange proceedinges."

Edmund Campion is described as a "Jesuite & preist, a man reputed and taken, and by diuers his coequals plainlye confessed the flower of Oxforde for that time he studied there, and since abrode in foreine countries one in whom our countrey hath had great honor, the frute of his lerning, vertue, and rare giftes, whiche as they were in his childhood here among vs wonderful, so they were abrode, as in Italy, Germany, and Bohemia, an honour to our country, a glasse and mirror, a light and lanterne, a paterne and example to youth, to age, to lerned, to vnlerned, to religious, and to the laytie of al sort, state, & condition of modestie, grauitie, eloquence, knowledge, vertu and pietie, of which iust and due commendation some of our aduersaries can giue true and certeyn testimonie, who after diligent sifting and enquiring of his life, maners, and demeinor,

neinor, found nothing faulty, nothing worthy of ıme."

" Rodulph Sherwin, a stoute, wise, discret, and ned preist, was brought vnto the cart, a man so mor- ed, so febled with fasting, watching, and suche like rituall exercise, as was wonderful vnto suche, who l conuersed with him before his imprisonment."

" Alexander Brian, a man, although in lerning & owledge inferior to them, yet equal in patience, ıstancie and humilitie."

In the following passage are the names of the lead- ; disputants who wrote in favour of Protestantism, rather combined to unveil the errors and insuf- ency of the Catholic system. " Truly it is a world ıee the raggid rable of these petti pratres who since Campion's imprisonment and death, haue caste vp ir chargid gorge againste priesthoode, priests, and societie of Jesus, who yf it would please her High- and her honorable counsel to lay open ether pul- or print, would shortly plume these dawes in suche rt, that their nakednes aparently discouered wold w them in their kind then should nether Charke, nmer, Whitakers, Fyld, Keltrigh, Eliot, kogging nday, riming Elderton, and Iohn Nichols the dis- e of bawdy Bale, all worshipful writers at this time inst preistes and Jesuites, so daunse in their nettes, ıow by sway of time they do, to the great hurte of ıite innotent soules then should not William Wi- ı's Magg Howlet (a false and malicious practise of e fewe melancholike heretikes first broched and renued by himselfe to diminish the credite and oritie of councels) flye free in the day from pur- : and wonder of other birds: at whom nowe with the

the rest I think the lerned and wise Catholike wi looke and laugh, as not worthy of refutation & answer howsoeuer some yonger scoler may shortly exercis himselfe in reply vpon him whome all Englishe Catho likes (as they say) can not answere."

This virulent attack is resumed against Munday t the end of the report by "a caueat to the read touching A. M. his discouery. Anthony Munday, a as it is (not without some consideration) thought, tha some Macheuillian in Mundaye's name hath shuffle out of late a discouery of M. Campion's & his confede rates treasons, the same in effect & substance with th aduertisement before rehearsed. My self considerin this neiwe hatched discouery to peepe out by sene & alowed: haue thought good in the conclusion of thi reporte for the more credit of this his discours to ad uertise the reader, of the qualities and conditions o this davus, so rayling and rauing at uertuous and god men deseassed, that thereby he may the better iudg and value the truthe of that neiwe pamphlet whic hathe byn perused by no wurs man then by M. Nor ton a supposed traytor in the Tower, and now deliuere out by Munday, who first was a stage player (no doub a calling of some creditt*) after an aprentise whic tyme he wel serued with deceauing of his master the wandring towardes Italy, by his own report became a coosener in his iourney. Comming to Rome in hi short abode there, was charitably releiued, but neue admitted in the seminary as he pleseth to lye in th title of his booke,† and being wery of well doing, re turne

* "Northbrooke's booke against plaiers."

† "The English Romayne Lyfe. Discouering the liues of the Englis men at Roome: the orders of the English Seminarie: the dissention b twee

turned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler new come out of Italy did play extempore, those gentlemen and others whiche were present, can best guie witnes of his dexterity, who being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then being therby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes, but yet (O constant youth) he now beginnes againe to ruffle vpon the stage. I omit among other places his behauior in Barbican with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent might fetch him to his court, were it not for loue (I woulde save slaunder) to their gospel. Yet I thinke it not amiss to remember thee of this boyes infelicitie two seueral wayes of late notorious. First, he writing vpon the death of Euerard Haunse, was immediatly controled and disproued by one of his owne hatche; and shortely after seting forth the apprehension of M. Campion, was disproued by George (I was about to saye) Iudas Eliot, who writing against him, proued that those thinges he did were for very lucre's sake only, and not for the truthe, althogh he himselfe be a

seene the Englishmen and the VVelshmen: the banishing of the Englishman out of Rome: the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the patrie Reliques in Roome: their vautes vnder the greunde: their holy Pilgrimages: and a number other matters, worthy to be read and regarded of euery one. There vnto is added, the cruell tiranny, vsed on an English man at Roome, his Christian suffering, and notable martirdome, for the gospell of Iesus Christe, in Anno 1581. VVritten by A. M. sometime the Pope's Scholler in the Seminarie among them. Honos alit Artes. Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London, by Iohn Charlewoode, for Nicholas Ling; dwelling in Paules Churchyarde, at the signe of the Maremaide. Anno 1582. 4to. pp. 75, withont dedication A frontispiece in four compartments to "liuely decipher the order of the martirdom," of Richard Atkins.

person

person of the same predicament, of whom I muste
that if felony be honesti, then he may for his behaui
be taken for a laweful witnes againste so good mei
Al which considred, I wishe the reder to think t
the credit of this discourser (at the time of their
raignment an accuser) shuld be such as in euery ind
ferent man's iugement we know and see by experier
the accusers report against the accused doth deser
Therfore, good reader, examine this man's honesti
reported, & suspend thy iugement against these go
preists, vntill by God's grace the whole maner, cours
and order, araignment, accusation, condemnation, a
answeres, shal come forth, which is shortly inte'd
for thy benefite and satisfaction."

"The certain verses made by sundry persons" a
only material as again enumerating several writers c
that period. From the first piece, of thirty stanza
the following are taken.

"England looke vp, thy soyle is staind with blood,
thou hast made martirs many of thine owne,
if thou hast grace their deaths will do thee good,
the seede wil take which in such blood is sowne,
and Campion's lerning fertile so before,
thus watered too, must nedes of force be more.

Repent thee Eliot of thy Iudas kisse,
I wish thy penance, not thy desperate ende
let Norton thinke which now in prison is,
to whom was said he was not Cæsar's friend,
and let the judge consider well in feare,
that Pilate washt his hands, and was not cleare.

* A portion respecting Munday is inserted in the Biographia Dramatica.

The

The witnesse false, Sledd, Munday, and the rest,
which had your slanders noted in your booke,
confesse your fault before hand it were best,
lest God do find it written when he doth looke
in dreadfull doome vpon the soules of men,
it wil be late (alas) to mend it then.

You bloody iury Lea and all the leauen,
take hede your verdit which was giuen in hast
do not exclude you from the ioyes of heauen,
and cause you rue it when the time is past:
and euery one whose malice causd him say
crucifige, let him dread the terror of that day.

Fonde Elderton call in thy foolish rime,
thy scurile balates are to bad to sell,
let good men rest, and mend thy self in time,
confesse in prose thou hast not meetred well,
or if thy folly can not choose but fayne,
Write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain."

"Another vpon the same," consisting of nine stanzas; then "a dialogue betwene a Catholike and Consolation," in ten stanzas, both similar measure, and eighty-eight divided Alexandrine, or fourteen syllable verse, as "the complaynt of a Catholike for the death of M. Edmund Campion." In the second piece a storm of the elements is succeeded by clouds of brinish tears, while,

"The riuer Thames a while astonied stoode,
to count the drops of Campion's sacred blood."

And in the last it is described that

"Bohemia land laments the same,
Rodulphus court is sad,
With deepe regarde they now recorde
What vertues Campion had.

Germania

Germania mourns, al Spayne doth muse;
And so doth Italy,
And Fraunce our friend hath put in print
His passing tragedie."

J. H.

ART. XIV. *A treatise of Patience in tribulation; first preached before the right honourable the Countesse of Southampton in her great heauines for the death of her most worthy husband and Sonne: afterward inlarged for the helpe of all that are any way afflicted crossed or troubled. By William Iones B. of D. and P. of Arraton in the Isle of Wight. Psal. cxxvi. 5. They that sowe in teares shall reape in ioy. Hereunto are ioyned the Teares of the Isle of Wight shed on the tombe of their most noble Captaine Henric Earle of Southampton, and the Lord Wriothesley his sonne. The tombe and epitaph.* [On the slab] *Henrye Iames Wriothesley. Anagram. Here I see many worthies ly.* [On the side]

Here yee see two but two's not all; for why
In these two Worthyes many Worthyes dye;
O what a generation's here surprized
Of noble bloud which was in them comprized?

Printed at London by William Iones dwelling in Redcrosse-streete. 1625. *4to. pp.* 48.

The name of a patron of Shakspeare must ever be hallowed.—Title-pages are somewhat similar to the canvas rolls that decorate the outside of a showman's booth, and delineate some strange or interesting subjects, to decoy the inquisitive multitude, while all within are stuffed skins and moppets. The Epistle Dedicatory

Dedicatory is addressed to the Countess of Southampton, but the treatise, for the little it contains relative to the deceased heroes, might have been preached over the body of Jack Cade, as admonitory precepts of patience to check his riotous followers. The text is from "Rom. xii. 12. Patience in tribulation." After quoting a short saying of Saint Augustine, the sermon commences. "First, to open the words. The word translated tribulation, comes of a verbe which signifies to pinch, as the foote is pinched in a strait shooe; or to presse as grapes are squeezed in the wine-presse. Metaphorically tis vsed for to afflict, or to bring into any strait of body or mind; and so the substantiue signifies any thing which is hard and crosse to the nature of man;—yea any euill which we suffer in bodie or mind."—*Quan. suff.*

The teares of the Isle of Wight, shed on the tombe of their most noble, valorous, and louing Captaine and Gouernour, the right Honourable Henrie, Earle of Southampton; who dyed in the Netherlands, Novemb. 10-20 *at Bergen-vp-Zone. As also the true image of his person and vertues, Iames, the Lord Wriothesley, Knight of the Bath, and Baron of Titchfield; who dyed Novemb.* 5-15 *at Rosendaell. And were both buried in the sepulcher of their fathers at Titchfield, on Innocent's day,* 1624. *They were louely and pleasant in their liues; and in their death they were not diuided.* 2 *Sam. i.* 23.

——— Quis talia fando
Temperat à lachrymis?———
Honoris, Amoris, Doloris, Ergò.

[Representation of tomb, inscriptions, printed, &c. ut sup.]

At the back of the title is a short prose address to Thomas Earl of Southampton, who was a diligent observer of his father's virtues, and therefore exhorted to "behold the shadow of them delienated here," sig. W. Jones. An address to the reader from the same pen.

"An Epicede vpon the death, &c." of the father, sig. Fra. Beale, Esq.

"An Elegie vpon, &c." both father and son, and probably by Jones, as the poetry and prose bear kindred similarity.

"O that I could suppose my selfe to bee
True poet, rap't into an extasie!
And speaking out of a redundant braine,
Not what is simplie true, but what I faine,
That I might thinke the storie I impart
But some sad fiction of that coyning art!
How pleasing would th' adult'rate error bee?
How sweet th' imposture of my poesie?
What euer true esteeme my life hath gain'd,
I would haue false, that this were also fain'd.
But griefe will not so leaue the hould it had,
But still assures me, 'tis as true, as sad.
You bonds of honour, by th' Allmighties hand,
Seal'd and deliuer'd, to this noble land,
To saue her harmlesse from her debt to fate;
How is't, that you so soone are out of date?
You promis'd more, at your departure hence,
Than to returne with your decre liues expence
Defac't, and cancell'd. You most glorious starres,
Great ornaments both of our peace and warres,

Than

Than which, there moues not, in Great Britain's
spheare,
Sauing the Mouer's selfe, and his great heire,
A brighter couple; when you left our shore
In such great lustre, you assur'd vs more,
Than to returne extinct. O vaine reliefe!
To fill that state with ioy, your owne with griefe;
You were not with Dutch ioy receiued there,
As now, with sorrow, you are landed here."

At the end of the elegy are "certain touches vpon the life and death of the Right Honourable Henrie, Earle of Southampton, and his true Image, Iames, the Lord Wriothesley his eldest sonne," in fifteen short pieces of poetry, with some lines to the reader, as introductory, signed "W. Pettie." A piece entituled "the least part of the shadow of Southampton's worth;" with signature, "Ar. Price." Five short pieces finally subscribed "Gvlielmvs Iones, *Capellanus mestissimus fecit invitâ Minerva.*"

There are several attempts by Jones of laborious trifling in the forming of anagrams, of which there is sufficient specimen in the title.

J. H.

ART. XV. *Dia, a poem by William Shipton.* 1659. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 172.

This scarce little book has been already recorded in CENS. LIT. VI. 231, by Mr. PARK, who had only seen one copy. Another having fallen in my way, I give an additional extract.

"*To*

" To his friend, on the sight of his Lady.

" See where she comes; behold, espy
A second Helen's beauteous face;
A front of thunder lightning eye;
Transmorphosing Acteon's case.
Just in my breast, for now I feel
The golden dart no leaden steel,
Ixion's ever turning wheel.

Forbid it Jove, or how shall I
At sacred altars pray;
When I am Venus' votary
Conducted with that May.
Impossible to quench, I burn
In flames, less I return
Chaste Phenix from a dying urn.

Is Celia fallen from above,
To court some human race;
Here is no Ganymede of love,
A Paris, Jove-like grace.
To wanton with the sweetest sport
As petulants who do resort
To the admired Roman court.

Is the world's paramour in mind,
In this undaunted wrath,
Her childish amorist to find
Wilder'd in some path,
Of woods where noxious creatures lye,
And so in equipage to try
If he be void of jealousy.

To wander thus, is but in vain,
What secret Phillis proves
That heaven which mad poets feign
Elizium's but in loves.

Blest

Blest Indies there, but every grace
Of happiness dwells in the place
Of a rare-welcomed embrace.

There is an injeweled May
On the odoriferous bowers,
There is April's courtier's gay,
Dismantling royal flowers.
June's July's golden crest
All spiceries which verdant rest
I' th' roseals of the perfum'd east.

Elixir-fragrant blossoms rise
With the unpregnant sweets,
Fair types of flowery paradise,
Here roses lilies greets.
And all to satisfy the sight
Of her I viewing appetite,
Still hunting pleasures with delight.

But now we've seen enough I know,
Gods often are in human show."

Art. XVI. *Old Poetry.*

[A second piece from the Caxtonic volume in the possession of the Marquis of Blandford.]

Man with good aduertisement,
In mynde compas this subsequent.
Dum sedes in mensa,
Havyng grete fuson and plente;
Pormio do paupere pensa,
Relevyng his necessitee.

As holy churche techith thee, thyne almes hide and laye,
In the pour mannys bosom, and it will for the praye;
As water fire quenchith, so almes doth synn allaye,
Geve thyne almes thou shalt * God himself doth saye.

---

* The omission is an uncertain abbreviation.

Blessid is that man whiche hath any intelligence,
And list to remembre the poure mannys indigence;
In almannere yll seasons God shalbe his defence,
The prophite in his psalme witnessith this my sentence.

And also for hym that prophite his prayer thus dooth make,
God he saith conserue hym, whethir he slepe or wake;
Long to lyve he mot hym bliss, neuer hym to forsake,
Ne at the wille of his enemyes, hym for to betake.

Fere the not, seith Dauid, when man is enhaimod high,
Thowe that he his richesse and glory dooth multiply;
For he shalnot heue wit hym take all, when he shal dy,
But thanne peraventure he shal deerely abye.

Neithir yit his said glory shall than wit hym destende,
For here is his hevyn, here shal his blessing ende;
In this lif stondith his rewarde, than whider to wende,
God knowith likly to payn, wherfromm God vs defende.

Wherfor I averre more precious by rightwisnesse,
Is a litle good gotenn, thann muche synful richesse;
The rightwis God doth mayteynn the synners myst oppresse,
This seith holy Dauid and ferthirmore expresse;

I haue be yong he saith, now drawen in age take hede,
Sawe I neuer perfist rightwismann, nor any of his sede,
In myserable penury, fayne to begg his brede;
A man not knowyng his honor. is a beste in dede.

q^d Stevens.

J. H.

ART.

Art. XVII. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N° LVIII.

On the Reception originally given to Dr. Johnson's Rambler.

The ill-nature of the world amuses itself with the vanity of authors, who seek consolation for present neglect by anticipating the applause of posterity. It is true that this anticipation is often a bubble blown up by the fumes of the writer's brain: but it is equally true that men of the greatest genius, who deserve the highest fame, have frequently no other reward, than the well-founded confidence that Time will do them that justice, which is refused them by their cotemporaries.

I am afraid that excellence in many sorts of literary production is rather repulsive to a large portion of readers, as long as they are left to their own unprejudiced judgments. When at length the opinion of the few has prevailed over that of the many, and a reputation has become generally established, the author's works find an universal circulation, because it is fashionable to possess them, and be acquainted with their contents. Of poor Collins, whose Odes could not obtain a vent for one small edition when he first published them himself, impression after impression has been called for since his death, till the number of copies, which in many varied forms are every year taken off at the market, is beyond calculation.

Sometimes however men live to reap in their own

time that esteem and praise, which was long withheld from them. The booksellers, who very naturally and almost of course appreciate the merits of an author's labours by their vendibility, held Dr. Johnson in his latter years in the highest degree of favour. At that time whatever flowed from his pen met with the most flattering reception. But it was not always so. His RAMBLER, which is almost all essence of thought, unalloyed by those baser ingredients which so commonly add to the quantity without adding to the worth of human compositions, experienced at first a general coldness, discouragement, and even censure and ridicule.

The most decisive proof of this will be the following cotemporary extracts from the Correspondence between Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Miss Talbot. They form a very curious and instructive piece of literary history.

From Miss Talbot, Oct. 20, 1750.

"The RAMBLER is to me very entertaining. The Letter from Mr. Frolick has a certain strain of humour, and the last from Rhodoclea will, if he makes use of it, give him an excellent opportunity to introduce humourous descriptions of, and reflections on, the London follies and diversions, of which she may be supposed to write him the sentiments of her full heart, sometimes rejoiced, sometimes mortified and disappointed. Then another should write by way of contrast, who voluntarily spends hers or his in the country, rationally enjoys it, describes its frosty prospects, land or sea, its Christmas mirth, joy, and hospitality. Mr. JOHNSON would, I fear, be mortified to hear that people know a paper of his own by the same mark of somewhat

somewhat a little excessive, a little exaggerated in the expression. In his *Schreech-Owl** were *so many* merchants discouraged, *so many* ladies killed, matches broke, poets dismayed! The numbers are too large. Two or three—five or six, is enough in all conscience in most cases. 'Tis else like the Jewish way of speaking, who, to express a man's being rich, say he has 800 ships at sea, and 800 cities on the land."

From Mrs. Carter, March 30, 1752.

"You will think to be sure that I am determined to call you to an account for all your omissions, when I tell you I was outrageous at your not uttering a sigh of lamentation over the departure of the RAMBLER, nor once mention his farewell paper. For some minutes it put me a good deal out of humour with the world, and more particularly with the great and powerful part of it. To be sure people in a closet are apt to form strange odd ideas, which, as soon as they put their heads out of doors, they find to be utterly inconsistent with that something or other that regulates, or rather confounds, the actions of mankind. In mere speculation it seems mighty absurd that those who govern states, and call themselves politicians, should not eagerly decree laurels and statues, and public support to a genius who contributes all in his power to make them the rulers of reasonable creatures. However, as honours and emoluments are by no means the infallible consequences of such an endeavour, Mr. Johnson is very happy in having proposed to himself that reward to his labours which he is sure not to be disappointed of by the stupidity or ingratitude of mankind."

* See No. 59.

From

From Miss Talbot, April 22, 1752.

"I must beg a thousand pardons, my dear Miss Carter, for my absolute silence on the death of that excellent person, the RAMBLER. I assure you, I grieved for it most sincerely, and could have dropt a tear over his two concluding papers, if he had not in one or two places of the last commended himself too much; for I knew there were people whose very unjust prejudices against him would be strengthened by them. Indeed 'tis a sad thing that such a paper should have met with discouragement from wise, and learned, and good people too. Many are the disputes it has cost me, and not once did I come off triumphant. I have heard he means to occasionally throw some papers into the Daily Advertiser; but he has not begun yet, as he is in great affliction I hear, poor man, for the loss of his wife."

From Mrs. Carter, May 9, 1752.

"I congratulate you, dear Miss Talbot, on your retreat from the hurry and flutter of fashionable visiting to the quiet conversation of wood nymphs and hamadryads, and other good sort of company, who have wrought so happy a reformation in you, and taught you to express yourself with becoming sorrow on the death of the RAMBLER. It must be confessed however that you shewed an heroic spirit in defending his cause against such formidable enemies even in London. Many a battle have I too fought for him in the country, but with very little success. Indeed I was extremely disheartened in my last defeat in argument with a lady of excellent skill in the weapons of plausibility, who

who so absolutely got the better of me, that after having displayed the whole force of my eloquence, with no manner of effect on her understanding, in defence of the RAMBLER, she afterwards almost convinced me that there was a tolerable degree of merit in the idle foolish farce of "Miss in her Teens." I must positively take care how I venture to engage with her again, for fear she should take it into her head to convince me of the wit, good sense, and morality of ——— Mrs. Cibber's Oracle." *

Had Johnson, instead of dealing in general truths, exercised his pen in temporary and personal descriptions of manners and characters, he would have instantly engaged the attention of vulgar minds, and procured present fame to his essays; but he would have composed them of fading materials, which would long since have perished and been forgotten. — It is probable that those papers in the Spectator, which, sporting with the little foibles and petty customs of the day, have long since lost their interest, and are now only an incumbrance to the work, were when first published the most popular.

The fate of the RAMBLER holds out a lesson of encouragement to the virtuous exertions of a pure and unsophisticated mind. To such a mind the passing subjects of fashionable interest in the intercourse of familiar life, are unattractive, and even contemptible. "I have never," says Johnson," complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the

* From Mrs. Carter's Letters.

topic

topic of the day. I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself, and they only were expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity."

It would be uncandid to deny that the criticism of Miss Talbot on these essays is just. Johnson wants the happy ease of Addison, whose exquisitely nice touches of character were beyond the attainment of his successor, both in point of perception and language. The pen of Johnson makes its strokes with a heavy and laborious hand; but the strokes have force and truth, though perhaps a little exaggerated.—If there be "the nodosity of the oak," there is also "its strength." Johnson had not in early life, like Addison, been familiar with the circles of polished society; and the structure of his own mind and disposition was not calculated to counteract this deficiency. He was indeed so far from wanting a moral sensibility, that it predominated in every act and expression of his life. It flowed from a constant contemplation of the frailties and sorrows of human nature. But he wanted those delicate and excessive feelings, which are instantaneous; and too often are opposite to reason; never the result of it. His characters of FROLICK and RHODOCLEA, if full of good sense, are coarse; the outline is well drawn, but it is not filled up with felicity or niceness; the colours are laid on with a trowel; and the lights and shades are not happily blended.

But what human work is perfect? And what author, unlesss Shakspeare, ever possessed every varied excellence?

lence? There is merit enough in the RAMBLER to reflect eternal disgrace on its cotemporaries, by whom it was so coldly received.

Jan. 14, 1809.

N° LIX.

On the Love of Fame.

"Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

MILTON.

The love of Fame, if we limit the word to the result of virtuous and honourable exertions, burns brightest in those bosoms, whose powers are best adapted to attain it. It is a generous passion, which is unfelt by selfish minds. Its gratifications are generally ideal; and remote both in point of time and place.

The effects of wealth and titles come home to the presence of the possessor; they feed his sensual gratifications, and are seen by the eye, and heard by the ear. The ardour therefore with which they are pursued, and the sacrifices which are made to acquire them, are perfectly consistent with the most narrow and the basest motives.

It may be admitted, that of Fame, which is justly won, these observations are not equally applicable to every different kind. Of a warrior the fame in some degree surrounds him; accompanies his footsteps; precedes his march; and follows at his heels. Nor is the orator unattended by a reward which comes directly home

home to him. All these recompences however are empty sound to the selfish disposition; which demands something that it deems more solid; that is, something better calculated to please the part of our nature approaching nearest to the brutes of the field.

Of all Fame, the passion for literary Fame is the most praiseworthy, as it is the purest, the most abstract, and the least liable to the suspicion of being intermingled with those grovelling views, which would debase it. Its nutriment is airy food; it is cheared by sounds which are not heard by common ears; and the chaplets with which it is crowned are invisible to common eyes.

He who gives up his days and nights to win esteem by his intellectual exertions from those who are capable of appreciating his merits, or receiving pleasure from his productions, is treated by his neighbours, and by those among whom he is thrown by the common intercourse of life, with coldness and neglect, if not dislike. To their vulgar judgments it would be the highest presumption and ignorance to place him in competition with Folly or Vice themselves, should they possess more rank, or a better fortune.

True it is that this ordinary and contemptible estimate prevails more in country neighbourhoods than in a metropolis; and I am not sure that if a man of genius have any alloy in his desire of renown, he ought to pass his life among rural acquaintances. But, O! how much would he lose by the exchange! Airs of heaven, that blow upon the breast of the poet in all your purity, and fan his solitary and uninterrupted meditations! Leaves, that spread yourselves beneath his feet, and delight his senses with your fragrance!

Deep

Deep woods, that shelter from his sight the polluted haunts of men! And songs of birds, whose tender notes distinctly thrilling the quiet atmosphere, make him forget the hum and clamours of distracted cities! Would he forsake the exquisite enjoyments, which you afford him, for a little addition of stupid flattery?

If there should be any one so mistaken as to fix on the pursuit of literature for any other purposes than the intrinsic pleasure which it affords, and the honourable fame, which may be the remote reward of the instruction or the amusement it will confer; bitter disappointment will be the almost necessary consequence of his error. It is not an occupation fitted for the ends of the worldling. The castles which it builds in the clouds give no satisfaction to him; and the "ideal nothing," in which its riches consist, in his opinion only deserves the pity, which is excited by the straw-crowns of the maniac.

But we cannot suppose that this intense desire of Fame, as well future as distant, is implanted in us for nothing: we cannot suppose it would be most violent in those endowed with the highest qualities both of head and heart, unless for some wise and important purposes. Nor does it seem to me consistent with the benevolence and justice of the Creator to animate us with the wish for *delusive* rewards as the result of virtuous exertions. I can never therefore bring my mind to believe that that fame which is sought and won by the pure efforts of intellectual labour, is when obtained hollow and valueless.

Let us instance in Milton. Giving all the credit, which has ever been demanded, to his genius; yet before

before he could raise his talents to that admirable command of fancy and language, which the progressive productions of his Muse exhibit, can we doubt that it cost him continued toils, repeated self-denials, years of ordinary pleasures foregone, and a thousand sensual wishes conquered? When we compare the time of his life thus spent with the mode in which the generality consume it, what a very exalted station must he hold in our opinions? Was not the hope of that station the solace of many weary and ill-paid fatigues, many "outwatchings of the Bear?" Perhaps it may be observed, that if these exertions were virtuous, he will enjoy in common with others the rewards of virtue. But if these rewards were sufficient to excite him to exertions of a kind so extraordinary, why should he be led on by the auxiliary motive of a false hope?

The future is unknown to us; the world of spirits, with their occupations and enjoyments, is hid from our narrow sight. Perhaps, since the grave has closed over the body of this illustrious Bard, it has been one of the exquisite enjoyments of his angelic soul to listen to the increasing praises, which have continued to swell, in louder and louder tones, over every enlightened nation of the earth!

Jan. 16, 1809.

N° LX.

A new Translation of Martial's Epigram on the chief ingredients of human happiness; with remarks on the capabilities of the SONNET.

I am indebted to Mr. LOFFT for the excellent accompanying translation of the following beautiful Epigram of Martial. I need scarcely apprise my readers that the original has been introduced before in this work, Vol. IV. p. 195.

"MARTIALIS,
L. X. 47.
Ultimo versu auctum.

EPIGRAMMA.

" Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
Non tristis torus; attamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes;
Lætus præteriti; post fatu, felix."

"TRANSLATION.

"These blessings, without more, most pleasant friend,
The real happiness of life compose:
Competence, which unearnt by Labour flows;
Inherited; a kindly farm to tend;
No suits to vex; some business to attend;
Ingenuous Strength; Health which contentment knows;
Prudent Simplicity; Friendship which glows
Liberal and equal; Converse to unbend;
A modest board; hearth always warm and bright;
Nights from intemperance free alike and cares;
A bed which constant chaste affection shares;
Slumbers which gently yield to chearful light:
Be what thou art; and wish not more to be;
And pleas'd with Time, await Eternity."

C. L.

Troiton, 11 Jan. 1809.

"The exquisite Epigram," continues Mr. LOFFT, "which I have transcribed on the other side, has tempted me to venture on a translation. You are aware that every thing with me converts itself into a SONNET: not unnaturally, I think; since the resemblance of many of the best *Sonnets* to the best *Epigrams*, (those on the Greek model) is very obvious. And in this class the Epigram of Martial stands very high indeed. By attempting to translate I am become more sensible of its completeness; and of its exquisite and perfect beauty, in diction, numbers, and sentiment. The translation of so sweet a writer, (where he writes in his own unaffected manner, and not in the vicious taste of his times) as COWLEY is, perhaps is liable to little objection but its diffusiveness; except the

the '*if not all,*' * which supposes a defectiveness by no means I think imputable to this pure and delightful summary of genuine felicity in this life. To look *beyond* with assured hope could hardly be the lot of the best philosophers and men, *before Christianity*; and we know that it was not. This idea I have ventured to supply by a closing line, which at the same time brings the whole into the form of a *Quatuorzain.*

"That the SONNET is favourable to condensation of thought is clear from theory and experience; when the subject is well chosen and suitably treated. And condensed as the original is, I think I have expressed its ideas without omission in an *equal* number of lines. I flatter myself I shall prove that no subject worthy of poetry is so great and comprehensive, as not to have been with becoming dignity expressed in this form. And indeed I hardly know, or can imagine any subject which is worthy of the Muse, which has not been thus included. And it is the glory of the Sonnet to add that it has most rarely been disgraced by any unworthy subject." †

I feel

* The first line of Cowley's translation is,

"These are the chief ingredients, *if not all.*"

† I cannot refrain from adding the following passages of Mr. LOFFT's letter, (which seem more properly placed in a note) though I have to apologize for the unmerited expressions of kindness regarding myself which occur in them. The benevolent writer refers to some peevish expressions regarding the bar, which I had presumed to use in No. IV. of *the Ruminator.*

"I have treated," continues he, "*the forensic gown*, with tenderness; indeed with affection: for although in more than thirty years my gown has brought me but little profit, and perhaps not much of fame, it would be disingenuous not to own, that both it and the profession, have been, and I trust always will remain exceeding dear to me. And I cannot do otherwise than acknowledge, that I wish the ingenuous delicacy of your mind would have

 permitted

I feel no common pleasure in being able to prove the justness of these observations of Mr. Lofft, by one of his own Sonnets, than which a nobler does not exist in the English language, even including those of Milton.

"Sonnet.

Occasioned by one of Miss Caroline Symmons "on a blighted Rose-bud," written in her 12th year; she having herself fallen a victim to a consumption at the age of fourteen years and one month, on June 1, 1803.

"O, what a length of days indulg'd to me,
Who little have employ'd the boon of Time!
While thee Death cropt in the first dawn of prime;
Sweet, and hope-breathing Flower!—How ill agree
Such hopes, such early Fate!—But no:—to thee
Expands the beauty of a purer clime;
The eternal radiance of that blest Sublime
Which tenderest Innocence may happiest see!—
And such the will of Heaven. Nor could it speak
More clearly to mankind.—That loveliest bloom,
That Morn of Promise which began to break,
Clos'd in the dreary darkness of the Tomb

permitted you to have continued in it. Where, to be silent as to any living characters, we can think of such men (all of them more or less cotemporaries) as Mr. Charles Yorke, the Earl of Hardwicke, Earl Camden, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. John Lee, Sir Michael Foster, Sir William Blackstone, Sir William Jones, it conveys the pleasing and satisfactory sentiment that the English Bar has been, and may it ever be, not incompatible with the most elegant, the most enlightened, the most cultivated, vigorous, upright, and comprehensive minds; with the steadiest attachment to freedom, to their country, and to the best interests of human society: that it may ever supply the most splendid, noblest, and most permanently effectual opportunities of promoting all these pure and sublime objects!"——

Proclaim:

Proclaim: ' *Look, Mortals, to that world on high,*
Where Sweetness, Genius, Goodness cannot die.'

C. L. 4 Jan. 1804."*

However unequal the following may be to the subject, it is a tribute which the feelings of my heart demand that I should not withhold.

To Capel Lofft, Esq.

On reading the last Sonnet.

Son of the Muse, urge thy untir'd career
Right onward thro' the clouds of worldly wrong;
Thro' all the ills that round life's pathway throng;
Nor flag thy plumes at Envy's frown severe;
Nor listen to the baleful Critic's sneer;
With voice unfaultering speed the moral song;
And pour the copious stream of Truth along!
Genius shall strains like these delighted hear,
And Virtue with a swelling breast attend
Enraptur'd on the lay. The holy Muse
Of Milton's self from yonder clouds shall bend,
And on thy lyre drop fresh Castalian dews;
While Petrarch and deep Dante clap their wings,
And each in blended notes about thee sings.
Jan. 17, 1809.

* his is taken from "Laura, or Select Sonnets and Quatuorzains," not yet published—containing the most copious collection of compo- this kind ever made, not only English, but both original and trans- om the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German— l raise admiration in every enlightened mind, not only at the in- at the learning and genius of the accomplished and amiable col- has himself executed the major part of the translations; and em with a happiness which will be sure in time to find its due

N° LXI.

On Birth.

All the arguments, which have been urged to depreciate the lustre of high birth, apply only to an abuse of its advantages. No one of strong sense, no one of elevated sentiments, could ever for a moment suppose it a substitute for virtue, or talents. If on the contrary it does not operate as an incentive to the strenuous cultivation of the mind; to an honourable ambition, and to noble actions; it has really an injurious effect, for it exposes mediocrity of character, and still more it exhibits deficiencies, in a light more glaring by the contrast.

But let men boast of their splendid descent as they will, its glory must be considered as at best dormant, till accompanied by personal merits. There is no doubt that it gilds and graces the fame of a conspicuous character, but let him, whose personal qualities are obscure, reserve it till it can be brought to co-operate with his own exertions.

The numbers are great of those, who presume to rest their claims to distinction on the merits of their ancestors alone. But what wise or spirited person will forbear to express scorn for such empty boasts? Birth cannot put itself in competition with genius or virtue; it is only in conjunction with these that it displays a genuine brightness. On this account equal pretensions to birth alone, without the aid of something more, can never put persons on an equality.

The various ways in which the consciousness of a brilliant descent influences an active rich and generous mind, it would require a wider space and deeper investigation

tigation to develope, than this cursory essay will allow. It fans hope; impels a daring courage; breathes a generous complacency; calls forth a noble scorn of what is mean and vulgar, and directs the aspiring ambition to rule the empire of minds, if not of material kingdoms. It sets the possessor above the intimidation of ordinary greatness; and teaches him to treat the mean gewgaws with which undeserved elevation, or upstart wealth, endeavour to dazzle the world, with playful or indignant contempt.

Conscious that he has no obscurity in his origin which can be urged to disqualify him from those lofty stations, which his own efforts are put forth to acquire, he proceeds to his point firm and undaunted. There is a sort of self-depreciation in those who do not possess birth, which too frequently operates secretly to depress a noble ambition. The advantage of that feeling which has been so well expressed,

—— Possunt, quia posse videntur,

is wanting in them. I say frequently, for it is not always so in minds, that ought to be conscious of it; and on the other hand it in too many cases controls the aspirations of minds that ought not to be controlled by it.

The greatest characters have in very numerous instances risen from the most obscure progenitors. There is something animating in the contemplation of men who could thus emerge from the clouds and oppressions of an humble station, and who could break from the bonds of those circumstances in which it has too generally happened, that

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

At the same time it must be admitted, that low men derive from their condition some qualifications for rising in the world, which are not possessed by those who have been born and educated in the higher walks of life. Necessity will be content under many privations, and reconcile itself to many submissions, which a nobler spirit would spurn. Elevation is as often gained by corruption, and wicked compliances, as by merit. Greatness therefore and worldly prosperity are not in themselves proofs or even strong presumptions of desert in those who have been the fabricators of their own fortunes. We must scrupulously examine the grounds and nature of the progress of a vulgar man from its first point to wealth, place and honours, before we can pronounce that the consideration of his origin increases the glory of his subsequent distinction.

Of the major portion of those who have been thus exalted, I suspect it will be found, that neither superior virtues, nor superior talents have been the main ingredients of their prosperity; but habits of accommodation, of which their better-descended and more highly-endowed rivals could not brook the practice.

Let me be excused for closing this essay with a celebrated, and often-cited passage from Lord Bacon.

"As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time. Those that are first raised to nobility, are commonly more virtuous* but less innocent, than

* Here virtuous must be used as synonimous to active and full of exertion.

their

their descendants; for there is rarely any rising, but by a commixture of good and evil arts: but it is reason the memory of their virtues remain to their posterity, and their faults die with themselves. Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious envieth him that is. Besides, noble persons cannot go much higher; and he that standeth at a stay, where others rise, can hardly avoid motions of envy. On the other side, nobility extinguisheth the passive envy from others towards them, because they are in possession of honour. Certainly kings that have able men of their nobility, shall find ease in employing them; and a better slide into their business; for people naturally bend to them, as born in some sort to command." *

Jan. 18, 1809.

N° LXII.

On the Impolicy of Complaint.

Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, says, that after the Restoration that poet having missed the Mastership of the Savoy, "published his pretensions and his discontent, in an Ode called THE COMPLAINT; in which he styles himself the *melancholy* Cowley. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity."

I am afraid that the remark, if applied to the generality of mankind, is too true; but it ought not to have

* Bacon's Essays—No. XV. on Nobility.

been

been spoken so irreverently of such a man as Cowley; nor without a strong reprobation of its illiberality and injustice. There is on the contrary a sarcastic tone in the critic's expressions, as if he thought the world on such occasions were in the right.

We are, no doubt, too disgracefully inclined to estimate people according to their prosperity. Success is deemed the sure test of ability or virtue. He therefore, who would stand well in the opinion of the coarse, which is the major part of society, should never complain. He should, on the other hand, pass unnoticed every affront, conceal every miscarriage, boast of his friends, and exult in his good luck. Sighs and melancholy will only be deemed the proofs of ill fortune; and ill fortune will be the signal for new attempts at injury and defeat. The world is like a herd of deer, that always set themselves upon the wounded stag.

It is among the most prominent frailties of "base mankind" to give a helping hand to those who do not want it, and withhold it from those who do. One success leads to another; and one injustice to another. "Woes cluster;" and he, who has received a wrong from one neighbour or alliance, is much more exposed to a second from some quarter, which was before well-intentioned towards him, than if the first had never happened. Nothing but sad and repeated experience will induce the honourable and pure-hearted to believe this frightful truth. One would have thought that injuries heaped on an undeserving head would operate as motives for the counterbalancing kindness of benefits even before unthought of. Alas! No! The example is more effective than the warning. The bad passions of our nature are drawn into play. What one has done without

out meeting the opprobrium of the world, another may safely indulge in.

I should have extended this paper; but alas! the melancholy events announced from Spain stop my pen; and the press admits of no delay till I can compose my agitated spirits.

All I can say now is, that the terms of contempt in which Johnson concurs, regarding *Cowley's Complaint*,* disgrace himself. It is one of the finest of his Poems; beautiful and affecting in its sentiments, and admirably happy, for the most part, in its vigorous and eloquent language. And as to the disclosure of ill usage, which reflects real shame only on its propagators, if it draw forth the scorn of the vulgar-hearted on the innocent sufferer, such frank and ingenuous pictures of the feelings of a pathetic or indignant bosom will always secure the sympathy, the love, the esteem, and gratitude of the wise and the good.

Jan. 25, 1809.

N° LXIII.

Lines by Bloomfield on his Mother's Spindle.

Every one is acquainted with the pastoral poetry of Bloomfield. It is not so generally known, with what

* "The plan of this poem," says Dr. Hurd, "is highly poetical: and though the numbers be not the most pleasing," (a position in which I cannot agree with him) "the expression is almost every where natural and beautiful. But its principal charm is that air of melancholy, thrown over the whole, so expressive of the poet's character. The address of the writer is seen in conveying his just reproaches on the court, under a pretended vindication of it against the Muse." *Hurd's Cowley.*

wonderful

wonderful power and pathos he can write in blank verse.

" *Robert Bloomfield to his Mother's Spindle.*

TO A SPINDLE.*

" Relic! I will not bow to thee nor worship!
Yet treasure as thou art, remembrancer
Of sunny days, that ever haunt my dreams,
When thy brown fellows as a task I twirl'd,
And sung my ditties ere the farm receiv'd
My vagrant foot, and with its liberty
And all its cheerful buds and opening flowers
Had taught my heart to wander.
Relic of affection, come;
Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine.
The hand that wound thee smooth is cold, and spins
No more. Debility press'd hard around
The seat of life, and terrors fill'd her brain;
Nor causeless terrors: giants grim and bold,

* " The portrait of my mother," says Bloomfield, " was taken on her last visit to London, in the summer of 1804. During the period of evident decline in her strength and faculties, she conceived, in place of that patient resignation, which she had before felt, an ungovernable dread of ultimate want, and observed to a relative with peculiar emphasis, ' that to meet WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, was like meeting three great giants.' To the last hour of her life she was an excellent spinner; and latterly, the peculiar kind of wool which she spun was bought exclusively for her, as being the only one in the village, who exercised their industry on so fine a sort. During the tearful paroxysms of her last depression she spun with the utmost violence, and with vehemence exclaimed ' *I must spin.*' A paralytic affection struck her whole side while at work, and obliged her to quit her spindle when only half filled, and she died within a fortnight afterwards! I have that spindle now. She was buried on the last day of the year 1804. She returned from her visit to London on Friday the 29th of June, just to a day twenty-three years after she brought me to London, which was also on a Friday, in the year 1781." *Bloomfield.*

Three

Three mighty ones she fear'd to meet; they came—
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, all came:
The last had dropp'd his club, yet fancy made
Him formidable; and when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfill'd his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once,
Cried, 'spin no more;' thou then wert left half fill'd
With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
Through all her days! She who could spin so well!
Half fill'd wert thou, half finish'd when she died.
Half finish'd! 'tis the motto of the world!
We spin vain threads, and dream, and strive, and die,
With sillier things than Spindles in our hands.
Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse,
Oh! should old age still find my brain at work,
And Death, o'er some poor fragment striding, cry,
'Hold! spin no more!' Grant Heav'n, that purity
Of thought and texture may assimilate
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
In strength, and snowy innocence. Then shall
The village school mistress shine brighter, through
The exit of her boy; and both shall live,
And virtue triumph too, and virtue's tears,
Like Heav'n's pure blessings, fall upon her grave." *

There is no reader of English poetry, who does not recollect Cowper's exquisite lines on his Mother's Picture. This fragment of Bloomfield forms a noble companion to them. It strikes me to be written in a loftier tone, and still more excellent manner than any of his other productions. Let him give new delight

* The whole of this is taken from the interesting memoir by BRAYLEY, which accompanies Storer and Greig's Illustrations of Bloomfield, 1806. 4to.

and

and astonishment to the world by a moral and descriptive poem in blank verse!

Jan. 26, 1807.

Art. XVIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

In the library of the Earl of Egremont at Petworth, are some curious political pamphlets of an early date, which have been bound up in several volumes. I have copied the titles of these for your Bibliographical Catalogue, and make a few extracts. I. S. C.

Art. 1. *A Consideration of the Papist's Reasons of State and Religion, for toleration of Poperie in England, intimated in their supplication vnto the King's Maiestie, and the states of the present Parliament. At Oxford, Printed by Joseph Barnes, and are to bee sold in Paules Church yarde at the signe of the Crowne, by Simon VVaterson.* 1604. *By Gabriel Powel, of St. Marie Hall. Pages* 128.

It concludes with the "auctor's teares and humble petition unto Almightie God."

Art. 2. *The Order of Equalitie, contrived and divulged as a generall directorie for common sessements, seruing for the indifferent defraying, taxing, and rating of common impositions and charges, lyable to cities, townes, or villages, that they may be done in some equall and proportionable order, for the benefit of the Common-wealth. Very necessarie for all persons,*

sons, to whome the execution and apprehension of this businesse appertaine. Printed by John Legat, Printer to the Vniversitie of Cambridge, 1604, *and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Churchyard, by Simon Waterson. Pages* 32.

In the Preface, signed C. Gibbon, he thus addresses himself *to all jvdiciall and indifferent readers.* "It was no mervaile that the heathen man Xenophon willed euery one *æqualitatem colere,* to honour equalitie, seeing it serueth so much to the commending of a ciuill life, to the managing of common affaires, to the conseruing of popular vnitie, which is so excellent in comparison, so generall in comprehension, so necessarie in all actions, that no Commonwealth can doe well without it: yet such is the error of this age, that more are readie to confesse than to expresse this equalitie in any of their actions."

Art. 3. *Anti-Coton, or a refutation of Cotton's Letter Declaratorie: lately directed to the Queene Regent, for the apologizing of the Jesuites doctrine, touching the killing of Kings. A booke, in which it is proued, that the Jesuites are guiltie, and were the authors of the late execrable parricide, committed vpon the person of the French King, Henry the Fovrth of happy memorie.—To which is added, a Supplication of the Vniuersitie of Paris, for the preuenting of the Jesuites opening their schooles among them: in which their King-killing doctrine is also notably discouered, and confuted. Both translated out of the French by G. H. Together with the Translator's animadversions vpon Cotton's Letter. London. Printed by T. S. for Richard Boyle, and are to be solde at his shop in the Blacke Fryers.* 1611. *Pages* 88.

Extract,

Extract, page 35.

"That in the yeare 1594, the 27 of December, John Chastell, clarke, brought vp in the colledge of the Jesuites, having giuen the late King a stab with a knife in the mouth, thinking to have giuen it in the breast, was taken and committed to the prouost of the King's house, and brought into the bishop's prison, where vpon an interrogatory, hee confessed, that *long agoe he had proposed in himselfe to giue this stabbe, and missing of his purpose, he would doe it yet if he could, being perswaded that it would be for the good of the Catholique Apostolique and Roman religion.*"

ART. XIX. *Further Bibliographical Catalogues.*

Art. 1. *Coopers Chronicle contenynge the whole discourse of the histories as well of thys realme, as all other countreis, with the succession of theyr kynges, the tyme of theyr raign, and what notable actes were do ne by the newely enlarged and augmented, as well in the first parte wyth diuers profitable Histories: as in the latter ende wyth the whole summe of those thynges that Paulus Jouius and Sleigdane hath written of late yers that is, now lately ouersene and with great dilligence corrected and augmented vnto the vii yere of the raigne of our most gracious Quene Elizabeth that now is. Anno 1565 the first day of Auguste.* 4to. b, l.

Originally published as an Epitome of Chronicles in 1549; ten years afterwards it was surreptitiously printed, with a continuation by Robert Crowley, which occasioned the editor to republish his work in the year following (1560.) Then followed the present edition without any printer's name. Back of the title is "an admonition to the reader" against Crowley's work, then a Preface addressed "to the ryghte honorable Lorde Russell Earle of Bedforde, and one

of

of the Queenes Maiesties most honorable counsell [to whom] Thomas Cooper wisheth long continuance of prosperous life and muche honoure;" the table; and a dissertation " of the vse and profite of histories, and with what iudgemente they ought to be redde." The volume is divided into four parts with the running title of " Lanqvettes Chronicle;" which is explained in " an Epistle to the Reader " prefixed to the third part. " From the beginning of the world, to this time of the birth of our Sauiour Christ, the studious young man Thomas Lanquet, not withoute great labour and diligence, brought his chronicle." He " was than attached with a greuous sicknesse, whereof he died, whan he was of age xxiiij yeres; on whose soule god haue mercie; and the same followed and finished, by Thomas Cooper." The work has the folios to 376 (exclusive of the introductory matter which occupies 30 leaves), then follows one sheet differently printed, the marginal dates being omitted, making the whole volume 384 leaves. Part, if not all, of this last sheet appears to have been castrated from time to time as suited the sale of the work and continuation of the history. The solemn exequie, or funeral, kept at St. Pauls the 3d day of October, 1564, for the Emperor Ferdinand, is the last article in my copy, but there are copies of the same title and edition that bring the chronicle to a later period.

Mr. Dibdin has a short notice of the earlier editions, in his late elegant specimen of a Bibliothecæ Britannicæ, a plan that combines utility and entertainment, and it is to be hoped he will receive sufficient encouragement to pursue the work. If confined to the seventeenth century, it would form a valuable continuation to the Typographical Antiquities.

Art. 2. *To the Queenes Maiesties poore deceyued Subiectes of the North Countrey, drawen into rebellion by the Earles*

of Northumberland and Westmerland. Written by Thomas Norton. Seen and allowed according to the Quenes Iniunctions. Colophon. *Imprinted at London, by Henrie Bynneman for Lucas Harrison. Anno Domini* 1569, small oct. 28 leaves.

Norton, the poet, commences this address abruptly, with the following specimen of his prose style: " Albeit I knowe not by what name wel to call you, sithens you haue loste the iuste name of Englishmen by disturbing the common peace of Englande, with cruell inuasion and spoile like enimies: and the Queenes subiectes ye can not well be named, hauing throwne away your due submission and obedience: and yet her subiectes still must you be, and cannot enioy the name of lawfull enimies, being vnder her highnesse authoritié of correction, not to be raunsomed, nor by the curtesie of Marshall lawe to be dealte with as iust enimies; but to be executed as traitours and rebels: Christians I cannot term you that haue defaced the communion of christians, and in destroying the booke of Christes most holie testament, renounced your parts by his Testament bequethed vnto you: yet I remember what you haue ben, by countrie englishmen; by nature our kinsmen and allies; by allegeaunce subiects by profession christian men; I pitie what you now are, by crueltie and spoile of the land worse than enimies, by vnnaturall doings farther from duties of loue than extreamest strangers, by rebellion traitors, by blaspheming Christ our Sauiour, and destroying the monuments of his religion, worsse than Jewes and Infidels: Lastly I doe not wholly despeire, though you be far gone, what by good aduise and repentance hereafter you may be, if you shall ceasse from outrages, assay the dayly mercie of our God, and the approued clemencie of our most gracious Queene, wher you may become againe preserued Englishmen in Englar reconciled kinsmen and frendes, pardoned subiectes,

refour

ied christians, who otherwise stand in state to vndo
lues, your wiues, children and posteritie for euer, to
ie sharp reuenge of her Majesties necessarie iustice
: execution to be most rigorously layde vpon you by
iincible power, & by the hands of her true loyall
i, to lose al that you possesse, to die with shame, and
most terrible and greevous) to die in state of dam-
" &c.

3. *A Pitvovs Lamentation of the Miserable Estate*
hvrche of Christ in Englande, in the time of the late
rom the gospel, wherin is conteyned a larned compa-
twene the comfortable doctrine of the gospell, & the
us of the popish religion: with an instruction how the
n ought to behaue himself in the tyme of tryall.
n by that worthy martyr of god Nicolas Rydley late
ype of London. Neuer before this tyme imprynted.
nto are also annexed certayne letters of Iohn Careles,
in the tyme of his imprisonment. Perused and allowed
ig to the Quenes Maiesties Iniunctions. Colophon.
ted at London by VViliyam Powell, dwelling in
ete at the signe of the George, nere to Sainct Dunstons
. Extends to G folded in small eights.

is little tract the bishop draws a comparison in favour
Protestant religion, as it had then lately prevailed,
the revived doctrines of the Romish church. He
s and complains of the re-adoption of the old idiom.
te it was agreed in England of all handes, accordinge
es doctrine and Chrystes commaundements, as Paule
playne, that nothing oughte to be doone in the
in the public congregation, but in that tongue which
igregation coulde vnderstande, that all might be edi-
erby, wheather it were common praier, administratio

Ritson mentions an edition by the same printer in 1600. From the contents it might have been a yearly publication. The copy before me has neither title or conclusion. As a dedication, " To the worshipful Edmund Hasselwoode of Kingstone in the Countye of Lincolne Esquire W. P. wisheth most prosperous felicity in this world, and in the world to come life euerlasting—Finding my self deepely indebted (by your only means) to al y^e. name of Hasselwood, & namely to master Edward Hasselwood, your good brother, & to that vertuous ge^ntlewoman his wife, (a rare example of godlynes & modesty) but especially to your worship, &c. &c.—Wherfore—accept of my trauaile herein, and think me rather vnable, than vnwilling any way to discharge my duty, wherof I am careful, as knoweth the Lord, who euer preserue your worship, and that vertuous Gentlewoman your wife long to continue among vs, with increase of godlinisse & worship in his feare. Your worships most faithfull friend in the Lord. W. P."

To this succeeds an elegant specimen as an almanack, having a wood-cut at the head of each month, with the zodiacal sign in one corner, and the other portion a fancy piece. In the month of April the subject is hawking. Each month is also accompanied at the beginning with four lines as directions in agriculture or gardening, and a couplet at the end for preservation of bodily health. One column is appropriated to notes of information, principally a register of the burning of the English martyrs. The month of September records " in the yeare 1450 was the noble science of printing inuented by one John Faustus a goldsmith dwelling first at Argentine, afterwards a citizen of Mentz; who perceiuing the inuention to come wel to passe, made one Joha^ Guttemberge and Peter Stafford of his cou^sel, binding them by oath to keepe silence for a while. After fiue yeares, John Guttemberge first began to print at Strasborough.

rough. Vlricus Han first printed at Rom. and William Caxton a mercer of London, did first print in England."

" A preface to the christian reader and louing looker in this glasse of vain glory" upon the subject of death, for, " thou shalt dye the death, it tarrieth not, the couenant of the graue is not shewed to any, but as water spilt on the sand, so is man soon consumed, and brought to nothing: to day a man, to-morrow none: our life passeth away like a shadow, and vanisheth into the aire, as smoke: as a post that passeth by and tarrieth not; as a ship that saileth with full winde, or a birde swift of flight; yea swifter then a weuers shittle; or an arrow that is strongly shot out of a bow; it is a tale that is told, or a spanne in length; for no sooner are we born but streight waies we decay, and draw towardes an end, shewing no token of virtue, &c." This prefatorial dissertation is long, and succeeded by several prayers interspersed with poetical pieces. About the centre of the volume is a page with a wood cut, representing a corpse laid upon a spade and pick-axe over a grave, with emblematical accompaniments and sentences; then follows,

" The complaint of a sorrowfull soule, that loathing this earthly Tabernacle, and bewailing the miseries of this life, desireth to be dissolued, and to be with Christ. Out of S. Augustines praiers, the 20 chapter thereof, faithfully translated into English verse by W. P.

Let me depart in peace,
O Lord, I daily grone,
And loath this life I lead
O helpe that I were gone,

In mischiefes manifold,
my Pilgrims part I play:
Oh then that I dissolued were
to liue with Christ for aie.

 O miserable

O miserable life,
and transitory plaine,
Vncertaine, fully fraught,
with sorrowes, griefe & paine:
Of life polluted oft,
that do my deedes display:
Oh then that I dissolved were
to liue with Christ for aie.

This life is Queene of pride,
that errors foule doth breede:
A wretched state that is,
no life but death in deede.
We yeelde to natures want,
and sundry waies decay:
O then that I dissolued were
to live with Christ for aie.

And though the blindest man,
may soone spie this geare:
Yet with her golden cup,
which shee in hand doth beare,
She makes a meany drinke,
their folly to bewray:
O then that I dissolued were
to liue with Christ for aie

O rare and happy men,
that do despise her draught:
Her pleasures vaine eschew
and shunne her snare vncaught,

Least they by her deceiu'd
deceiue themselues I say:
O then that I dissolued were
to live with Christ for aie.

The volume is printed with flowered borders to the pages, and is a mixture of the black letter and common type.

Art. 5. *Newes from Italy of a second Moses or, the life of Galeacivs Caracciolvs the noble Marquesse of Vico. Containing the story of his admirable conuersion from popery, and his forsaking of a rich Marquessedome for the Gospels sake. Written first in Italian, thence translated into latin by Reuerend Beza, and for the benefit of our people put into English: and now published by W. Crashavv Batcheler in Diuinitie, and Preacher at the Temple. In memoria sempiterna erit Iustus. Psalme* 112. *The iust shall be had in euerlasting remembrance. Printed by H. B. for Richard Moore, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleete streete.* 1608. *4to.* pp. 82.

This translation is by William Crashaw, a learned divine, and father of the poet. It is dedicated to Edmund Lord Sheffield, the lady Dowglasse his mother, and Lady Vrsula his wife; and commences with a short relation of the tenor of the work. "Give me leaue (right honourable), to put you all in one Epistle, whom God and nature haue linked so well together: Nature in the neerest bond, and God in the holiest religion. For a simple new-yeares gift, I present you with as strange a story, as (out of the holy stories) was euer heard. Will your Honoures have the whole in briefe afore it be laid downe at large? Thus it is.

Galeacius Caracciolus, sonne and heire apparent to Calantonius, Marquesse of Vicum in Naples, bred, borne [Jan. 1517] and brought vp in Popery, a Courtier to the Emperour Charles the fift, nephew to the Pope Paul the fourth, being married to the Duke of Nucernes daughter, and hauing by her six goodly children; at a sermon of Peter Martyrs was first touched, after by reading Scripture and other good meanes, was fully conuerted: laboured with his Lady, but

but could not perswade her. Therefore that he might enioy Christ, and serue him with a quiet conscience, he left the lands, liuings, and Honoures of a Marquesdome, the comforts of his Lady and children, the pleasures of Italy, his credit with the Emperour, his kinred with the Pope, and forsaking all for the loue of Jesus Christ, came to Geneua, and there lived a poore and meane, but yet an honourable and an holy life for fortie yeares. And though his father, his Lady, his kinseman; yea the Emperour, and the Pope did all they could to reclaime him, yet continued he constant to the end, and liued and died the blessed seruant of God, about fifteene yeares agoe, leauing behind him a rare example to all ages."

"The storie it selfe, (says the translator) I first found in the exquisit library of the good Gentleman Master Gee; one that honours learning in others, and cherisheth it in himselfe; and hauing not once red it, but often perused it, I thought it great losse to our church to want so rare a iewel; and therefore could not but take the benefit of some stolne houres to put the same into our tongue.——But I wrong your honours to trouble you with these my too many and too ragged lines; and I wrong this noble Gentleman to cloth his golden story with this my rude and home-spun English stile; and I wrong you all to keepe you so long from being acquainted with this noble Marquesse. From my studie, Ian. 12. 1603. Your honours in all Christian duety, W. Crashavv."

An address to the reader, dated Temple, September 30, 1608, describes the translation made divers years ago and only communicated to private friends, but unavoidable reasons had given it to the public, and that the Latin story was enlarged upon as circumstances required and warranted by other

tories. The work is divided into thirty chapters, and cidents of the life of the Marquis are principally of his communications with Peter Martyr and Cal- nd not likely to either amuse or gratify curiosity.]

. 6. *The Complaint or Dialogve, betwixt the Soule te Bodie of a damned man. Each laying the fault the other. Supposed to be written by S. Bernard, t nightly vision of his; and now published out of an t Manuscript Coppy. By William Crashaw. Lon- Printed by G. P. for Leonard Becket, and are to be at his shop in the Temple neere the Church.* 1616. . 34 leaves.

Epistle Dedicatory to some of the translator's friends, ers of the Inner Temple. The poem is divided in r-five verses, as a dialogue between the authour, a soul ed, a dead carcase, and the divels. The original and ation occupy the alternate pages; from the last the hus complaineth:

" Wast not but yesterday
the world was thine?
And all the countrey
stood at thy deuotion?
Thy traine that followed thee
when thy sunne did shine
Haue now forsaken thee:
(O dolefull alteration!)

Those turrets gay
Of costly masonry,
And larger palaces
are not now thy roome;

But

But in a coffin
of small quantity,
Thou lyest interred
in a little tombe.
Thy palaces, what help
they thee, or buildings?
Thy graue vnneth's
of largenesse for thy feet,
Hence-forth thou canst
hurt none with thy false iudgings;
For thy misdeeds
in hell we both must meete."——

Manvale Catholicorum; Sive, Enchiridion piarum precum & Meditationum. Exvetustissimis Manuscrip. pergamenis descripta. Per Gvliel. Crash. Londini, Ex officina Georgii Purslow; sumptibus Leonardi Becket. 1616.

A Manvall for true Catholicks, or a handfvll or rather a heartfull of holy Meditations and Prayers. Gathered out of certaine ancient Manuscripts, written 300 *yeares agoe, or more. By William Crashaw. London. Printed by G. P. for Leonard Becket, and are to be solde at his shop in the Temple neere the Church.* 1616. *pp.* 115. The printer's letter continued from " the Complaint," &c.

The first division contains orthodoxical confessions and meditations in verse, afterwards " followeth the meanes and manner how our forefathers in the time of popery prepared themselues and others to dye, consisting first of the confession of their faith, and secondly of the prayers which were made by them and for them in their last sicknesse.—— Truly and verbatim Englished out of the Latine, being an ancient copie." At the conclusion are two copies of verses in praise of the authour, signed, W. Lort, and B. L.

J. H.

Art.

rt. 1. *Supositiones terminorum legum Anglorum. Et ra brevium cum diversis casibus regulis & fundamentis m tam de libris Magistri Litteltoni quam de aliis legum is collectis et breviter compilatis pro juvinibus valde neces-iis.* Colophon. *Impressum xv die Julii Anno Domini V.C.XXVII. Cum privilegio regali.* (No place, book-er, or printer's name.) Small 18mo, but in a 4to. shape, leaves. b. l.

This is a law-dictionary, with an alphabetical index, writ-in old French, with some mixture of Latin and English, bably the language introduced into our courts of law by Normans. The following is an extract from the *Pro-ium.*

'Lykewise as the universall worlde can never have hys tinuance but onely by the order and law of nature whyche pellyth every thinge to do hys kinde."—"And for as che as the law of this realme of Englond is ordeyned and yged for the augmentacion of justyce and for the quietness the people, and for the commyn-welth of the same, ergo is convenient that divers bokes be made wherby the stu-ntis of thys law may the soner come to the knowlege rof."—"Whyche knowlege of the law so had and the w execution of the same law shall be gretly to the aug-ntation of the commyn welth of this realme whyche the rnall God increase and presserve to his grete honour and ry. Amen."

Art. 2. *A handfull of holesome (though homelie) herbs, thered out of the goodlie garden of God's most holie word; r the common benefit and comfortable exercise of all such as e devoutlie disposed. Collected and dedicated to all re-gious Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others; by Anne Wheat-ll, Gentlewoman. Imprinted at London by H. Denham,* 584. *Small* 18*mo. b. l.* 144 *leaves.* [The edges of all the aves are surrounded by a pretty wide flourished engraving.] Colophon.

Colophon, (which is also engraved) *Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, at the signe of the Starre. Cum privilegio.*

This little book contains forty-nine prayers, upon various occasions, written with a great deal of devotion and good sense, and, for the most part, with a very small tincture of enthusiasm. The writer appears evidently to have been a Protestant. The following extract from the dedication will serve as a specimen of her style.

"To all Ladies, Gentlewomen, and others, which love true religion and virtue, and be devoutlie disposed; grace, mercie, and peace, in Christ Jesus."

"For a testimony to all the world, how I have and doo (I praise God) bestowe the pretious treasure of time, even now in the state of my virginitie or maidenhood; lo heare I dedicate to all good ladies, gentlewomen, and others, who have a desire to invocate and call upon the name of the Lord, a small handfull of grose hearbs; which I have presumed to gather out of the garden of God's most holie word. Not that there is any unpureness therein, but that, (peradventure) my rudenes may be found to have plucked them up unreverentlie, and without zeele." Signed, "Your's in Christ, Ann Wheathill, Gent."

Art. 3. *The Treasurie of auncient and moderne times. Containing the learned collections, judicious readings, and memorable observations. Not only divine, morall and phylosophicall, but also poeticall, martiall, politicall, historicall, astrologicall, &c. Translated out of that worthy Spanish Gentleman, Pedro Mexio, and M. Francesco Sausovino, that famous Italian. As also of those honourable Frenchmen, Anthonie Du Verdier, Lord of Vauprivax: Loys Guyon, Sieur de la Nauche, Counsellor unto the King: Claudius Gruget, Parisian, &c. London, Printed by W. Jaggard,* 1613. *Fol. 965 pages.*

There

e two dedications, the first by Du Verdier to animous and virtuous Lord, Anne D'Urfé, Marauge," &c. &c. The second to "the right wormed, and most judicious gentleman, Sir Thomas Baronet," by his "namelesse wellwisher, de- known to none but yourself." The work is a f anecdotes, facts, events, and reasonings of all. vas probably the prototype of "Wanley's Wonperhaps many of the narratives related in that ken from it. But it is by no means equal to Wanated collection in the arrangement of its matter, indeed it is rather deficient. It is divided into chapters; both modern and ancient, sacred and tory, anecdotes, of different kinds and persons, other without order or connection. It contains, much curious matter, the result of various and eading, related in the quaint style of that age.

P. M.

X. *Inscription on the Monument of George eevens, Esq. By W. Hayley, Esq.*

e to these reliques! once the bright attire
pirit sparkling with no common fire!
v oft has pleasure in the social hour
led at his wit's exhilarating power!
l truth attested with delight intense
serious charms of his colloquial sense!
talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
ld strike the grave, or fascinate the gay;
critic's labours, of unwearied force,
lected light from every distant source;
nt with such true beneficence he cheered,
that his bounty gave, his zeal endeared.

Learning

Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequered life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God."

ART. XXI. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. April 28, at Mymunsing, in the Burrampoot Bengal, æt, 25, Henry Townley Roberdeau, Esq.

1809. Jan. 6, at Stourbridge, county of Worceste Rev. Thomas Moss, B. A. perpetual curate of Brier Chapel, Staffordshire. He was the author of the beautifi pathetic little Elegy, entitled, *"The Beggar's Petition,"* lished with some others, in one small volume. See *Staffordshire.* It was soon after inserted in "En Speaker."

Jan. 13, at his house in Great Denmark Street, D Theobald M'Kenna, Esq, a political writer of some brity. He enjoyed a pension of 200l. a year from g ment.

At his house, in Clifton, Thomas Beddoes, M. D. his death Physic has lost one of her ablest practitioners losophy certainly has been deprived of one of her profou disciples. As an author he was read and admired, an private character he was esteemed and beloved. If je detracted from his merit while living, justice will be to his memory now he is dead." *Courier.*

At Birmingham, Mr. John Ireland, who publishe Illustrations of Hogarth.

To Correspondents.

The favour of S. &c. which came too late, shall have next month.

T. Bensley, Printer.
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

[Being Number XXVI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Fishing.*

FISHING may probably claim origin with the expiration of the poet's golden age. When the vitiated palate of man first imbibed the savoury gratification of animal food, the weak and the indolent, alike too supine to share in the fatigues of the chase, contrived the obtainment of a viscous substance by a less laborious but more cunning depredation upon the tenants of the deep. As mankind increased in number, and nations were formed, the art became general; nor was the simple character of the fisherman finally unimportant. Upon the foundation of the mild doctrines of the Christian religion an "astonishing and rapid propagation of it [took place] by a few illiterate tent-makers and fishermen through almost every part of the world." * From that period, in the earliest history of every country, it may be gleaned, that fishing

* Lecture I. upon the Gospel of St. Matthew, by the present Bishop of London.

supplied a large portion of nutritive sustenance to the various inhabitants, and, in some places, has progressively risen from a domestic trade to a material branch of the public revenue by exportation. As a practical art it has experienced little if any alteration for centuries. Instances may be found of the untutored savage exercising his adroitness by diving, while the invention of more polished regions is exhibited in the varying mesh and subtle deception of a baited hook. Painters and poets of all periods describe similar modes of destruction. Of our domestic records, upon the research of a late antiquarian, into the sports and pastimes of the people, not any particulars were met with "sufficiently deviating from the present method of taking fish to claim a place in his work." * The following extract is curious, and is one of the earliest notices upon the subject, which combines the statute and common law of the realm at that period. "If any man fysshe in the lordes pooles or meyres, the lorde maye haue his accyon vpon the statute of Westmynster prim^r. [3 Ed. I. C 20—1275.] And yf he fysshe in the rynning and seuerall waters, the lorde may haue his actyon at the com^en lawe, & in lykewyse the lordes tenaunt, if any man fysshe in his ferme holde, be it standynge waters and rynninge waters: and where he saythe de omnibus of commen fysshynges, that is lytell profyte to y^e. lorde but to his tenaun^tes, except he dwell nighe the sea, and wyll cause his seruant to fysshe there for hym, for y^t. is the best com^en water y^t. any man can fisshe in. And some rynning waters be com^en, as lytell brokes, and sytches, and in some rinnyng waters the

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 7.

lordes

lordes tenaũtes haue lybertie by custoĕ to fysshe with shouenettes, trodenettes, small pytches, and suche other." * To recapitulate the various English writers upon fishing, according to the science of angling, would prove too voluminous for a brief essay. Such an attempt must commence with the "treatyse of fyshynge wyth an angle," of 1496, by Juliana Berners, and after enumerating near two hundred various publications connected with the subject, conclude with the late edition of Walton's Complete Angler, as re-edited by, and with the subsequent additions of Sir John Hawkins. † Several inquiries have been made respecting

* Boke of surveyeng and improumẽtes, 1523.

† "Although this work [the Complete Angler] seems to be little more than a treatise on fish and fishing, the reader, whether he is a proficient in angling or not, will find abundant entertainment in it.—It is written in dialogue, and is interspersed with several pieces of excellent old English poetry, and discovers such a vein of natural humour, and harmless pleasantry, as has rendered it the delight of the most ingenious for more than a century. The author, Mr. Walton, was intimate with the wits of King James the First's time; of whom, and of many other remarkable persons, there are, in this edition, many curious anecdotes. Cuts are now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Mr. Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times: which cuts, the reader may be assured, cost, in designing and engraving upwards of one hundred pounds." *Bookseller's advertisement of first edition by Hawkins, from Newspaper July*, 1760. The late edition of this work forms a handsome volume in quarto, and in two different sizes octavo. The embellishments are by Mr. Philip Audinet, who has again copied from the original designs of Wale: to these are added some portraits, and the fish are engraved from a set of new designs, made for the purpose. *

The following extract from the preface to the experienced Angler (another old and valuable publication) by Col. Venables, claiming the superiority of

* For an account of Bagster's late edition, which is disclaimed by Mr. J. S. Hawkins, Sir John's son, see Gent. Mag. Jan. 1809, p. 6.

specting the following poem, and there is reason to conclude it is now first printed. The date of the manuscript

this pursuit over other more expensive diversions is too connected with the present article to be omitted.

"Hawking and hunting have had their excellencies celebrated with large encomiums by divers pens; and although I intend not any undervaluing of those noble recreations, so much famed in all ages and by all degrees, yet must needs affirm, that they fall not within the compass of every one's ability to pursue, being, as it were, only entailed on great persons and vast estates; for if meaner fortunes seek to enjoy them, Actæon's fable often proves a true story, and those birds of prey not seldom quarry upon their masters: besides, these recreations are more subject to choler and passion, by how much those creatures exceed a hook or line in worth; and indeed in those exercises our pleasure depends much upon the will and humor of a sullen cur, or kite (as I have heard their own passions phrase them) which also require much attendance, care, and skill, to keep her serviceable to our ends. Further, these delights are often prejudicial to the husbandman in his corn, grass, and fences; but in this pleasant and harmless Art of Angling, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and we are usually so entirely our own friends as not to retain an irreconcileable hatred against ourselves, but can in short time easily compose the enmity; and besides ourselves none are offended, none endamaged; and this recreation falleth within the capacity of the lowest fortune to compass, affording also profit as well as pleasure; in following of which exercise a man may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet; the minds of anglers being usually more calm and composed than many others, especially hunters and falconers, who too frequently lose their delight in their passion, and too often bring home more of melancholy and discontent than satisfaction in the thoughts; but the angler, when he hath the worst success, looseth but hook or line, or perhaps (what he never possessed) a fish, and suppose take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightfull walk by pleasant rivers, in fr pastures, amongst odoriferous flowers, which gratifie his senses and de his mind; which contentments induce many (who affect not angling choose those places of pleasure for their summer's recreation and h But peradventure some may alledge that this art is mean, melancho insipid: I suppose the old answer, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, w as firmly in recreations as palats; many have supposed angling void light, having never tried it, yet have afterwards experimented it w

cript is uncertain, probably about 1750, and from everal corrections in the original must have been the anslator's copy. Extracts from other works are given notes, but discussions upon manufacturing flies, or ie ingenious torment of threading a live bait, are urposely omitted; yet it is hoped amusement and iformation will prove sufficiently blended for those otes to be considered rather above the character of 'a string of whiting's eyes."

Vaniere. Book XV. Of Fish. Translated from the Latin. By I. D. of C. C. Coll. Camb.*

Of Fish I sing, and to the rural cares
Now add the labours of my younger years.
These lays, Lemoignon, your protection claim,
Now more improv'd since first they gave me fame;
From hence to tend the doves and vines I taught,
And whate'er else my riper years have wrought.
Here, where in pleasing fables I relate,
How various bodies were transform'd by fate,

ontent, that they have quitted all other recreation (at least in its season) to ursue it..... The cheapness of the recreation abates not its pleasure, but ith rational persons heightens it; and if it be delightful the charge of me- ncholy falls upon that score, and if example (which is the best proof) may way any thing, I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than nglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never new any angler wholly cast off (though occasions might interrupt) their ffections to their beloved recreation; and if this art may prove a noble brave est to my mind, 'tis all the satisfaction I covet."

* Rev. John Duncombe, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of Hearne, Kent, and St. Andrew, with St. Mary Bredman, Canterbury. Ob. Jan. 19, 1786, æt. 56. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. pp. 187-451, where this translation is mentioned. It is now printed from the copy referred to as in the possession of the late Mr. Reed. See his Translation of Vaniere's fifth book in George Jeffreys's Miscellanies, 1754, 4to.

Your youthful grandsons may amusement find,
Who, Virtue's seeds now rip'ning in their mind,
Nor yet in Greek or Roman writers read,
But by your life and sage instructions bred,
May nourish in their minds the sweet essays
Of virtue rising to their grandsire's praise.
Curson by you was taught to guide the helm,
And that, when dead, you may protect the realm,
You fashion in their turn his blooming heirs,
That, while great Lewis for the world prepares,
A line of future monarchs he may view,
A line of ministers, prepar'd by you;
Whose names and deeds our annals may adorn
In future times and ages yet unborn.
Whether the place you for your fish provide,
High hills with springs surround on ev'ry side,
(The work of nature this, and not of art,)
Or, lying in a valley, ev'ry part
By banks with ease may be sustain'd, in all;
Improve the land that to your lot may fall.
Who dwells on level ground, tho' rais'd with pain,
His banks the waters weight can scarce contain.
Yet let him not despair; for wealth and toil
Will model to his mind the stubborn soil.
Where like a channel you behold a field,
Which, tho' it would increase of harvests yield,
Will yet, if flooded, still more fruitful grow,
Pour in the tide, and let it overflow:
Then fish may nibble grass, beneath the flood,
Where goats were wont to crop their flow'ry food.
When now for sixty months the scaly breed
Has kept possession of the watry mead;
Drain'd in its turn it will reward the swain
For sixty months with more than promis'd gain;
Thus may a valley fish and harvests yield,
And now appear a lake, and now a field:

Water and corn by turns possess the plain,
And Ceres now, and now the Naiads reign.
Lakes for their fishes some on hills prepare,
From whence the water with a friendly care
Supplies their gardens with refreshing tides;
Or, under ground, thro' wooden pipes it glides,
Till, with a sudden noise it mounts again,
And sportful falls in sheets of copious rain.
Oft will the streams, o'erflowing, fill the mead
With wond'ring nations of the scaly breed;
The fish exulting wanders o'er the plain,
And now admires the grass and now the grain;
Deep in the spacious furrows lies conceal'd,
Or crops the floating herbage of the field;
Till, left to perish in the mud, too late
He sees his error, and bewails his fate.
By Vice's stream a youth, thus hurry'd o'er
Fair Virtue's bounds to paths unknown before,
With transport follows where soft pleasure leads,
And roves thro' flow'ry but forbidden meads:
But, when his joys are like a torrent fled,
Sad he reviews the life that once he led;
Now, tho' too late, he struggles to retire,
But still remains and flounders in the mire;
Till, by experience vainly render'd wise,
He sees his folly and repenting dies.
In hollow depths of rocks the fish delight,
The cooling shade t' enjoy and shun the sight;
Be thou indulgent to the finny race
And after nature's model, form the place;
But since the stream, unable here to flow,
Will often stagnate and corrupted grow;
Rather let shelt'ring trees o'ershade the flood;
But then the leaves, when shaken from the wood,
Should with the current down the river swim,
Lest by corrupting they defile the stream.

Let rivers therefore from the mountains flow,
To change the water of your lakes below.
Fish, by the river brought, your ponds receive,
Which with the stream, when they attempt to leave,
To bar their flight a fence of hurdles place,
Thro' which the stream may flow; the finny race,
Struggling in vain, becomes an easy prize,
And still pursues the stream with eager eyes.
No place for fish is more convenient found,
Than moats which do your house's walls surround;
For here the mazes of the stream they trace,
And chuse in Winter's cold, a sunny place,
Or to the house's friendly shade repair
As oft as summer suns inflame the air:
Be mindful thou the hungry race to feed,
The fish themselves in their own cause will plead;
And, rising to the surface of the flood,
With hungry gaping jaws demand their food.
Let then your children crums of bread bestow,
Or bits of biscuit from their windows throw,
From whence they may behold their sportive play,
And see how greedily they snatch the prey. *

Sometimes

* " One, like a pirat, only liues of prizes,
That in the deep he desperatly surprises:
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam;
Another round about the rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on weeds; another, hating thieuing,
Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;
For the salt humor of his element
Serues him, alone, for perfect nourishment.
Som loue the clear streams of swift tumbling torrents,
Which, through the rocks straining their struggling currents,
Break banks and bridges, and doo neuer stop,
Till thirsty sommer come to drink them vp;
Some almost alwayes pudder in the mud
Of sleepy pools, and neuer brook the flood

Of

Sometimes your servant scraps from table brings,
Or meat your cook into the water flings:
Fish sometimes yield to fish a rich repaste,
And sons insatiate on their fathers feast.
You grains of corn may scatter, and survey
Your fish engag'd in battle or in play;
Or, if in sport and shooting you delight,
With pleasure here at home, conceal'd from sight,
May use by turns your arrows and your gun,
Safe from the show'rs and from the scorching sun;
Whether they sportive leap into the air,
Or to the surface of the stream repair.
Ponds for your fish wherever you provide,
They with fresh store in spring should be supply'd;
In spring the male with love's soft flames inspir'd,
And in defiance of the water fir'd,
Can scarce perceive the change; and, big with young,
A num'rous breed the female bears along!
Now o'er the neighb'ring streams extend your nets,
And throw your lines, well furnish'd with deceits;
Join scarlet colours, which, expos'd to view,
Fish thro' the water greedily pursue;
And as a skilful fowler birds employs,
Which, by their well-known voice and treach'rous noise,
Allure their fellows and invite to share
Their fate, entangled in the viscous snare;
So fish, when taken, other fish allure;
Who, seeing them, grow dauntless and secure: *

But

Of crystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend t'ward the bosom of their mother Ocean."

Sylvester's Du Bartas, 5th day.

" Dialogo. xlviii. Of a Fissher and a lytyll Fissh. A fissher as he ied he cawght a lytell fissh and whan he wolde haue kylled him he spake sayde. O gentyll fissher haue mercy vppon me, for yf thou kyl me thou shalt

But not thro' studied malice they betray,
But by our art deceive the finny prey:
This may be pardon'd in a silent race,
Who cannot warn their friends of the deceitful pl
Man only with premeditated mind
Betrays his brethren, and ensnares mankind. *

shalt haue but little auauntage of me. But & if thou wilt suffre me t
and delyuer me from this daunger & captiuitie, I promise to God and
that I shall cawse the to haue greate wynnynge, for I shal retourne
daylye withe greate multitude of fisshes and I shall lede them i
nettis. To whom the fissher sayd. How shall I mowe knowe the em
many fisshes. Then sayd ye. fissh. Cut of a lytell of my tayle th
mayst know me emong all othir. The fissher gaue credence to his
and cut of his tayle and let him go. This lytel fissh was euer vncur
contrary to his promyse he lettyd the fissher as oftyn as he shuld fis
withdrewe ye. fisshes from him and sayd. Faders and worshipfull s
be ye ware of that deceyuar for he deceyuyd me, & cut of my tayle,
shall he serue you if ye be not ware, and, yf ye beleue not me, bel
workis that apere vpon me. And thus saynge the fissh shewed th
tayle that was cut. Wherfor the fisshes abhorryd ye. fiysshers and fl
him in al possible haste. The fissher vsid no more fysshinge, wher
leuyd in great pouerte. Of fortune it happid so that a long while a
fissher cawght agayne the same fissh emong othir; and whan he kne
he kylled him cruelly and sayde;

He that hath a good turn and is vncurteys agayn,
It is veray rightfull that he be therfore slayne."

*The Dialoges of Creatures Moralysed, applyably and edificatyfly, t
mery and iocunde mater, of late translated out of Latyn into our Englys
right profitable to the gouernaunce of man. And they be to sell, vpon
Churche Yarde.* 4to. *n. d.* Has a prologue and table. Interperse
many wood cuts. Folded in fours, and extends to I. I. iiij. Col.
endith the Dialoges of Creatures moralysed, &c. ut supra.

* Though this duplicity is nurtured by the factitious wants of a c
city, it seldom intrudes upon the hovel of industry; yet the pillow o
labour is not unvisited by the baneful dreams of gold.

"Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatch'd shed,
Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,

If in the stream a craggy rock there lies,
Thither the finny race for shelter flies:
This from the rising water may be known,
Which breaks in bubbles, by the fishes blown;

Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
Rods, hooks, and lines, compos'd of stout horse-hairs,
And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:
A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
Matts were their pillow, wove of osier dank;
Skins, caps, and rugged coats, a covering made;
This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade,
No pot to boil, no watch dog to defend,
Yet blest they liv'd with penury their friend.——

[The one relates.]

Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep;
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took;
(Sleeping, we image what awake we wish;
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish;)
Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
With crimson stream distain'd the silver flood.
I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break;
The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
Anxious I gaz'd; he struggled to be gone;
'You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—'
'Still do you tease me?' for he plagu'd me sore;
At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
Then grasp'd him with my hand for surer hold,
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold.———
—— Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
Hunger will soon discover your mistake;
Catch real fish; you need not sure be told
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold."

Fawkes's Theocritus, Idyl. xxi.

If

If rocks deny, let art retreat bestow,
And leafy branches in the water throw.
Now when the fish, invited by the food,
Frequent the shade, hang nets around the flood,
And drawing down the stream your boughs, convey
Into your flaxen snares the finny prey.
Then leafy boughs and branches place again,
And with fresh arts a fresh supply obtain.
Tubs, which to lakes your captive fishes bear,
Should at the top admit the vital air;
And if a brook or spring is in the way,
With cooling draughts refresh the thirsty prey.
Various of waters, as of soils, the kind;
Some stagnant, others running there you'll find,
The bottom fill'd with oose, and mud, and here
Sand mixt with golden gravel will appear.*

* "The fish of lakes, and motes, and stagnant ponds
(Remote from sea, or where no spring commands,
And intermingling its refreshing waves
Is teach unto the mote, and tenches saves
And keeps them medical) are of all sorts
Lease innocent, unless some river courts
The sullen nymph, and blending waters, she
Of a foul *Mopsa's* made *Leucothoe*.
Her inmates otherwise, like herself, smell,
Taste of the harbour (that is) scent not well;
Slow to digest: alive, they liv'd to close,
And dead they can't their native dulness lose.
Give me a salmon, who with winged fins
'Gainst tide and stream firks o're the fishing-gins
Of locks and hives, and circling in a gyre
His vaulting corps, he leaps the baffled wyre.
Let fish have room enough and their full play,
No liquor want, not on a Fish-street day."

Edmund Gayton's Art of Longevity, 1659.

In lakes where the dull waters ever sleep,
You perches,* bleaks, and salmon-trout,† may keep,
Who

" Of the merueyles and wonders of Wales.

Ther ben hylles in snowdonye
That ben wonderly hye;
With heyght as grete awaye,
As a man maye go a daye:
And kete eriri on Walsshe,
Snowy hylles in Englysshe:
In these hylles ther is
Leese inough for all beestes of Walis.
The hylles on coppe beres,
Two grete fysshe weres;
Conteyned in that one ponde,
Meueth with the wynde an Ilonde,
As though it dyde swymme,
And neyheth to the brymme:
So that heerdes haue grete wonder,
And wene yt. the worlde meueth vnder.
In that other is perche and fysshe,
And eueryche one eyed is." Polychronicon.

Extract from lines on taking a salmon, 1787.

———" O bliss divine!
A salmon flound'ring at my line!
Sullen, at first he sinks to ground,
Or rolls in circles round and round;
Till, more inflamed, he plunging, sweeps,
And from the shallows seeks the deeps;
Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
As down the stream he headlong springs;
But, turned with fiercer rage, he boils,
And tries indignant all his wiles;
Yet vainly tries, his courage flown,
And all his mighty powers gone,
I wind him up with perfect ease,
Or here, or there, or where I please;
Till quite exhausted now he grows,
And now his silver sides he shews;
Nor one faint effort more he tries,
But near my feet a captive lies;

His

Who on their backs as many colours show,
As heav'nly Iris on her painted bow.
With these the smelt and smaller turbot place,
And tench, the fav'rites of the vulgar race,
With slipp'ry eels which may be caught with ease
Descending from the rivers to the seas;
For as each year the wand'ring swallow flies
The southern suns and more indulgent skies;
So when rough northern blasts the rivers freeze,
The tender eel, of cold impatient, flees
To the warm sands and caverns of the seas; *
And thence returns in summer as before,
To the cool streams and shelter of the shore.
Chuse then a place to practise your deceit,
Where rocks reduce the river to a strait,
So that the stream may flow, when thus confin'd,
With force to turn a mill and corn to grind:
Then near the flood gates in a narrow space,
Hard of access, with reeds enclose a place;
The bending osiers will with ease allow
The stream retiring thro' the chinks to flow;

His tail I grasp with eager hand,
And swing, with joy, my prize on land."

* The tackle must be adapted to the season, but the angler may remain indifferent as to the wind; "so (as one instructor gravely adds) that he can cast his bait into the river." The planetary influence upon fish is alluded to by Gower, in the Confessione Amantis, 1554.

"Benethe all other stont the moone,
The whiche hath with the sea to doone,
Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe,
Vpon his chaunge it shall be knowe,
And euery fisshe, whiche hath a shelle,
Mote in his gouernance dwelle,
To wexe and wane in his degree,
As by the moone a man may see."

But,

But, in the wicker prison will detain
The slipp'ry eel descending to the main;
By whom a time for flying will be chose,
When now the stream a safe return allows,
And swoln with wintry show'rs o'er all its borders flows.
But, as a leader, who attempts to go
By night in secret, to elude the foe,
Will find the foe prepar'd to stop his flight,
And equally befriended by the night:
So with the fisherman, with timely care
In muddy streams the flying Eel ensnare,
And nets to stop the fugitive prepare.
The Carp, the native of th' Italian Lar, *
And Whiting standing waters will prefer;
And Blease, and Umbles, like an ancient trout,
Tho' weak in fight, yet threatning with their snout;
For tho' sharp teeth in triple ranks are shown,
Whole nations fly before the pike alone;
Fierce to destroy with blood the stream he stains;
For courage, and not strength, the conquest gains. †

The

Venice is described in Purchas's Pilgrimes, as

——— a riche toun of spicery:
And of alle other marchandise also,
And right well vitelet therto;
And namely of fresche water fische,
Pike, Eile, Tench, Carpe, I wis:

Vol. II. p. 1236, Ed. 1625.

The Carp is a stately, and very subtle fish, stiled the fresh-water fox, queen of rivers; he is originally of foreign growth; Mr. Mascall a Sussex gentleman, having the honour of first bringing them hither, about the 1524, Ann. Reg. 15 Hen. VIII. Dr. Heylin informs us that,

Reformation, turkeys, carps, hops, and beer,
Came all into England in the same year.

and as Sussex had the first, so does it at this time abound with more s than any other county." *Whole Art of Fishing*, 1714.

† "The pike is the pirate of the lake, that roves and preyes upon the little

The Carp which in th' Italian seas was bred,
With shining scraps of yellow gold is fed:
Tho' chang'd his form, his avarice remains,
And in his breast the love of lucre reigns.
For Saturn flying from victorious Jove,
Compell'd of old, in banishment to rove
Along th' Italian shore, a vessel found
Beyond the lake of wide Benachus bound;
He, for his passage, at a price agreed,
And with large gifts of gold the master fee'd.
But he the master (Carpus was he nam'd)
With thirst of gain, and love of gold inflam'd;
Prepar'd in chains the passenger to bind,
But to the god his face betray'd his mind,
And from the vessel in revenge he threw
Into the waves the pilot and his crew;

little fishermen of that sea, who is so covetous and cruell, that he gives no quarter to any; when hee takes his prize hee goes not to the shore to make his market, but greedily devoures it himselfe; yea, is such a cormorant, that he will not stay the dressing of it. He is called the wolfe of the water, but is indeed a monster of nature; for the wolfe spares his kinde, but hee will devoure his own nephewes ere they come to full growth. He is very gallant in apparell, and seemes to affect to go rather in silver than in gold, wherein he spares for no cost; for his habit is all layd with silver plate downe to the foot in scallop wise. Hee is a right man of warre, and is so slender built, and drawes so little water, as hee will land at pleasure, and take his prey where he list; no shallop shall follow where hee will lead. The pikes themselves are the taller ships, the pickerels of a middle sort, and the Jacks, the pinnaces amongst them, which are all armed according to their burden. The master or pilot sits at the prore, yet hath he the rudder so at command, that hee can winde and turne the vessell which way he will in the twinkling of an eye. He sets up but little sayles, because he would not bee discovered who he is, yea, many times no sail at all, but he trusts to the finnes, his oares. The youthfuller sort of pikes, whom through familiarity they call Jacks, are notable laddes indeed, and to their strength and bigness will fish as their fathers will. In a word, a man would easily bee mistaken in him in beholding him so handsome and gentle a creature, and never imagin him to be half so ravenous as he is; but fronti nulla fides." *A strange metamorphosis of man, transformed into a wilderness.* 1634.

Then

Then into fish the traytors he transform'd,
The traytors, still with love of lucre warm'd,
The sailing ship for golden fragments trace,
And prove themselves deriv'd from human race. *
If running waters overflow your lakes,
There best the barbel † thrive with speckled backs;
And roach, which shoot as swiftly thro' the flood
As arrows, flying from the bending wood; ‡

From

* To the tale of lucre respecting the carp, may be not inappropriately attached "a controversie of a conquest in love 'twixt Fortune and Venus."

Whilst fissher kest his line the houering fish to hooke,
By hap a rich man's daughter on the fissher kest hir looke.
Shee fryde with frantick loue, they maried eke at last:
Thus fissher was from lowe estate in top of treasure plast.
Stoode fortune by and smylde: 'how say you, dame,' quoth shee
To Venus, 'was this conquest your's, or is it due to mee?'
'Twas I (quoth Vulcan's wife) with help of Cupid's bowe,
That made this wanton wench to rage, and match his selfe so lowe.'
'Not so, 'twas Fortune I, that brought the trull in place;
And fortune was it that the man stoode so in mayden's grace;
By fortune fell their loue, 'twas fortune strake the stroke;
Then better is this man to mee that did the match prouoke."

Epitaphes, Epigrams, &c. by George Turbervile.

† "Timorous barbels will not taste the bit
Till with their tayls they haue vnhooked it:
And all the bayts the fisher can deuise,
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies."

Sylvester's Du Bartas.

‡ ——————— like as the litle roch
Must either be eat, or leap upon the shore,
When as the hungary pickerell doth approch,
And there finde death which it escapt before.

Baldwin's Owen Glendour, Mirrour for M. 1575.

Somewhat unfair and rapacious mode of fishing is occasionally adopted by lers, who lay several rods, and have an increased number of gentles fixed to each float; for which practice the only excuse is poor Cunning-'s apology for breaking the sabbath, "the dinner lying at the bottom of

From whence of darts they have obtain'd the name;
The mullets also love a living stream,

Wil

the river." To such marauders the following humourous ballad is a plicable.

"You that fish for Dace and Roches,
Carpes or Tenches, Bonus nockes,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Fryday signe was fishes.
Angler's yeares are made and spent,
All in Ember weekes and Lent.
Breake thy rod about thy noddle,
Throw thy wormes and flies by the pottle,
Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle,
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard,
To shave his beard;
That in case of started stitches
Hooke and line may mend thy breeches.

He that searches pools and dikes,
Halters Jackes, and strangles Pikes,
Let him know, though he think he wise is,
'Tis not a sport but an assizes
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,
Are not tooke, but executed.
Breake thy rod, &c.

You whose pastes fox rivers throat,
And make Isis pay her groat,
That from May to parch October,
Scarce a Minew can slepe sober.
Be your fish in oven thrust,
And your owne Red-paste the crust.
Breake thy rod, &c.

Hookes and lines of larger sizes,
Such as the tyrant that troules devises,
Fishes nere beleive his fable,
What he calls a line is a cable;
That's a knave of endlesse rancor,
Who for a hooke doth cast an anch r
Breake thy rod, &c.

With powts which in the muddy bottom lie;
Menows, which constant stores of eggs supply;
Lotes, on whose chins long hairy bristles grow;
And skates and wide-mouth'd lampreys, which below
Resemble eels, but gape like frogs above;
With fragrant fish,* which murm'ring fountains love,
Sweet to the smell like thyme's delightful flow'r;
Gudgeons who gravel greedily devour;
Perch like sea mullets both in taste and smell,
And pollards which within with prickles swell;
With gaping sheaths, and plaise, whom, if their snouts
Were less obtuse, we might mistake for trouts.†
In either stream the carp contented dwells,
With plenteous spawn thro' all the year she swells,

But of all men he is the cheater,
Who with small fish takes up the greater,
He makes carpes without all dudgeon,
Make a Jonas of a gudgen;
Cruell man that stayes on gravell
Fish that great with fish doth travell.
Breake thy rod, &c.

Llewellyn's Men Miracles, &c. 1656.

* Thymallus.

† "The pike, the roach, the cheuen and the dace,
The bream, the barble with his bearded face,
The pearch, the gudgeon, and the siluer eele,
Which millers taken in their osier weele,
Dwell in the riuer as principall fish,
And giuen to Pan to garnish thy dish;
The salmon, trout, flounder and creuise,
Doe dwell in riuers where the menow is.
The princely carpe, and medicinable tench,
In bottom of a poole themselues doe trench."

Breton's Ouranio.

And in all places and all seasons breeds,
In lakes as well as rivers: hence proceeds
The name of Cyprian, which the Cyprian dame
Bestow'd; the French to carp have chang'd the name.
Of all the fish that swim the wat'ry mead,
Not one in cunning can the carp exceed.
Sometimes when nets enclose the stream, she flies
To hollow rocks, and there in secret lies:
Sometimes the surface of the water skims,
And, springing o'er the net, undaunted swims;
Now motionless she lies beneath the flood,
Holds by a weed, or deep into the mud
Plunges her head, for fear against her will,
The nets should drag her and elude her skill:
Nay, not content with this, she oft will dive
Beneath the net, and not alone contrive
Means for her own escape, but pity take
On all her hapless brethren of the lake;
For rising, with her back she lifts the snares,
And frees the captives with officious cares;
The little fry in safety swim away,
And disappoint the nets of their expected prey. *
No other fish so great an age attain,
For the same carp, which from the wat'ry plain
The Valois' seated on the throne survey'd,
Now sees the sceptre by the Bourbons sway'd;

* Thus Montaigne relates of the *Scarus* "having swallowed the fishe hooke, his fellowes will presently flocke about him, and nibble the line sunder; and if any of them happen to be taken in a bow net, some of fellowes turning his head away, will put his taile in at the neck of the who with his teeth fast holding the same, never leave him, vntil they pulled him out. The Barble fishes, if one of them chance to be en will set the line against their backes, and with a fin they have, tooth a sharp saw, presently saw and fret the same asunder." *Florio's tra of Montaigne's Essays*, 1613, p. 266.

He now beholds the children, and admires
Their dress and customs so unlike their sires,
What greater wonder would he now express
Did he but know what signal triumphs bless
Our arms, thro' all the world attended with success?
Tho' age has whiten'd o'er the scaly backs
Of the old carp which swim the royal lakes;
They, neither barren, nor inactive, grow,
But still in sport the waves around 'em throw: *

Here

* The Dialogue of Creatures moralised, being one of the scarcest works of early typography, another extract may amuse. "Dialogo xlvi. Of a fyssh callyd a carpe, and a fissh called Tymallus. It happyd in a greate solempne feste, fisshes of the floode walkyd togidre aftyr dynar in great tranquillyte and peace for to take ther recreacyon and solace; but the carpe began to trowble the feste, erectynge hym self by pryde & saynge, I am worthy to be lawdyd aboue all othir, for my flesshe is delicate and swete more then it can be tolde of. I haue not be nourished nothir in dychesse, nor stondyngh watyrs, nor pondes; but I haue be brought vppe in the floode of the greate garde. Wherfore I owe to be prynce and regent amonge all yowe. Ther is a fissh callyd Tymallus, hauinge his name a flowre, for Timus is callyd a flowre; and this Tymallus is a fissh of the see, as saith Isidore, Ethimologiarum, xii. and allthoughe that he be fauoureable in sight and delectable in taste, yet moreouir the fyssh of hym smellyth swete lyke a flowre and geuith a pleasaunte odour. And so this fyssh Tymallus, heringe this saynge of the carpe, had greate scorne of him and sterte forth & sayde: It is not as thou sayste, for I shine more bright then thowe, and excede the in odowre and relece. Who may be comparyd vnto me, for he that fyndith me hath a great tresowre. If thow haue thy dwellynge oonly in the water of garde, I haue myn abydynge in many large floodes. And so emong them were great stryuis and contencyons. Wherfore the feste was tournyd in to great trowble, for some fauowryd the parte of the one and some of the othir, so that be lyklyhode there shuld haue growen greate myschefe emonge them: for euery of them began to snak at othir, & wolde haue torne eche other on smale pecys. Ther was monge all othir a fissh callyd Truta euyr mouyd to breke stryfe; and soo thys trowte for asmoche as she was agid, and wele lernyd, she spake and sayde: Bredryn, it is not good to stryue & fight for vayne dawdatowris and prayseris; for I prayse not my self though some personis thinke

Here safe the depths no longer they explore;
But, their huge bulk extending near the shore,
Take freely from our hands what we bestow,
And grace the royal streams at Fountainbleau:
But, chiefly they rejoice, when, near the side,
Great Lewis walks, and as in youthful pride,
Strong both in body and in mind remains,
And all youth's vigour ev'n in age retains:
We could not think he sixty years had reign'd,
Did we not count our gains by sea and land;
Or view his grandsons round the monarch stand.
Tho' the rich pike, to entertain your guest,
Smokes on the board and decks a royal feast;
Yet must you not this cruel savage place
In the same ponds that lodge the finny race:
In the same tow'r you might as well unite,
The fearful pigeons and the rav'nous kite;
In the same yard the fox with chickens keep,
Or place the hungry wolf with harmless sheep.
For he, the tyrant of the wat'ry plains
Devours all fish, nor from his kind abstains;

thinke me worthy to be commendid; for it is wryttyn, the mowth of an othir man mote commende the and not thyn owne, for all commendacyon and lawde of hym self is fowle in ye. mouth of the spekar. Therefore bettyr hit is that those that prayse them self goo togider to the see iuge, that is, the Dolphyn, which is a iuste iuge and a rightfull and dredinge god, for he shall rightfully determyn this mater. This counsell plesyd them well, and forth went these twayn togider vnto the Dolphyn and shewyd to him all ther myndes, and to ther power comendid the self. To whom the Dolphyn sayde: children, I neuyr sawe yowe tell this tyme, for ye be alwaye hydde in the floodes, and I am steinge in the great wawys of the see; wherfore I cannot gyue ryghtfull sentence betwene yowe, but yf I first assaye and make a taste of yowe. And thus saynge, he gaue a sprynge and swalowyd them in both two, and sayde,

Noman owith hym self to commende,
Aboue all other, laste he offende.'

Unless

Unless hoarse frogs infest the fenny place;
For then he feasts on the loquacious race;
Dragg'd from the filthy mud, they croak in vain,
And with loud babblings ev'n in death complain.
Or when a goose sports on the azure wave,
Delighting in the stream her limbs to lave,
Or dips her head, and with a clam'rous sound,
Provokes the rain, and throws the water round;
The pike arrests the fowl with hungry jaws,
And to the bottom of the river draws;
Nay, as a boy in the smooth current swims,
His teeth he fixes in his tender limbs. *

* Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on Walton, has given several stories of he voracity of this fish. The diurnals, which seldom neglect to propa- ate the marvellous, in the year 1800 related, that "a yearling calf was ard to make an uncommon noise by the side of the river Blackwater, here it had been drinking; on going up to it, there was a large pike hang- ig to its nostrils, which had seized the calf while it was drinking, and hich the animal had dragged about fifty yards from the river. One of the eople disengaged them, by striking the pike with a stone which killed it. here were found in the belly of this voracious fish, a large rat, a perch ntire, besides part of several other fish. The pike weighed 35 pounds." he conclusion of the story, proving there was no provocative from hunger, nders the veracity of the first part doubtful; otherwise similar relations ave been made. A common-sized Jack, placed by mistake on the wrong de of the division in a keep, destroying in a few hours near thirty gudgeons, small brace of perch escaping) is a circumstance within my own know- dge; but, whatever may be its propensity for the gudgeon, the reader ust decide the credit due to a newspaper of 1801 for the following story. A party angling at Sunbury, one of them sat across the head of the boat, a punishment inflicted on him for wearing his spurs. Another having ught a gudgeon, stuck it on one of the spurs, which he not perceiving, in out a few minutes a large jack bit at the gudgeon, and the spur being ane-necked, entangled in the gills of the Jack, which, in attempting to tricate itself, actually pulled the unfortunate person out of the boat. He s with difficulty dragged on shore, and the fish taken, which was of a pro- gious size."

The trout loves rivers in obscure retreats;
Thrown into standing water, she forgets
Her former beauty, and neglects her love,
And all the flesh will then insipid prove;
From hence remember, with a timely care,
For trout a running water to prepare:
Near some wide river's mouth a place provide,
And with smooth grass and turf adorn the side;
Let the clear bottom shining gravel show,
And gently murm'ring o'er smooth pebbles flow.
This situation always grateful proves,
For still the trout a murm'ring current loves,
And still the same desires her bosom warm,
Nor has she chang'd her manner with her form:*

Fox

* The following extract from a modern poem disguised with antique semblance, is too appropriate to the history of the trout to be omitted.

——"When atop the hoary western hill,
The ruddie sun appears to rest his chin,
When not a breese disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

On the green bank a truant school-boy stands;
Well has this urchin markt her mery play,
And ashen rod obeys his guileful hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with listly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblant of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slyly nibbling, prudish from it flies,
'Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypright

Deepe

For once she liv'd a nymph of spotless fame
In an obscure retreat, and Truta was her name.
It chanc'd that in a flow'ry path she stray'd,
Where a clear river with the pebble play'd,
And just disturb'd the silence of the shade.
Truta now seated near the spreading trees,
Enjoys the coolness of the passing breeze;
In the clear stream she casts her modest eyes,
And in a fillet her fair tresses lies.
While in this solitude she thus remains,
And dies her beauteous face with various stains;
It chanc'd the robber Lucius, thro' the shade,
With eager eyes perceiv'd the lonely maid;
He saw and lov'd her riches, on her face,
For both her dress and form appear'd with equal grace.
The nymph now heard the rustling with affright;
She saw a man, and trembled at the sight;
Swiftly along the winding shore she fled,
And cry'd, and vow'd, and call'd the gods to aid.
Truta despairing sought, with trembling speed,
A rock that overlooked the wat'ry mead;
Hither she bent her course, the summit gain'd,
And thought her virtue now might be maintain'd

Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dread affright;
In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcom'd the retourning ray,
When by the riv'lets banks, with blushes coy,
April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streams, she pants, she gasps, and dies!"

Mickle's Syr Martyn, Can. I.

Cheaply

Cheaply with loss of life: while here she stood,
And just prepar'd to leap into the flood,
Lucius approach'd, and while he held behind
Her flow'ry vest, that flutter'd in the wind,
Chang'd into fish an equal fate they bore,
And though transform'd in shape, yet, as before,
The pike of slaughter fond and fierce appears,
And still the trout retains her female fears!
Beauty and virgin modesty remains,
Diversify'd with crimson tinted stains;
And, once the fairest nymph that trod the plain,
Swims fairest fish of all the finny train. *
Not pikes alone defile the streams with blood,
But over all the brethren of the flood,
Perpetual discord bears tyrannic sway,
And all the stronger on the weaker prey.
As among men the great the small oppress,
And still the same confusion and distress,
Which in the city and the forest reign,
Distract the tenants of the wat'ry plain.
Banish'd from earth, peace could not find a place
Beneath the streams, among the finny race;
But, since for want they otherwise would die,
Regard this fury with indulgent eye.
Why need I mention all the waste of blood,
Which the fierce otter causes in the flood;
Among the willows secretly he lies,
And from the shore surveys, with eager eyes,

* "To observe the ravenous disposition of the pike, the sociable condition of the trout, the various discolouring of the polypus, the strong digestion of the porpoise, would beget in the curious surveyors of nature, much admiration. And then to compare the natures of these water inhabitants with ourselves, who follow, for most part, the bent of our desires, as if we were estranged from that beauty which incomparably most adornes us, and drenched in the leas of our owne corruptions, which makes man most unlike himselfe, by idolatrizing that which gives the greatest blemish to his excellence." *Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry*, 1638.

The

ort or battles of the wat'ry breed,
wiftly swimming with resistless speed,
s the hostile bands, and makes the warriors bleed.
eaths assuage the hunger of the foe;
unds his hate and savage fury know;
sh he bowels, stains the stream with blood,
angled bodies float upon the flood:
ter heaps in caverns of the shore
sh half eaten and besmear'd with gore;
ghter proud, he there delights to dwell,
e long night enjoys the nauseous smell.
for the beast, and gins, let others lay,
traps by tempting baits betray;
u with missive weapons in your hand,
al'd from view behind a thicket stand;
hile on fraud he muses on the shore,
d returns with jaws besmear'd with gore,
lon slay, and throw into the flood
ounded body for your fishes food:
st tear off the skin (for fear your fry
l from the dead, as from the living fly,)
some rich matron will rejoice to buy.
should find the young ones, steal away,
absence of the dam, the tender prey,
y his youthful years yet pliant, breed
ntle otter to the fishing trade;
en suspended in the stream you place
laxen snares, to catch the finny race,
ll explore each cavern and retreat,
ouse the fish, and hunt them to the net:*

As

very crafty and subtill beast, yet it is sometimes tamed, and
orthern parts of the world, especially in Scandinauia to driue
the fishermen's nets: for so great is the sagacity and science of
is beast, that he can directly winde the fishes in the waters a
mile

As dogs drive trembling stags into the snare,
Or by the scent pursue the fleeting hare.
In these amusements while I pass the day,
Autumnal hours roll unperceiv'd away;
When tir'd of town and study, I retreat,
My honour'd friend, * to thy fair country seat;
Where you with all the rural sports invite,
But most with mirth and attic wit delight;
For tho' your seat, which from the neighb'ring strea
Derives its name, is first in my esteem;
Yet, in your absence, nor the flow'ry beds,
Nor silver floods can please, nor painted meads,
Nor ev'n the stream which in a mournful strain
Appears with me to murmur and complain;
No longer now the verdant laurel grove,
Where oft, in contemplation wrapt, I rove,
Can without you poetic thoughts inspire,
Or reconcile me to the tuneful quire.
When pleasure to the plains returns with you,
Together oft we take delight to view
Th' obsequious otter, thirsting after blood,
Chase thro' the stream the natives of the flood;
Or near the stew, which with a bounteous hand
Your ancestors prepar'd, together stand

mile or two off, and therefore the fishers make great aduantage of them, y^e do they forbeare his vse because he deuoureth more then needeth, for he i neuer so tamed that he forgeteth his old rauening; being tamed, on the la he is very full of sport and game..... The flesh of this beast is b cold and filthy, because it feedeth vpon stinking fish, and therefore not fi be eaten. Tragus writeth that this notwithstanding is dressed to bee e in many places of Germany. And I hear that the Carthusian fryer monkes (whether you wil,) which are forbidden to touch al manner of f of other foure-footed beasts, yet are they not prohibited the eating of ot *Edward Topsell's Historie of foure-footed beastes.* 1607.

* Duke de Ressegeuer.

To see him dive for food, and joyful draw
The gasping captives from his bloody jaw. *

Among

* Could an animal be thus tutored for use on the sea coast, in addition to the amusement, it would save many qualms to the summer excursionist.

" Whyle gaie of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayte,
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,
Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye;
The trembling fish he feeles with line extent,
And paised hand " Hercules Furens, 1581.

This is a pigmy's mimic of the

" —— day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
When giant stood on shore of sea to fish;
For angling rod, he took a sturdy oake,
For line a cable, that in storm ne're broke;
His hook was such as heads the end of pole,
To pluck down house, ere fire consumes it whole;
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood, to bob for whale;
Which strait he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back."

The last lines, with trifling alteration are inserted in the Poetical Works of Dr. King, born 1663, but certainly not the production of that facetious writer. They are copied from the mock romance printed with " The Loves of Hero and Leander, and other choice pieces of drollery, &c." 1653. From a ballad in the same collection, which appears to have been made on the setting fire to London-bridge, the following humourous stanzas are selected.

" Into the chips there fell a spark
Which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known into Southwark,
Which lives beyond the Thames.

For *low* the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath,
O're which as many fishes fly,
As birds therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridg,
Not far from place of landing;
And though the building was full big,
It fell down *not with standing*.

And

Among the sportive tenants of the lake,
Wide havoc water-rats and beavers make:
These foes with subtlety alone pursue:
If from the shore you at a distance view
A beaver plunge into the stream, in vain
You'll hope by darts a conquest to obtain;
The conscious robber dives beneath the flood,
Nor to the bank returns where late he stood.
If reeds and rushes should your lakes infest,
Cut not away the heads and leave the rest;
The stems corrupt, if suffered to remain,
And from the roots fresh crops appear again:
But with a little skiff destroy the reeds;
With gloves upon their hands some hold the heads,
With stretch'd-out arms, against the adverse waves;
While others row with oars; or with long staves
The boat together with the rushes strove,
And to the shore the reedy forest move.
Since nothing to the natives of the flood
Is more destructive than the want of food,
Throw grains of corn, or scatter crumbs of bread,
And if, of some unknown distemper dead,
You chance to find a sheep, or in the yoke
An ox should yield to death's untimely stroke,
To feast your hungry fish their bodies throw,
Or pounded acorns and cheap pulse bestow;
With figs by constant show'rs corrupted grown,
And apples from the trees untimely blown:
For famine will compel the wat'ry breed
Like beasts on flesh, on grass like sheep to feed,
With fruit like birds to fill their hungry maw,
And on their kind to rush with greedy jaw.

And eke into the water fell,
So many pewter dishes;
That a man might have taken up very well
Both boyld and roasted fishes."

The

The eel, swift-gliding thro' the wat'ry plain,
Devours the fry, and smaller finny train,
And smelts, and gudgeons, seek the shore in vain.
In bulk with years while other fishes rise,
Why gudgeons, loach, and smelts are small in size,
And still the old continue dwarfs, relate
The rise, ye Muses, of the minim state.
Where, with a tardy current, near the sea,
The Po in slow meanders takes its way,
A band of children on the borders stood,
Engag'd in play, and in the silver flood
Threw stones, which, sliding on the wat'ry plain,
Now seem to sink and now emerge again.
Beneath the stream the sisters of the sea
Then list'ning sat to Clio's tales, whom she
Amused with amours of absent Ephiré.
When Ægle first the dashing pebbles heard,
She at the surface of the stream appear'd,
Enjoin'd the boys to leave the river's side,
And added threats; they bold her threats defy'd,
And casting impious stones, in scorn they cry;
" Lo, thus to your complainings, we reply!"
Ægle affrighted soon return'd again,
And filling with her shrieks the wat'ry plain;
" Ye gods shall this audacious crew," she cries,
" Who me with taunting words and stones defies,
Escape unhurt? shall youth their crime excuse?
No age unpunish'd must the gods abuse!
Call then a monster from the neighb'ring main,
To wreak our vengeance on the impious train."
She said, and Ocean to the sisters gave
A dreadful form, which rose above the wave.
The boys beheld and trembled at the sight,
And try'd to fly, but fear arrests their flight;
Breathless they fell, their limbs the monster tore,
And in the river cast 'em from the shore;

Then

Then shook his head, and in the silver flood
Wip'd from his dropping jaws the streaming blood.
The nymphs the slaughter saw and heard the cries,
And feasted with revenge their eager eyes.
What female heart but may by youth be gain'd?
And beauty in the boys that still remain'd
Like a fair flow'r which yielding to the share
Reclines its drooping head, but still continues fair.
How credulous is Love! * they see the shore
O'erspread with bodies, all besmear'd with gore,
Yet hope by fear they fell, and signs of life explore;

Their

* Flecknoe, in the character of a young female enamorist, says, "it is with lovers as it is with anglers, who feed fishes till they are caught, but caught once, feed on them; so it will be long enough ere she bite at the bait, unless he has more to bait her with than fine words or lamentable compliments." Upon the subject of love the angler's muse seldom drags a simile from the tackle; or floats the lines in a stream of sorrow to bait a barbed hook with a gentle heart. Turbervile introduces an allusion to the art, where he writes in "disprayse of Women that allure and loue not."

"That troupe of honest dames
those Grisels all are gone;
No Lucrece now is left aliue,
ne Cleopatra none.
Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is fleeted by:
They myrrors were, dame Nature made
hir skilful hande to try.
Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth yeeld a woorser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest matrones staine.
Deceit in their delight,
great fraude in friendly lookes:
They spoyle the fish for friendship's sake,
that houer on their hookes.
They buye the baite to deare
that so their freedome loze;
And they the more deceitfull are,
that so can craft and gloze."

The

Their hands the heart, no longer beating, try,
Or their fair fingers ope th' unwilling eye;
Another seeking whether yet the breath
Hangs on the lips, nor quite extinct by death,
Joins her's to their's, compassionately kind,
And leaves, unseen, a tender kiss behind.
But these their cares were vain, for death's cold hand,
Had clos'd the eyes of all the youthful band;
And now their weeping ghosts were seen to gain
The darksome realms of Pluto's dreary reign:
With pray'rs and tears stern Charon they implore,
To take and waft them to the Stygian shore;
And if or youth or beauty could prevail,
His breast had melted at their mournful tale.
The nymphs, with pity mov'd, the gods implor'd
That to their bodies life might be restor'd;

The contrariety of love is also thus depicted in the sign Cancer, fourth ook of Palengenius, translated by Barnaby Googe.

" ——— if so be that loue weare not
by God's aduisement right,
To euery man apoynted here,
by limites parted iust:
No dout of al might one be loued,
and on them all should lust,
And euery man might safe enioy
the damsel that he likes:
But as the fisher doth not take
the fishes all in dikes;
Nor foulers all the birdes do catch,
nor hunters all do kill;
But euery one his chance doth take,
obtaines, and hathe his will;
So, loue to euery one is dele
by God's arbitrement;
So doth the seruaunt, base, ful oft
his lady wel content."

But when their pray'rs the gods no longer heard,
They draw 'em in the stream to be interr'd:
Soon as their lifeless limbs had touch'd the wave,
Another form they to the children gave:
Each hand contracted in a fin appears,
And the rough skin a scaly substance wears;
The form of a hook'd tail united, took
Their feet and legs; the tenant of the brook
To stem the adverse waves unceasing tries;
Resembling youth in manners and in size.
For these are always small: by turns we see
They sport and fret, now quarrel, now agree;
And still like what they were before remain,
Peevish in play, yet loath to leave the train.
Now to the caution of the Muse attend,
Your fish from nightly robbers to defend;
Boards at the bottom arm'd with spikes prepare,
To catch the net and disappoint the snare.
But those are most destructive, who, with food,
Throw poison mixt or lime into the flood;
Soon as infected, tortur'd with the pain,
The fish shoots swiftly thro' the wat'ry plain;
Or giddily in various circles swims,
And just the surface of the water skims,
To fan his lungs with draughts of vital air,
And cool the scorching heat that rages there.
But still the pois'nous drugs his breast torment;
And now his strength is gone, his vigour spent;
Now he sucks in his last remains of breath,
Supinely floating on the waves in death.
Ev'n the dire author of the mischief grieves,
When, for a paltry gain, he thus perceives
The lakes exhausted of their scaly breed,
And blames the arts from whence such ills proceed.

Now that your stew-ponds may with ease afford
Supplies of fish, well-fatted for your board,
With a slight wall a narrow place enclose,
Where the full river from its channel flows;
The tinkling of the stream, or sav'ry bait,
Will tempt the fish to try the sweet deceit;
The wickers opening readily admit
The breed, but never their return permit:
Here to your captives plenteous dainties throw,
Which soon will thrive and fit for table grow.
Some few years past, as all good Christians feed
In spring-time only on the scaly breed; *

Let

* "Fishes are like their element, and place
Wherein they live, both cold and moist, a race
Of flegmatic creatures, yet they are meat
Which dry and choleric tempers may well eat;
And those who would look smug, or else snout-fair,
May take this liver-cooling dish for fare.
In fervid seasons, and in climates hot
Use them: but if the Beare the helm hath got,
Or under Charles his seven-starr'd heavy wane,
From this dull nourishment let them refraine.——
Sweet river-fishes slimy, and gross diet,
Are glibbery, and make egression quiet,
More nourishing than sea-fish, and of these,
Those (which the current streams and gravel please,
And do abhorre annoyances of sinks,
Which spoil their channels with their loathsome stinks)
Are most delicious, such as pearch and trout;
Your mud-fish all incline you to the gout.
But those delighting in sweet scowres, refine
Their squamy sides, and clarifie their line."

Gayton's Longevity.

"Another remedy against the dearth of things, especially victuals, is to store the vse of fish to the ancient credit and estimation: and hereupon *Aelian* taketh occasion to commend our custome of England for obseruing th dayes in the weeke. And for effecting of the like in Fraunce, he pro-

Let out the water from your open'd lake,
And all the finny race in baskets take.
The water rushes out, the dams and mounds
Remov'd, thro' valleys and o'er stones resounds,

poundeth the example of the prince and magistrate whom the people will imitate. We may wish that both the one and the other were duly executed or obserued, whereby fishing would be better maintained, and most especially the nauigation: and flesh would in some seasons of the yeare be vsed more commodiously, and better for the health of man. The great number of all sorts and kinds of fish according to the obseruation of the Romaines (noted by Maister Bodine) ought to moue vs thereunto; fish being so pure a creature, that were it not, that we see the same subiect vnto diseases, it wold be very doubtfull, whether the same amongst other creatures was cursed for man's transgression, the scripture speaking only that the earth was cursed therefore: considering also the prouerbe, *as sound as a fish*; and if any be subiect to diseases it is fish of riuers, or of standing waters and fish-ponds, which may be cured by strawing much parsley into the water. And because that flesh and fish are two principall things for the food of man, and that our purpose is not to omit any thing, that incidently may be handled for the good of the commonwealth, therefore will it not be exorbitant the rule of our methode to discourse somewhat thereof. The best season of the yeare to eate fish is from September vntill March, if we will regard the goodnesse of the fish: howbeit that for the increase of beasts, we are commanded with great reason and consideration, to eate most fish in March and Aprill, when he loseth his taste. The flesh fish of riuers is of more digestion, and better for sicke persons; but the sea-fish is of more nourishment. All fish being moist and cold of nature, is qualified by the addition of salt, and being eaten with much bread cannot do any hurt, especially vnto cholericke persons, with whose complexion it agreeth best. And whereas all other creatures do first decay and putrifie in the belly, the fish doth first putrifie in the head: for no other reason, but that hauing only one gut the meate doth easily passe the same, without digestion or corruption; which by staying long with other creatures causeth putrifaction: an argument that fish is more healthfull then flesh, howbeit that (through the continuall vse) flesh is more agreeable with our nature." *England's view, in the vnmasking of two paradoxes: with a replication vnto the answer of Maister Iohn Bodine, by Gerrard de Malynes, Merchant. Oct.* 160-

And swells the streams admiring, without rain,
To see their waves roll swiftly to the main.
Meanwhile the wand'ring fish swims up and down
Confus'd, and when the stream is almost gone,
Still follows the remains; whom, from the lake
Sliding, the wicker snares a captive make:
Here with his much-lov'd stream, his life he leaves,
And his last parting breath the air receives.
Lest the whole breed should undistinguish'd die,
Take the small fish that at the bottom lie,
In a new pond the little wand'rers place;
And there preserve the hopes of all the race.
They swim surpris'd, the vacant lakes survey,
And all their father's wat'ry empire sway.
The ponds now drain'd, the cautious eel lies roll'd
Deep in the mud, and wound in many a fold.
While here he lurks, conceal'd beneath the ooze,
With griping hand the smooth deceiver close; *
Lest he, like fortune, when you think the prey
Securely your's, should subtly glide away.
No sweeping drag-net should the race alarm,
That through your streams, congenial breeding swarm;
Lest you destroy young natives of the flood,
And all your fruit prove blighted in the bud;
Bow nets still use; or, in a darksome night,
Fires on the margin of the river light;
Struck with the dazzling flame, ne'er seen before,
Surpris'd they slow approach the shining shore;

* Sero sapiunt Phryges.

"The prouerbe saieth, so longe the potte to water goes,
That at the lengthe it broke returnes, which is appli'de to those,
That longe with wyles, and shiftes, haue cloaked wicked partes,
Whoe haue at lengthe bene paied home, and had their iust desertes;
Euen as the slymie eele, that ofte did slippe awaie,
Yet, with figge leaues at lengthe was catch'de & made the fishers praie."
Geffrey Whitney's Emblems, 1586.

While thus for knowledge greedy they appear,
Or to the crackling billets lend an ear,
Insnare with nets, or fix 'em with a spear. *
Still other arts your leisure may employ,
Amusement yield, nor all the race destroy:
On the green margin dark secluded stand
A taper angle waving in your hand;
The wand'ring prey with choicest bait invite,
And fatal steel conceal'd by art from sight. †

Once

* "The glow-worme shining in a frosty night,
Is an admirable thing in shepheard's sight.
Twentie of these wormes put in a small glasse,
Stopped so close that no issue doe passe;
Hang'd in a bow-net and suncke to the ground,
Of a poole, or lake, broad, and profound:
Will take such plentie of excellent fish,
As well may furnish an Emperor's dish."

Breton's Ourania

† To Anglers.

"O take away that wily, treach'rous hook!
Why are the harmless tenants of the brook
(Secure, poor things, till now, amongst each other)
To be of cold barbarity the sport?
Perhaps each fish that from the flood you court,
May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother.

It makes Humanity, sweet maiden! weep
To see the wanton sportives of the deep
Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed:
It makes her sigh, to mark the dipping float
The hidden captive's agony denote,
And all its sweet and social comforts fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream
Thread the wild mazes of their native stream,
And unmolested through each thicket stray;
I love to see the dace, in shining pride,
Now rush amidst the fierce, impetuous tide,
And now upon the tempting surface play.

The

Once on the grassy border of a flood
A boy, and round a youthful circle stood,
With floated line, and rod, did next prepare,
The 'guileful charm to hide the barbed snare;
The boy commanded silence with a nod,
And threw his twisted line into the flood:
By chance a mullet in the stream appear'd
Large, and conspicuous by a length of beard:
He nibbled at the bait in sportive play,
And then refusing seem'd to swim away.
Now with the current down the stream he glides
Now with his tail the adverse waves divides;

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel,
Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel,
When legal vengeance drags him to her den:
His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,
Defy not torture better than a worm—
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm
Against the artless, unoffending swarm,
To wage unequal combat with a fish:
So much, believe me, liberty I prize,
I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,
Than view them smoaking on the glutton's dish.

Enough for me if, while I roam at ease,
And taste, sweet Isis, on thy banks, the breese
That wantons there, upon her silken wings,
Health's genial hand its bounty shall bestow,
And on my cheek impress the livid glow,
And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod, and to my lines farewell,
No more shall sports like these my bosom swell—
No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me:
Perhaps some fish, with patriot rage may burn—
Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn—
And, dying for its injur'd brethren, choak me." J. T.

But soon returns the odour to regain,
And winds in circles through the wat'ry plain;
Thus heedless moths display their painted wings,
And flutter round the flame which sure destruction brings.
Meanwhile the boys, attentive, scarce appear
To breathe, by turns inflam'd with hope and fear;
Now certain, now despairing of their prize,
On this alone they fix their greedy eyes;
At length fear yields to hunger, and the bait
He credulously swallows; the deceit
Soon by his blood discovering, he in vain
Attempts to void the hook and ease the pain;
When, from his mouth the steel he would withdraw,
Deeper the steel is rooted in his jaw;
The fisher jerks his rod, with nimble hand,
And throws the mullet gasping on the sand;
He, looking on the river in despair,
Leap'd slightly twice or thrice into the air,
But when his strength unable now he found
To lift his ponderous body from the ground,
Flapping his tail upon the bank in death
He struggling panted and resign'd his breath;
Not one there was of all that there appear'd,
But touch'd the fins and gently strok'd the beard.
Here then a boy, that stood upon the strand,
Thus with a tale amus'd the youthful band:
Barbus, whose name was from his beard deriv'd,
Had almost at an hundred years arriv'd;
Now weak with age and stooping to the ground,
His brow was rugged and with wrinkles crown'd:
His mouth was wide, his feeble head hung down,
His teeth were lost, his hands were bony grown;
Thick on his chin a bunch of hair remain'd,
And his weak steps a knotty staff sustain'd.
Oft, in his youthful years near streams he stood,
And cast his lines and nets into the flood.

And as we find that length of years destroys
The strength, but not the love of former joys,
He, tho' grown old, resorted to the shore,
And haunted still the streams he lov'd before;
Still was he pleas'd and eager to betray,
With hooks conceal'd by baits the finny prey.*
As once the old man, on a river's side,
Aim'd at a fish that near the shore he spy'd;
His tottering footsteps fail'd to keep their hold,
And headlong from the slipp'ry bank he roll'd;
Now with the rapid current he contends,
Large draughts of water swallows, and extends
His feeble arms, but, hoping most to gain
By pray'rs success, he vows but vows in vain.
His breathless body, floating down the brook,
Great Jove beheld, and kind compassion took:
"Live still," he cry'd, "but in the stream remain,
And dwell for ever with the finny train;
Death was so near at hand, you need not grieve
For a short space a feeble trunk to leave."
Now forth his arms as leathern fins extend,
And in a tail his feet contracted blend;
The form of scales his tatter'd garments wore;
His back look'd dry and wither'd as before;
Still on his chin a length of beard remain'd,
His teeth he lost, but harmless gums retain'd,
These, in a fish, the marks of age are deem'd,
For age alone the mullets are esteem'd;
And length of years, by which all other things
Decay, to these increase of honour brings.

* "The angler's sport is full of patience, and if he lose his hooke, he makes a faire fishing.

The fish in the river is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a baite it will cost him his life."

Wit's private wealth, stored with choice of commodities to content the minde, by N. Breton. 1639.

I to the fable lent a list'ning ear,
And thus began; when I both see and hear
The various arts of fishers, and survey
How they the fish deceitfully betray,
Reflect I must with equal grief and truth;
That the same arts deceive unwary youth,
The snares, of old for fish alone design'd,
Are now employ'd to captivate mankind;
Man catches man, and by the bait betrays*
With proffer'd kindness, or, still cunning, lays
Nets to entrap th' unwary, and embroils
Cities and towns to profit from the spoils.
For you, dear youths, soft pleasure lies in wait,
And hides her hook beneath a honey'd bait,
But all her treach'rous gifts will only gain
For a short joy a lasting load of pain.
Here when the bait allures the fish to taste
The transient pleasure of a sweet repast,
You see for this how dearly he must pay;
Life is the purchase, and himself the prey.
Thus soft allurements serve to varnish o'er
The frauds of pleasure, unperceiv'd before;
But if a youth is once inspir'd, he'll find
He cannot void the poison from his mind;
No more than could the fish when snar'd withdraw
The crooked steel from his tormented jaw;
While lasting grief for short delights he gains,
Still rues his transient joys with ever-during pains. †

J. H.

* "Think when thou seest the baite
whereon is thy delite,
That hidden hookes are hard at hande
to bane thee when thou bite." Turberville.

† "Fyshe, hyghte pisces, and hathe that name of Pascendo, fedynge, as Isodore sayth libro xii. ca. vi. Fyshe licketh the erthe and watry herbes, & so get they meete and nouryshynge. Also they benne called Reptilia, crepyng;

crepyng, bycause in swimmynge they seme as they did crepe: for in swymming they crepe, though they syake downe to the bottom. Wherof speketh Ambrose in Exameron, and saythe, that bitwene fyshe and water is great nighnes of kynred. For withoute water they may not long lyue; and they lyue not longe with onelye brethynge, withoute drawynge of water. And they haue a maner lyknes and kynd of crepyng, for, whyle a fyshe swymmeth, by shrynkyng and drawynge together of his body, he draweth and gathereth hym selfe in to les length, and anone stretcheth hym selfe agayne, and entendeth to passe forth in the water; and by that diligence he putteth the water backewarde, and passeth itself forwarde. Therfore he vseth finnes in swymmynge, as a foule vseth fethers in fleenge. But all other wyse in swymmynge a fyshe meueth his fynnes fro the hynder parte downwarde, and as it were with armes, or ores, he clippeth the water, & holdeth it, and stretcheth hym selfe forwarde. But a byrde meueth his fethers vpwarde, and gadereth thayre, and compelleth it to passe out backeward by large stretchynge of wynges, and so by violente puttynge of ayre backewarde the bodye meuith forwarle. And kyndes of fyshe ben dyuerse in many maner wyse ..... Some abyde only in the see, and some in ryuers and pondes, and in other freshe waters, and some ben meane bytwene these two maner fyshes, and torne and come now to fresh water, and nowe to salte water to gette them meate. And fishe that come out of the salte water in to freshe haue lykynge in the freshenes therof, and ben fattid: and ayenwarde, and this fyshe nowe abydeth in the see & nowe in freshe water. And manye ryuer fyshes maye not taste saltnesse of the see, for if he catchyth salte water, he dieth sodaynely, and torneth vp the-wombe, and fleteeth aboue the water, & that is token of death in all manner of fyshe both of see and of freshe water. And fyshe that is bredde in the see hath hard scales and thycke, bycause of drynes of the salte water; and ryuer fyshe haue subtyll scales and neshe backe bones. Back bones in fyshes ben nedefull to restreyne the fleshe therof that is fletynge, for kynde neshenesse therof. And Auycen techeth to chese good fyshe by kynde of the place wherin they ben noryshed and fedde. And in li. ii. ca. vij. he sayth, that in this maner choys of fyshe is in place, in whiche hit dwelleth. For suche as abyde in stonye places ben beste and swetest, and in freshe rennynge water, in whiche is no corrupcion, ne no slyme, ne wose, nor stondynge lakes, ne in welles, nor in small pyttes that renne not in riuers, in whom ben noo welles. And he saythe there, that some see fyshes ben good; for those that ben subtyll ben beste, and ben nourished in the depe see and no where elles. And fyshe that abyde in waters, that ben vnheled with blastes of wynde, that bloweth the water somtime fro them, are better than those that ben not so serued. And those that ben in waters that ben strongly meued and continually

ART. II. *The Boke of Iustices of Peas, the charge with all the proces of the cessions, warrantes, supersedias, and all that longeth to any Iustice to make enditementes of haut treason, petit treason, felony, &c.* [At the end] *Emprynted without Tempull barre be me Robert Redman at the syne of the George, An. Domi* 1527. black letter. Sm. 12mo.

Antiquated laws are of little importance to us at present, excepting so far as they exhibit the state of government and manners at the time when they were in force; I shall therefore extract from this ancient collection of them such only, as contain some historic notices either of the practices or language of that age in the 18th year of Henry 8th.

"In every comission of peas shul be but 6 justices with the justices of assyses, every justice takyng 4^{s}. the first day of theyr cessions, and their clerk 2^{s}. of fynes. 12 *R.* 2.

"In every countye shall be assigned 8 justices of peas, and theyr estreytes shal be doubled, and one parte

tinually labored, benne better than those that ben in standynge water. And soo see fyshe is better than ryuer fyshe. And ryuer fyshe better than lake fishe, namely if they ben ferre fro the ryuers and fro the see. For they that haue rest in theyr rotynnes & filthe, are not washed nother clensed by ryuer that cometh therin, nor by see. And therfore suche fyshe is euyll sauoured, and soone roten. Also both see fyshe and ryuer fyshe is better in the northe see, and in the east see, than in the south see, for by stronge blastes of wynde the water is moued and clensed and made subtyll. And therefore fishe of that water meueth more and trauayleth, and ben more clensid of their superfluitie." *Anno M D XXXV Bertholomeus de proprietatibus rerum. Londini in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. Cum privilegio a rege indulto. Folio.*

delyvered

delyvered to the sheryf to levie the mone rysyng of the same sessions, and the sheryf shall paye them theyr wages thereof by indenture, and that no duke, earle, baron nor banneret, shal be justices of the comyssion though they syt in the cessions with the 8 shal take no wagis. 14 *R.* 2.

"No persone shal be assigned to be justice of peas but it so be he may dispende 20l. by yere but yf he be a man lerned in the lawe of the lande, and what persone nat havyng lande to the value of 20l. set by any commyssion other than the sayd lerned men, or make any warrant or precepte shal lose 20l. 18 *Hen.* 6.

"Justices of peas shal punyshe them that speke or do any *imboldysshment* of laborers or mayteyning of them. 25 *Ed.* 3." In a proclamation afterwards in Latin concerning this subject the phrase is *de excessibus laboratorum.*

"Justices of peas have power to enquire and determine any case of man of Wales which by day or by nyght come into the lande as in the shyres of Herforde, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, and other more shyres adjoyninge, and to take men with them and kepe them in Wales in the moyntaynes unto the tyme they have payd certayne somes of money, and if the sayde misdoers will nat appere nor pay unto the tyme that they ben outlawed than shal the same justices wryte letters unto the officers of the seygnories where such misdoers dwel to take the said persones so outlawed and to do execution as the law requireth in that case. 2 *Hen.* 5.

"Ye shall enquire of all them that kepe ony feyre or market in the church yarde or in any other holy place where any seking is and how longe they have continued therein. *Edw.* 3 *at Wynchest.*

"If

" If there be any persone that useth to multiplie either with golde or sylver it is felony. 5 *Hen.* 4.

" Also that men shuld not be suddenly taken by robberies it is ordeined by the statute of Wynchester that there shall no brusshe growe 200 fete of every syde of the waye, and yf the lorde wyl nat suffer them of the countre to cut downe the shrubbes if any person be robbed the lorde shall answere to the partye robbed, and if there by any murdre than the lorde shall be arented at the kynges wyll, and natwithstandyng the countre shall cut downe the shrubbes, *by the same stat. of Wynchest.*

" Also of them that accompany themselfe in any lyvery as bonnets or hattes, jackettes or any other thynge lyke, and every of them is sworne to abyde and mayteyne others quarrelle and to hold with others. 1 *Ric.* 2.

" Also of all hasarders that slepe by day and wake by nyght customably hauntynge the tavernes nat havyng wheron to lyve and no man woteth from whence they come nor whither they wyll, &c.

" Also ye shall enquire of all them that bear lance, gayes, in rydyng or goyng within the lande it is prohibited. 20 *Ric.* 2. Query, *what are gayes?* We shall afterwards see words, which seem to mean the same, though differently spelt.

" Also ye shall enquire yf the constables have executed theyr offices of them, that beare weapons ayenst the lawe, for the statute of Rich. 12 wyll that no servant of husbandrye, ne laborer, nor servant, of artificer, nor of vitayller, shall beare baselarde, dagger nor spere, upon peyne of forfeiture, without it be in defence of

the

the realme, or travaillyng in any lawfull journey. 12 *Ric.* 2. Query, *what are baselardes?*

"Also by the same statute nor laborer nor servant shall not playe at the tenys, caylles, foteball, &c.—Cayles the French *quilles*, ninepins, kittles, or skittles.

"Also if there be any labourer, that departeth out of one houndred unto another, or out of one wapentake to another, without a letter patent under the kinge's seale, under coloure of pilgrymages, provyng that he departeth lawfully, and that he gooth upon pylgrymages, and that no man kepe nor herborough no such vagaranttes over a nyght but if he be seke. 12 *Ric.* 2. Here *seke* seems to explain a phrase before, *where no seking is* to mean where no persons are sick.

"Also that no man able to serve or labour begge, but those that haue especial licence of the kynge, excepte men of religion and heremites approved havynge letters testimonials of their ordinaries.

"Also that no man gyue alms to any persone that is able to serve under the payne of emprisonement. 23 *Edw.* 3.

"Also that no man set his sone to no craft but if he may dispende twenty shᵉˢ. by the yere, and that no man take any to the contrary under the payne of an hundred shᵉˢ. to be forfaite to the kynge. 7 *Henr.* 4.

"Also that no man shall take for threshyng of a quarter of wheat or rye but 2 pens halfpenny and for a quarter of barly or otes thre half pens: also ye shall enquire of those that refuse to serve in somer where they served in wynter. 25 *Edw.* 3.

"Also the lawe wyll that if any man nede a servant or labourer in harvest season that he may come to the bourgh towne, and the apprenticis and their masters,

and

and the crafty men, without they be of reputation and honour, shall be compelled to mowe, reape, and to do other labours. Also they that have used the craft of husbandry to the age of 12 yeres shal nat go to no crafte afterward, for the covenant by them made is voyde. 12 *Ric.* 2.

" Also no laborer for makyng of heyes shal take but a peny on the day, and the mower 5 pence for the acre, or fyve pens for the journey without meate or drinke. 25 *Edw.* 3.

" Also yf any artificer, laborer, or servaunt refuse to serve according to statute in 7th Hen. 8, whiche wyll that no bayliffer of husbandry shall take for his wages by the yere above 26 shg. & 8 pens, and for his clothing 5 shgs. with meat and drinke, no chief hine as a carter above 20 sh. by the yere, and for his clothing 5 sh. with meate and drinke. No comyn servaunt of husbandry above 16 sh. 8 pens by the yere, and for his clothing 4 sh. with meate and drinke. No woman servant above 10 sh. by the yere, and for her clothyng 4 sh. with meate and drynke. A free mason, maister carpenter, rough mason, maister tyler, plomer, glaser, nor joyner, from Ester to Mighelmas, every of them 6 pence for the day without mete or drink; and from Mighelmas to Ester, 5 pens, without mete and drink, and with mete and drink 3 pence. And every other labourer and artificer, not aforenamed, shall take from Ester to Mighelmas for every day, except the season of harvest, 4 pens without mete and drinke, and 2 pens with mete and drinke, and from Mighelmas to Ester 3 pens without mete and drink and 1 penny half penny with them. Every mower 4 pens, and repar and carter 3 pence with mete and drink, and without 5 pens. A woman and

other

other laborers 2 pens half penny with mete and drink, and 4 pens half penny without."

N.B. The 7th of Henry VIII. was the year 1515: here then we find an erroneous account given in the *Enquiry into the prices of wheat and labour*, printed by Longman, 1768, which at p. 24 states the wages of master workmen at 8½d. a day, and common labourers at 5½d. in 1514, when the wages were in reality only 6d. and 4d. a day, by statute made in the following year. These are now advanced to 2s. 10d. including beer, and 2s. for labourers, which is six to one. The price of wheat was in that year and several before and after 5s. 6d. a quarter; but at p. 25 he states the medium of *many* years at 8s. which multiplied by 6 amount to 48s. a quarter, which was a medium price of wheat for a considerable period before the present rise of it. So that it does not appear hence, but that the ordinary price of labour has kept pace with the medium price of wheat, except for short periods. It is indeed true, that then flet-milk, whey, and butter-milk were more plentiful and more easily obtained; but, in return, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, were unknown, and these are a better substitute for the others and as cheap. As to flesh meat it never was or can become the common food of labouring men; but they have probably as much of it now as they ever had. Ale is stated in the above *Enquiry*, &c. at *p.* 23 to have been at 5d. a gallon in 1504; it is now only 2s. a gallon, which is a rise of not five to one instead of six to one. I have always found all such statements to be so full of errors, that no certain conclusions can be drawn from them, except that mankind are in all ages full of ill-founded complaints. But let

it be considered also how much longer labourers worked in that reign; and also that within six years after 1515 wheat rose to 1l. 8s. and 1l. 18s. a quarter, and continued so for three years.

"Every artificer and laborer must be at work before five of the clock in the morning, and he shall have but halfe an houre at his breakfast." *Now they always have an hour and seldom begin until half after six o'clock*; "and one hour and half at his dinner at such tyme as he hath season to hym appointed for to sleep, and at such tyme that he hath no season to hym appointed for to slepe, than he shall have but an hour at his diner, and half an hour for his noon meate."—*What is noone meate different from dinner? labourers have in the first case now two hours.* "He shal nat departe from his work during that season til betwene 7 and 8 of the clock in the evening." *Now they leave work at 6 o'clock.* "From the mydst of September to the myddes of Marche every artificer and laborer must be at work in the speeryng of the day and shal nat depart afore nyght." If this greater number of hours did not produce a greater quantity of work done, yet at least it confined labourers longer, and thus hindered them from doing work for themselves at home, as well as diminished the time of their rest and refreshment. In summer an hour or two early in the morning and the same at night is their only time for working in their own gardens.

"Ye shal enquire of all cloth makers, that they make good and sure cloth without curle or cocle, and that it kepe the length and brede according to statute." What means *curle or cocle?* Are these words still in use?

"Also no hosteller shall bake within him his horse bredde

bredde nor shall he take nought for lytter and shal have to his gayne an halfpenny of every busshel of otes over the price in the market; and that is confirmed by the statute whiche wyll that if he bake his brede within hym he shall yelde treble value of the bredde so made in his hosterie, and he shall forfeite the treble of the gayne that he hath over the halfpeny in the busshel. 13 *Ric.* 2." What is the nature of horse bread? *

"Also ye shall enquire if any man by or sel by payse of auncel, whiche is forbidden by divers statutes for the disceyte that hath been founde therin upon peyne of forfaiture of the goods so peysed." 8 *Hen.* 4.

"Also that no man bye wolle by the wordes *good packyng* or bye other wordes lyke upon payne the broker to have enprisonment of half a yere." 13 *Ric.* 2.

"Also that every man shall have array according to his degree in the defence of the realme, and betwene 60 and 16 shal be sworne to have competent array within him, i. e. a man of forty l. live lode *(sic, viz. livelyhood)* and goodes to the value of 40 marke an habergin salet spere swerde and hors; a man of 20l. of lande, and goodes to the value of 20 mark an habergin salet spere swerde; and a man of an 100 shillings of lande a spere bow arrowes and swerde; a man of 40 shillings of lande and above 200 shillings of lande bowe arrowes spere and swerde; a man under 40 shillings of lande and goodes under the value of 20 markes *gysarmes* and other small weppyns, and they without the forest bowes and arrowes, and they within the forest bowes and pelettes. *Wynchest.*" Habergin is armour to cover the breast, but what are salets and

* Does not the Northumberland Household Book make mention of *bread*, composed of beans, &c. "for the principal horses?" *Editor.*

 peletts? *

peletts?* The last I believe are small bullets, and *gysarmes* are here included among small weapons, and may be what were before spelt *gayes*. Did they shoot balls from bows? *Pelt* comes from *Pellet*.

"Also no purveyour shal bye more corne to the quarter than 8 busshels by the borde," &c. What means *by the borde?* Borde means *border* or edge, apparently then it means struck even with the edge and not heaped up.

"Also enquire of them that hauke or hunt in other mennes warrenes, or kepe hounds of venery, but if he be a secular man and may dispende freely and clerely 40 shillings of freeholde by yere, and yf he be a prest or clerke, he ought to be avaynced to a benefice of 40 sh. by yere, *statutum anno* 13 *Hen.* 2. *capit.* 13."

o. li. ric. 2.

It is said from *Peacham*, in your N° 35, p. 258, that hawking was first in modern times practised by Frederick Barbarossa, at his siege of Rome, who became Emperor of Germany in 1152; but this must be erroneous, for we here find that it was practised in England, and a statute made concerning it in the 13th of Henry II. whose accession was in 1154. It is also said there "that by the canon law hawking was forbidden the clergy," but we here find that it was allowed to them in England by statute. It is said there moreover "that it may be inferred from an act of parliament of 34th of Edw. IV. that possession of an hawk could not be kept but by a gentleman with estate." We here find the qualification to be fixed to 40s. freehold, but it seems to go no further than to prevent hawking in other men's warrens, at least in 1 ,th of Hen. II. which was above 300 years before 34 of Edw. IV.

* Query. Instruments similar to the pellet bows now in use for rock-shooting? *Editor.*

"*Inquisitio*

" *Inquisitio circa falsos proditores et rebelles.*

" Inquiratur pro domino rege, &c. quod falsi proditores rebelles et inimici ignoti Christianissimi principis *E.* regis anglie 4 *post conquestum*——dictis die et anno vi et armis viz. gladiis glavis arcubus sagittis loricis *duploibus defensivis* et aliis armaturis defensivis insurrescerunt &c." Is a King of England any where else called *most Christian?* The word *glavis* seems to be the French *glaive*, but what does *duploibus* mean? It seems to be some kind of defensive armour or arms. In another form of inquisition it is styled *duploidibus defensis et aliis armis defensibilibus.* In another place we have "vi et ar. bacu. gla. arcub. sagitt. loric. *duplodibus defeu.* paletis lanceis scurribus querrinis gonnes balistis, &c." Which is the right way of spelling *duplodibus* seems uncertain, neither can I find any means to ascertain its sense: *defeu.* appears to be an error for *defen.* Has *doublet*, a coarse thick waistcoat, any connexion with *duploibus?*

" *Sacramentum probationis in Duello.*

" This here you iustice that I have this day neyther eate ne dronke nor have upon me stone ne *geasse* ne other enchantement, sorcery ne withcrafte, where thoroughe the power of the worde of God myght be enlessed or demenysshed, and the devylles power encressed, and that myn appelle is true so helpe me God and his sayntes, and by this boke, &c."

" *Proclamatio pro rege in Duello.*

" The iustices commaundeth in the kynges name, that no persone of what estate degre or condition he be beyng present be so hardy to gyve any token or signe by countenaunce speche or language eyther to the provour or defender, wherby that one of them may

take any avayle of the other, and that no persone remeve but kepe still his place and come nat within the cercle, and that every persone or persones kepe their staves and other weppyns to themselfe and suffer neyther the sayd provour nor defender to take any of the sayd weppins or any other thynge that myght stande the sayd provour to any avayle upon the payne of forfaiture of londes and tenementes goodes and catayles and emprisonment of theyr bodyes and fyne and raunsome at the kynges wyll, &c."

Through the blotting of letters I cannot ascertain whether the above word be *geasse* or *grasse*, but I think the former, and it may possibly be the same word as *gayes* or *gys* before, but spelt differently, which means evidently some smaller kind of defensive weapon. Now I find by Lacombe's *Dict.* that *gise* is an old French word, meaning a *goad* for cattle, *aiguillon dont on pique les bœufs*, and that *gisir* means to resist a person; that *guysarmier* is a person armed with a *guisarme*; it may be a kind of walking-stiek armed with a pike or some iron head; but whether it comes as above from *gise* or from *guetter* to watch I know not: *guet* was anciently spelt *guyette* and *garder* was spelt *guarder* and *guvarder*. In another passage we have the following sentence.

"Vi et armis scilicet gladiis baculis *vaugis* falcastris arcubus et sagittis." *Falcastrum* is explained by Isidorus as being any thing in form of a scythe; but what does *vaugis* mean? Lacombe mentions *vuorge* as signifying a kind of arm in form of a bill-hook (serpe). Many Norman words seem to have been in vulgar use in that age, which are now quite unknown. As for instance again there is a form of indictment against a man *de diversis feloniis et captilibus mulierum*;

rum; what means *captilibus?* Isidorus mentions *capitella* as meaning the *heads* of any things. Again we meet with *pro parte vel alio proficuo per conventionem*. Here it appears by what follows that *proficuo* means some *compensation for* or profit made of the *part* aforementioned. Where elsewhere can such a word be found? Many vulgar words also are strangely Latinized, as *obstupare* for to stop up, and *escurare* to *scour*. And in the following sentence *cum bobus, ofris porcis bibentibus averreiis et aliis*, as *verres* means a boar, averres may mean a gelt pig, but what is *ofris?* I can only guess that it denotes *a heifer*; in Saxon it is spelt *heahfore*. In the following clause of a will, what do *ferreum argent* mean, and also *murdrum?* "Item, lego S. filiole mee unam zonam de ferreo argent, unam murdrum quinque unciarum argenti et sex cocliaria." Sometimes *murdrum* is found here as an abbreviation of *murderandum*. Moreover an acre of land is here abutted on one side *super venellam de poding-lane*, what means *Venella?* Lacombe explains *Venne* by *palisade, enclosure, hedge*: Venella may be a diminutive. In a sentence quoted before, and in many others, we meet with *anno 4 vel 5 Regis Henrici, &c. post conquestum or a conquestu*. Blackstone had asserted in his Commentaries, that *conquestus*, and *conquestor* anciently meant nothing more than *accession* of a king without including any idea of *conquest* or acquisition by force of arms; therefore when applied to William the Norman meant only his *acquisition* of the crown of England. Mr. Ritson has somewhere disputed this, and that it implied the modern sense of *conqueror*. Blackstone is here fully vindicated, for we find the above word *a conquestu* here

applied to all the English Kings including Henry VIII. and meaning nothing but the *year of their accession*. That William was in reality a conqueror is indeed true, but this does not seem to have been the ancient sense of *conquisitor* or *conquestor*, although it has this meaning in later times both in French and English, as is proved by the above phrase of *post conquestum regis Henrici VIII.* and delivered down in the very same sense from William the Norman with respect to every king of England until the reign of Elizabeth. There appears also some evidence preserved, that William had acquired this appellation of *conquisitor* even *before* his invasion of England if not from his very birth. Rapin quotes from an old chronicle of Normandy the following account, " that it was related of William, that the moment he was born, laying hold of some straws he held them so fast, that the good women said he would one day prove a great *acquirer*, since he began so early." *V. I. p.* 164. Now the translator of Rapin and also possibly Rapin himself have not expressed this speech according to the true force of the original, in case it has been faithfully copied in a French history of William, entitled *Histoire de Guillaume le conquerant par l'Abbé l'Amsterd.* 1742, and professedly writ in his favour. Some extracts from this book are made in the *Bibliotheque raisonnee tom. xxix. p.* 284, *for* 1742, and among them the following passage in the words however of the reviewer—" Guillaume augmenta des la moment de sa naissance l'opinion qu'on en avoit conçue: il se trouvoit dans la chambre un peu de paille, il la priz et la serra, ce qui causa tant d'admiration aux *spectateurs*,

que

que regardant cette action comme le presage de ses *conquêtes*, ils lui donnerent *deslors* le *surnom d'Acquereur*." This account may probably be copied from the *Chronique de Normandie*, as that of Rapin may possibly be from Malmsbury only, although he quotes both in the margin, and Malmsbury was an enemy to William. But by the French account we find that it was not spoken merely by the good wives, but by the *spectators*, who were probably some of the nobles of both sexes; and although the French reviewer applies the expression to *conquests*, yet *Acquereur* in French implies no such idea neither at present nor yet in old French; neither does he apply it solely to the single conquest of England, but in the plural to *conquests*, of which William had obtained several *before* that of England. He also says, that it became even a *surname* to him, and from *that* very time *delors*. This indicates, that he had received that *surname* through his *conquests* while Duke of Normandy only and *before* his invasion of England. The appellation of *Acquereur* when turned into Latin would be either *acquisitor* or *conquistor*, by contraction *conquestor*; and that the latter implied then *force of arms* any more than the former cannot, I apprehend, be proved by any old French books. It is at least contradicted by the practice abovementioned in this book of giving the name of *conquestus* to every *acquisition* of or *accession* to the crown of England without any respect whatever to the means of obtaining it, whether by peaceable succession or otherwise, and this by all the posterity and successors to the first William. It seems then to be only by a forced interpretation that later historians made

made *Aquereur* express the idea of *conquest*, otherwise of itself it meant only some mode of civil acquisition, and that *conquestus* meant only the same is proved by the constant use of it to mean here *accession* only by those Norman princes themselves, as well as by the sense of *Acquereur* in old French, in which as Lacombe says *acquaister* is to seize by order of *civil* justice, *acquaistour* a seizer, serjeant, or huissier, *acquise* a seizure, confiscation: of this kind was the very first act of William in *seizing* the dukedom of Normandy, though a bastard, in prejudice to the legitimate heirs; although it was afterwards indeed maintained by force of arms; and also his invasion of England was under pretence of *seizing* the crown as being the lawful heir to it; which entitled him to the same *former surname* of Acquisitor or Conquisitor, without any idea at first of *a conquest*, although but a later sense of this word has since obtained both in French and English; and this apparently deduced in later times only from the nature of that event his conquest of England, although when the surname of *Conquestor* was first imposed soon after his birth, nothing more was meant by it in Latin than *Acquereur* in French, or *acquirer in general* in English, without any respect to the means by which the acquisition was made, whether by force of arms, or by inheritance, or by some other civil right.

S.

CORRECTION.

P. 290, Vol. IX. *for* from Hollingshed *r.* from the old translation of Plutarch.

ART.

RT. III. *Sacro-Sanctum Novum Testamentum Domini Servatoris Nostri Jesu Christi, in hexametios versus ad verbum et genuinum sensum fideliter in Latinam linguam translatum per Johannem Episcopum Oxoniensem. Londini excudebat Valentinus Simsius CIↃIↃIIII.* [1604.]

Mr. Beloe, in his third volume of *Anecdotes of literature* just published, says that this is a very unmmon book. I confess I was not aware that it was; I should long since have introduced it, having for any years been possessed of a copy. As Mr. Beloe's tract is not sufficiently full to do justice to the ingeity of the work, (for it exhibits great ingenuity and arning, I am afraid I cannot add taste,) and as little known of this prelate, it is my wish to make a mewhat copious article on the subject.

Of Dr. John Bridges, Bishop of Oxford, I know not e descent. He was not of the Chandos family; for s arms on his tombstone (3 *owls*) have no similitude theirs; nor to any others of the name with which I n acquainted. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, ambridge;* was made Prebendary of Winchester, 65; and had also the rectories of Crawley and heriton in Hants; and of Brightwell in Berks. In 77 he was appointed Dean of Salisbury, and consecrated Bishop of Oxford, Feb. 12, 1603.†

He was buried in the church of March Baldon, in fordshire, with the following inscription.

" *Here under lieth buried the body of the Reverend ther John Bridges, late Bishop of Oxford, who de-*

* Wood's F. I. 172. † Gent. Mag. LXIV. 1. 328.

parted

parted this life the 26th day of March A. D. 1618." Arms as abovementioned.

He was eminent for his theological writings, more especially as a defender of the church against the Puritans.

In 1571 appeared his Sermon upon "*Deus sic dilexit mundum ut daret, &c. Lond. 4to.**

In 1573† his *Supremacy of Christian Princes over all persons throughout their dominions in all causes as well Ecclesiastical as Temporal. Lond.*

In 1587 his *Defence of the Government established in the Church of England, against Calvin, Beza, and others, by John Bridges, Dean of Sarum. Lond. 4to.*‡

This is the publication which drew forth from Penry (alias Martin Marprelate) the following memorable piece of abuse.

"*Oh read over D. John Bridges, for it is a worthy work: or an epitome of the fyrste booke of that right worshipfull volume written against the Puritanes in the defence of the noble Cleargie by as worshipfull a priest John Bridges Presbyter Priest or Elder doctor of divillitie Deane of Sarum. Wherein the arguments of the Puritans are wisely prevented that when they come to answere M. Doctor, they must needes say something that hath been spoken. Compiled for the*

* Herbert, II. 936.

† He must not be confounded with John Bridges, Vicar of Herne, in Kent, who translated *An hundred, threescore and fifteen Homilies from Radulphe Gualtheie Siguine, &c.* 1572. Fol. Herb. II. 947. He died 1590.

‡ Herbert, II. 1195.

rates

behoofe & overthrow of the Parsons, Vychers & Curates that have lernt their Catechismes & are past grace. By the Reverend & worthie Martin Marprelate, Gentleman, & dedicated to the Confocation house. The Epitome is not yet published, but it shall be when the Bishops are at convenient leisure to view the same. In the mean time let them be content with this learned epistle. Printed oversea in Europe within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest at the costs & charges of M. Marprelate, gentleman." The running title is throughout, *An Epistle to the terrible priests of the Confocation-house."* Contains 54 pages, is full of personal reflections, and ends thus: "Given at my castle between two Wales neither foure days from penilesse benche nor yet at the west ende of Shrofride: but the fourteenth yeare at the least of the age of Charing Crosse within a yeare of Midsommer betweene twelve and twelve of the clocke. Anno pontificatus vestri quint, and I hope ultimo of all English Popes. By your learned and worthie brother, Martin Marprelate." *

The translation of the four gospels into Latin hexameter verse, which forms the title of the present article, comes now to be considered. It opens with three long copies of Latin verses, a prayer to the Almighty, 154 lines; an Epistle Dedicatory to K. James, 267, and a preface to the pious and benevolent reader, 573 lines.

I will give a specimen from the first.

* Herb. III. 1683, 1684

"*Ad*

" *Ad Deum Optimum Maximum, Unam Sanctam, et Individuam, Beatissimum Trinitatem, Patrem, Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum,*

" PRECATIO.

" O pater une Deus, Cœli Terræque Creator;
Filii ab æterno geniti pater ingenerate:
O Immense, incompre'ndende, sed omnia pre'ndens:
O Existens existentibus, entibus O Ens:
O Liberrime agens, qui dirigis omnia nutu.
Lucis inaccessæ qui in Majestate tremenda
Cœli habitas, Insconspicue, author gloriæ honoris,
Vitæ, omnisque boni Fons, O Supreme, Perennis,
Caste, Pudice, Verende, Timende, Colende, Beate,
Omnipotens, Invicte, Valens super omnia, Fortis,
Omnisciens, Penetrans, Præsens ubicunque locorum,
Cui nil præteritum, nil præsens, nilque futurum:
O æterne Deus, Sapiens, Bone, Vere, Benigne,
Mitis, Amans, Clemens, Patiens, Pie, Commiserator:
Zelotes cultus, sed ad iræ Tarde furorem:
Lente, sed ad pœnam; Vindex (sed Juste) Severe;
Immutabilis, Inscrutabilis, Inviolande;
Immortalis, semper Constans, Optime, Summe,
Maxime, sole Deus sine quo nihil omnia prorsus
Existunt, in quo sunt existentia quæque;
In quo vivimus, atque movemur, et insumus omnes
Provida cujus agit manus, et mens illa gubernat.
O Fili, Deus, une Dei, cum Patre coæque,
Æterne Æterni, Genite Ingeniti, unius une,
Qui sapientia vere æterna expresse Character,
Et Substantiæ es ejus imago, forma, figura,
Gloriæ et ipsius splendor, simul omnia portans
Sermonis virtute tui, velut illa creasti:
Per te namque Pater fecit, reparavit et orbem,
Humani generis Servator, quique Redemptor,
Et Mediator, et Intercessor es unicus inter
Nos et Patrem, cui datur uni summa potestas

In

In cœlo, terraque a Patre; sedes et eidem
A dextris. Cujus sunt nomine quæque petenda.
Qui Fons Gratiæ, et es Thronus unicus, adque-vocatus.
Rex Regum, Dominantibus, O Domine omnibus une,
Unâ in personâ Deus atque Homo, verus uterque,
Nobiscum Deus, Emanuel; Antique dierum,
Sermo, principium, finisque, Alpha, Omega; Princeps
Pacis; Consilii Magne Angele; Fœderis author;
Fili Davidis, Sœc'li Pater usque futuri;
Jesu Christe Dei Messias, unctus et unguens.
Spiritus et tu Sancte Dei, Deus omnia fotu
Vivificans, Sacer Electorum Sanctificator,
Nobis pupillis qui Consolator es Almus,
Doctor, Defensor, Ductor, Paracletus, et Arrha,
Unctio lætificans, spirans, dans lumen, adoptans,
Cordaque saxea dura in carnea mollia mutans,
Inque novos veteres hominis et Spirituales,
Convertens, ducens, inflammans, robore firmans;
A Patre procedens, et Filio, utroque peræque.
O Trine-une Deus, te tu velut ipse revelas,
In verbi sermone tui cœlestis aperto;
Une et tres, Elohim, Shaddai, Adonia, Jehova;
Quem satis explicite nec nomine personat ecquis;
Qui sis, nec mentis conceptu percipit ullus:
Te, Sanctam Triademque tuum quum scire nequibit.
Omnia nam superat mysteria: Tu nisi solus
Quod sic te patefeceris in sermone sacrato;
Sic agnoscendum te jusseris, atque colendum;
Sic profitemur, et ore, et corde agnoscimus Unum
Esse Deum te, Tres Personas; sic ego credo,
Invoco, sic nomen veneror, sic numen adoro;
O Pater, O Fili, Alme O Spiritus; Unice Trine,
Oro Pater, Fili peto; Spiritus obsecro Sancte,
Numinis afflatum, conanti vertere verbum
In versus cœleste tuum, de Fœdere Sacro:
Quod generi humano pepigisti in Filio; ut ille

Naturâ

Naturâ indutâ nostrâ, descenderit usque
Ad nostras omnes infirmas conditiones,
Tantum peccati modo sit contagio dempta;
Quomodo vixit, quæ docuit, quæ passus obivit;
Ut crucis ad mortem dimisit semet atrocem.
Quomodo devicit mortem, de morte resurgens;
In cœlos summos ascendens; Quomodo demum
E cœlo sua dona dedit, confirmet ut ista,
Quæ in terris fecit, docuit, passusque peregit.
Utque Evangelium de cœlo, temet ab ipso
Patre, Sinuque tuo, Mysteria scrinio in imo
Pectoris alta tui, prius abdita quæ latuere,
Illa voluntatemque tuam patefecit, ab ore
Ipsius, per Apostolicos, per Evangelicosque,
His quos vulgandis sibi legerat esse ministros:
Per quos terrarum late diffudit in orbem,
Spiritu et Almifluo scriptis dictando sacravit.
Quod verbum manet usque potens, semperque manebit,
Contra omnes hostes, adversus denique portas
Inferni; mortem, peccatum dæmona pellens.
Contra quod minus ulla potest humana potestas
Demere quid, (si materiale) vel addere quicquam,
Debet nemo, nemo potest, sine crimine grandi.
Vertere per linguas, convertere carmine, prosâ,
Hoc licet, immo juvat, sincere si modo tantum,
Atque fideliter istud agetur; agetur at istud,
In sensu et sententiâ, in omnibus usque morantes,
Si verbum sequimur. Tum si mutiverit ecquis;
Siccine vis Christum vinclis involvere rursus?
Fasciolis involvebantur membra tenella
Infantis Christi, corpus præsepe tenebat;
Et loris constrictus erat, deductus ad hostes
Qui nos a Sathanæ vinclis exolvit et Orci:
Sic voluit liberrimus is, tenet ille pugillo
Qui totum mundum, nec totus eum tenet orbis.
Et nunc vis illum, doctrinam denique totam
Fasciolis iterum, vitamque astringere vinc'lis?

Parce

Parce, precor, Jesu, non vincula fasciolæque
Sunt hæc; vel si sint, liberrima sunt ea certe.
Per te namque, Pater, numero omnia, pondere fecit,
Ordine, mensura: si collibremus et ista,
Sic, ut et hæc servent; sunt libera ut ante fuerunt.
Da Jesu veniam: venias, peto; gratia detur;
Fasciolæ faciles, et vincula mollia sic te,
Et verbum stringant, digitis pedibusque ligatum;
Ut melius teneamus te, verbumque retentum,
Molliter ut currens, in nostras influat aures:
Dulciter in pectus descendens corda focillet:
Suaviter ut fructus velut in tellure feraci
Proferat; et tecum verbum retinere queamus;
A nobis sic ut neque tu discesseris unquam;
Nec verbum, neque nos a te, Verboque soluti,
Simus at uniti, constricti glutine verbi.
Gloriæ ut omne Dei tendat, nostræque saluti.
Hæc peto, supplicibus contendo, postulo, votis,
Summe, Pater, Fili-Unice, Jesu, Spiritus alme.
Et voti compos, tibi primum consecro, quicquid
Præstiti in hâc operâ: Tibi quum debetur id omne,
Ad quem pertinet; ut qui verbi solus es author.
Namque tuum verbum Pater est, quod detulit alto
Filius e cœlo; Fili qui Sermo Patrisque
Diceris, esque simul tuus est hic Sermo tuumque
Est Evangelium, Verbum vitæque perennis:
Spiritus et tu Sancte Deus, dictator es ejus.
Trinæ vos Diæ personæ, Tu Deus une:
Est opus hoc vestrum: vestrum dicamne? tuumve?
Utrumque est verum. Nec Apostoli erant nisi scribæ,
Huic Evangelio tu Doctor, et author es une.
Textum vertentes in linguas post alienas,
Seu prosâ versent, numerent seu versibus; hi sunt
Organa sola, quibus tua sancta Oracula mundo
Fusius expandant: Tibi gloria tota ferenda.

Namque ego quod feci tantillum, nil ego feci,
Quam quod debui, et expetii. Dignabere, saltem,
Mi Domine, ah Deus; hoc satis est. Ego memet, et istud
Offero Divinæ Majestatique supremæ
Omne tuæ. Placeat; dic verbum: cætera salva.
Te colo, te recolo, te prædico, temet adoro,
Ornans laude tuam bonitatem; me quod in isto
Exaudiveris, usus me fuerisque ministro.
Transeo nunc ad eum, Regali in sede locatum,
Quemque vices gestare tuas, nobisque præesse
Feceris. A nobis tibi plurima gratia detur,
Tam præcellenti nostro pro rege Jacobo:
In multos annos quem conservato, tuetor,
Atque tuum per eum verbum stabilito, propaga.
Amen."

The extract which Mr. Beloe has given from "chapter v." is from chapter V. of the Gospel of St. Matthew: the numeration of the chapters recommencing of course with each Gospel.

In the preface to the reader the more pious than poetical bishop gives a full account of his design and motives. He begins thus:

"In nova fert animus, Divini oracula Verbi
Læta Evangelii (quod nominis exprimit ortus)
Fœderis ecce Novi, nova lætaque nuncia ferre.
Immo novo proferre modo, quæ antiqua vetusto
Lata a principio, nunc sunt prolata novato
Ordine, si placeat, salvo remanente priori."

At about the ninetieth verse he thus expresses his views.

"En, nova, lector amice, tibi tralatio facta,
Fœderis ista novi se in lucis fundit apricum,

Tantum

Tantùm verba ligans numeris ad metra repostis,
Ut magis hæc facile memori committere menti;
Et revocare fidelius, et depromere possis
Quæ citius, fluerent et aperto dulcius ore,
In quâ vulgandâ, si feci audacius ecquid;
Deprecor hanc culpam, quod me exorarier ultro
Passus amicorum sum suasû, forte priusquam
Esset opus prælo maturum, vix bene coctum:
Juxta præceptum, Nonum premeretur in annum."

ART. IV. *Old Madrigals.*

i. *

O stay faire cruell, doe not still torment mee
With frownes, disgraces, and disdainfull deeds,
When euery eye with pittie doth lament mee,
That viewes my face and my misfortune reads;
Oh bee not so hard harted still,
Your glorie's greater for to spare then spill.

ij.

My hope a counsell with my loue, hath long desired to bee,
And maruels much so deere a friend, is not retayn'd by mee;
She doth condemne my foolish hast in passing the estate
Of my whole lyfe into your hands, who nought payes for 't but hate;
And not suffic'd with this, she sayes I dyd release the right
Of my enjoyed liberties, vnto your beauteous sight.

iij.

Pittie deere loue my pittie mouing words,
Fetch'd from the depth of griefe and sad lament,
Whose thoughts before they speak, no hope affords,
Sauing that thus you know my discontent.

* *Tenor. Madrigales to 3. 4. and 5. parts: apt for Viols and voices. Newly composed by Michaell Este.* 1604. *In London printed by Thomas Este.* Dedicated to Sir Iohn Crofts, Knight, and divided in three portions of eight each for three, four, and five voices.

iiij.

Sweet loue I erre, and doe my error know,
As he that burnes, and nourisheth the fire;
My griefe doth waxe and reason lesse doth grow,
Yet want I power to bridle my desire;
Content is dead, my ioyes are all distressed;
Aye thus it is to be with loue oppressed.

v.

In vaine my tongue thou begst to ease my care,
In vaine mine eies you gase, or looke for aide,
In vaine my eares you listen after aire,
In vaine my thoughts you thinke what hath beene said;
In vaine my hope when truth is not rewarded;
In vaine my faith serues where 'tis not regarded.

vj. (First part.)

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast is but a dish of paine,
My crop of corne is but a feeld of tares,
And all my good is but vaine hope of gaine:
Vaine hope of gaine and yet I saw no sunne,
And now I liue and now my lyfe is done.

vij. (Second part.)

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead and yet the leaues bee greene;
My youth is gone and yet I am but young,
I saw the world and yet I was not seene.
I was not seene and yet it is not spunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

viij. (First part.)

Slie theefe, if so you will me beleeue,
It nought or little did mee grieue,
That my true hart you had bereft,
Till that vnkindely you it left;
Leauing you loose, loosing you kill,
That which I may forgoe so ill.

viij. (Second

viiij. (Second part.)

What thing more cruell can you doe,
Then rob a man and kill him to;
Wherefore of loue I aske this meede,
To bring you where you did this deede;
That there you may for your amisses,
Be dammag'd in a thousand kisses.

x.

Yee restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in foulds of endlesse woes,
Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,
Since loue and fortune proues my equall foes;
Farewell my hopes! farewell my happie daies!
Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

xj. *

O that the learned poets of this time,
Who in a loue-sicke line so well can speake,
Would not consume good wit in hatefull rime,
But with deepe care some better subiect finde;
For if their musicke please in earthly things,
How would it sound if strung with heauenly strings?

xij. (First.)

I waigh not fortune's frowne nor smile,
I ioy not much in earthly ioyes;
I seeke not state, I reake not still,
I am not fond of fancies toyes;
I am so pleas'd with what I haue,
I wish no more, no more I craue.

* *Tenor. The first set of Madrigals and Motets of 5 parts: apt for Viols and Voyces. Newly composed by Orlando Gibbons, Batcheler of Musicke, and organist of his Maiestie's honourable chappell in Ordinarie. London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, the assigne of W. Barley,* 1612, Dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, Knt. and contains twenty Songs.

xiij. (Second.)

I tremble not at noyse of warre,
I quake not at the thunder's cracke,
I shrinke not at a blazing starre,
I sound not at the news of wracke;
I feare no losse, I hope no gaine,
I enuy none, I none dis-daine.

xiiij. (Third.)

I see ambition neuer pleas'de,
I see some Tantals starue in store,
I see golds-dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see each Midas gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Inough's a feast, content is crown'd.

xv. (Fourth.)

I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great for grace,
I prise, I praise a meane estate,
Ne yet too loftie, nor to base.
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content and conscience cleere.

xvj.

Lais now old, that erst attempting lasse,
To goddesse Venus consecrates her glasse;
For shee her selfe hath now no vse of one,
No dimpled cheekes hath she to gaze vpon;
Shee cannot see her spring-time damaske grace,
Nor dare shee looke vpon her winter face.

xvij.

What is our life? a play of passion,
Our mirth the musicke of diuision;
Our mother's wombes the tyring houses be,
Where we are drest for this short comedy;

[While

[While thereon prying the] spectator is
That sits and markes still who doth act amisse;
Our graues that hide vs from the searching sunne,
Are like drawne curtaynes, when the play is done;
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
Onely we dye in earnest——that's no iest.

xviij.

Faire is the rose, yet fades with heat or colde,
Sweet are the violets, yet soone grow old;
The lilly's white, yet in one day 'tis done,
So white so sweet was my faire mistris face,
Yet alter'd quite in one short houres space;
So short liu'd beautie a vaine glosse doth borrow,
Breathing delight to day, but none to morrow.

xviiij. (First.)

Nay let me weepe, though others' teares be spent,
Though all eyes dryed be let mine be wet;
Vnto thy graue ile pay this yeerely rent,
Thy liuelesse coarse demands of me this debt;
I owe more teares than euer coarse did craue,
Ile pay more teares than ere was payd to graue.

xx. (Second.)

Nere let the sunne with his deceiuing light,
Seeke to make glad these watry eyes of mine;
My sorrow sutes with melancholy night,
I ioy in dole, in languishment I pine;
My deerest friend is set, he was my sun,
With whom my mirth, my ioy, and all is done.

xxj. (Third.)

Yet if that age had frosted ore his head,
Or if his face had furrow'd been with yeeres;
I would not so bemone that he is dead,
I might haue beene more niggard of my teares;
But O the sunne new rose is gone to bed,
And lillies in their spring-time hang their head.

xxij.

Trust not too much faire youth vnto thy feature,
Be not enamor'd of the blushing hew;
Be gamesome whilst thou art a goodly creature,
[Though faire the flowers] in thy garden grew;
Sweet violets are gathered in their spring,
While primit fals withouten pittying.

xxiij.* (First.)

Of ioyes, and pleasing paines, I late went singing;
O ioyes with paines, O paines with ioyes consenting;
And little thought as then of now repenting;
But now think of my then sweet bitter stinging,
All day long, I my hands, alas, goe wringing;
The balefull notes, of which my sad tormenting
Are ruth, and mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting,
From hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.

xxiiij. (Second.)

My throte is sore, my voice is hoarse with shriking,
My rests are sighes deep from the hart root fetched;
My song runnes all on sharps, and with oft striking
Time on my brest, I shrink with hands outstretched;
Thus still I sing and ne'er am linning;
For still the close points to my first beginning.

xxv.

Lady, your words doe spite mee,
Yet your sweet lips so soft kisse & delight mee;
Your deeds my hart surcharg'd with ouerioying,
Your taunts my life destroying;
Since both haue force to spill mee,
Let kisses sweet [one] kill mee;
Knights fight with swords and launces;
Fight you with smiling glaunces;
So like swans of Leander,
My ghost from hence shall wander,
Singing and dying.

* Further selection from Wilbye's Madrigals, 1598.

xxvj.* Sweet

xxvj. *

Sweet hart, arise why doe you sleepe,
When louers wanton sports doe keepe;
The sunne doth shine, the birdes doe sing,
And May delight and ioy doth bring;
Then ioyne we hands and daunce till night,
'Tis pittie loue should want his right.

xxvij.

Welcome sweet pleasure, my wealth & treasure,
To haste our playing,
There's no delaying, no, no,
This mirth delights mee, when sorrow frights mee;
Then sing we all fal la.
Sorrow content thee, mirth must preuent thee,
Though much thou greeuest,
Thou none releeuest, no, no,
Joy come delight mee, though sorrow spight mee.
Griefe is disdainfull, sottish and painfull,
Then wait on pleasure,
And loose no leisure, no, no,
Hart's ease it lendeth, and comfort sendeth.

xxviij.

Ladie, your eie my loue enforced,
And your proud looke my hart deuorced,
That now I laugh, and now I cry,
And thus I sing, before I die; fa la la.

xxviij.

Now is my Cloris fresh as May,
All clad in greene and flowers gay;
Oh might I thinck August were neer,
That haruest ioy might soone appeere; fa la la.
But shee keeps May throughout the yeere;
And August neuer comes the neere;

* From Weelkes's Collection, 1608.

Yet

Yet will I hope though shee be May,
August will come another day; fa la la.

xxx.

Say daintie dames shall wee goe play,
And run among the flowers gay; fa, la la
About the vallies, & hie hills,
Which Flora with her glory fils; fa la la?
The gentle hart will soone be won,
To daunce and sport till day be done. Fa la la."

J. H.

Art. V. *Old Poetry.*

[From the Caxtonic volume.]

Sodenly afraide, half wakyng, half slepyng;
And gretly dismayed, a woman sate weepyng;
With fauoure in hir face ferr passyng my reason,
And of hir sore weepyng this was the enchesone,
Hir soon in hir lap lay, she seid slayn by treasonn,
Yif wepyng myght ripe bee, it seemyd than in season.
Jhu", so she sobbid,
So hir soonn was bobbid,
And of his lif robbid;
Saying thies words as I say thee,
Who cannot wepe come lerne at me.

I said, I cowd not wepe, I was so harde hartid;
Shee answered me with wordys shortly, that smarted,
Lo nature shall move the, thou must be converted,
Thyne owne fadir this nyght is deed; lo, thus she thwarted.
So my soon is bobbid,
Ther of his lif robbid,
Forsooth than I sobbid;
Veryfying the words she seid to me,
Who cannot wepe may lerne at thee.

Now

Now breke hert I the pray, this cors lith so rulye,
So betyn, so wowndid, entreted so Jewlye;
What wizt may me behold; ther wepe nat, noon truly,
To see my deed dere soonn lygh bleedyng; lo, this newlye,
Evir stil she sobbid,
So hir soon was bobbid,
Ther of his lif robbid,
Newyng the words as I say thee,
Who cannot wepe co. lerne at me.

On me she caste hir ey, said see mann thy brothir,
She kissid hym ther said; swete, am I not thy modir;
In sownyng she filt there, it would be noonn othir;
I not which more deedly, the toonn or the tothir.
Yit she revived ther sobbid,
So hir soon was bobbid,
Ther of his lif robbid,
Who cannot wepe; this was the laye,
Ther wit that word she vanysht away.

[*An old carol, with lullaby.*]

1. Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My sweet little babie, what meanest thou to cry?
Bee still my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourne:
Whose bloud most innocent the cruell king hath sworne:
And lo, alas, behold, what slaughter hee doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour for thy sake:
A king is borne, they say, which king this king would kill
Oh woe, and woeful heauy day when wretches haue their will.

2. Lulla, &c.
Three kings this king of kings to see, are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a starre:
And shepherds heard the song, which angells bright did sing,
Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king,
Which must bee made away, King Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.

3. Lulla, &c.
Loe, my little babe, bee still, lament no more,
From furie shalt thou step aside, help haue wee still in store;

Wee

Wee heauenly warning haue, some other soyle to seeke,
From death must flie the lord of life, as lamb both mild and meeke:
Thus must my babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh woe, and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.

4. Lulla, &c.
But thou shalt liue and reigne, as Sibilles haue foresayd,
As all the prophets prophesie, whose mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure, with her brestes shall vpbreede,
Both God and man that all hath made, the sonne of heauenly seede:
Whome caytiues none can traye, whom tyrants none can kill,
Oh ioy, and ioyfull happie day, when wretches want their will."

Byrd's Collection

[*A Song of Sadnesse.*]

" 1. Al as a sea, the world no other is,
Our selues are ships still tossed too & fro,
And loe, each man, his loue to that or this,
Is like a storme, that driues the ship to goe;
That thus our life in doubt of shipwrack stands,
Our wils the rockes, our want of skil the sands.

2. Our passions be pirates still that spoyle,
And ouerboard casts out reason's fraight;
The mariners that day and night doe toyle,
Bee our conceits that doe on pleasure waight;
Pleasure, master, doth tirannize the ship,
And giueth vertue secretly the nip.

3. The compasse is a minde to compasse all,
Both pleasure, profit, place and fame for nought;
The windes that blow men ouerweening call,
The merchandise is wit full deerely bought;
Tryal the anker cast vpon experience,
For labor, lyfe, and all a-doe the recompence."

" *Another*

[*Another.*]

" Care for thy soule as thing of greatest price,
Made to the ende to taste of power deuine;
Deuoide of guilt, abhorring sinne and vice,
Apt by God's grace to vertue to encline;
Care for it so as by thy retchlesse traine,
It bee not brought to tast eternall paine.

Care for thy corps, but chiefly for soul's sake
Cut of excesse, sustaining food is best,
To vanquish pride but comely clothing take,
Seeke after skill, deep ignorance detest:
Care so I say, the flesh to feed and cloth,
That thou harme not thy soule & body both.

Care for the world to doe thy body right,
Rack not thy wit to win by wicked waies,
Seeke not t' oppresse the weak by wrongfull might,
To paye thy due doe banish all delaies;
Care to dispend according to thy store,
And in like sort be mindfull of the poore.

Care for thy soule, as for thy chiefest stay,
Care for thy bodie for the soule's auaile,
Care for the world for bodie's help alway,
Care yet but so as vertue may preuaile;
Care in such sort that thou be sure of this,
Care keep the not frō heauen & heauenly blis."

Byrd's Collection.

J. H.

ART.

ART. VI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N° LXIV.

Memoir of William Habington.

The following has been recovered by my friend Mr. NICHOLS, from a mass of papers.

Oct. 11, 1797.

William Habington, a poet and historian of the last century, seems to have received less notice from posterity than he deserves. The principal particulars of his life and family are to be found in Wood's Athenæ, II. 110; and Nash's Worcestershire, I. 588. I shall select such as appear necessary to the illustration of his character and writings.

Richard Habington of Brockhampton, in Herefordshire, of a very ancient family, had three sons; Richard, the eldest, of Brockhampton, left a daughter and coheir Eleanor, who marrying Sir Thomas Baskerville left a daughter and heir Eleanor, wife of John Talbot of Longford in Shropshire, father by her of John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury. * John Habington, second son, was Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. In fifth of that Queen's reign he bought the manor of Hindlip, in Worcestershire. He was born 1515; rebuilt the mansion about 1572, and died 1581. By Katherine daughter of John Wykes of Morton-Jeffreys he left issue Thomas Habington his eldest son, born at

* Coll. Peer. iii. p. 27.

Thorpe

Thorpe in Surry, 1560; godson of Q. Eliz. who after having studied at Oxford, and travelled to Rheims and Paris, connected himself on his return with those who laboured to release Mary Queen of Scots; and contrived many hiding holes in his curious old seat, lately remaining. * On the discovery of Babington's conspiracy, 1586, for which his brother Edward, a dangerous and turbulent man, suffered death, (see a minute account of it in Camden's history of this reign, in Kennet, II. 515—518) † he fell under strong suspicions, and was committed prisoner to the Tower, where he remained six years, and is said only to have saved his life by being Elizabeth's godson. ‡ Here he consoled himself by deep study, and treasured up the principal part of that learning by which he was afterwards distinguished. He was at length permitted to retire to Hindlip, and married Mary eldest daughter of Edward Parker Lord Morley, (by Elizabeth daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley, Lord Montegle) the descendant of the learned Henry Parker, Lord

* See an engraving of it in Nash.

† The conspirators were Anthony Babington of Dethick-Hall, in Ashover, Derbyshire (see Filkington's Derbyshire, II. p. 326); John Savage, a bastard; Gilbert Gifford, of the family of Chillington, Co. Staff.; John Ballard, a priest of Rheims; Edward Windsor, brother to Lord Windsor; Thomas Salisbury, of a good family in Denbighshire; Charles Tilney, the last of an ancient house, and one of the Band of Gentlemen-Pensioners to the Queen; Chidiock Tichburn of Southampton; *Edward* Abington; Robert Gage of Surry; John Travers, and John Charnock of Lancashire; John Jones, whose father was Yeoman or Keeper of the Wardrobe to Queen Mary; Barnewal, of a noble family in Ireland; and Henry Dun, Clerk in the Office of First Fruits and Tenths; and one Polly a supposed spy on them. *Camd. ut supr.*

‡ Wood, II. 110.

Morley,

Morley, temp. Hen. VIII. of whom see Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, I. 92. Notwithstanding his escape, he could not help being so far implicated in the Gunpowder Plot as to conceal Garnet, Oldcorn, and others in his house, for which he was condemned to die, but by the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Morley, who was the means of its discovery by communicating a letter of warning, supposed to have been written by his sister, (Mrs. Habington) he was again saved; and pardoned on condition of never stirring out of Worcestershire. He made good use of his future time; entirely addicting himself to study; and living to the great age of 87, Oct. 8, 1647. During this period, he collected the materials for the history of his native county, on which Dr. Nash's excellent Collections are built. Wood says he had seen part of these MSS. and that "every leaf was a sufficient testimony of his generous and virtuous mind, of his indefatigable industry, and infinite reading."

William Habington, his eldest son, was born at Hindlip, Nov. 5, 1605, was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omers, and afterwards at Paris, and in the first of these was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the order; but excused himself and left them. After his return from Paris he was instructed by his father in history, and became an accomplished gentleman. He married Lucy daughter of William Herbert first Lord Powis * by Eleanor daughter of Henry Percy, 8th Earl of Northumberland by

* He died at Hendon in Middlesex, March 6, 1655, and was succeeded by Percy Herbert, 2d Lord Powis, who died 1666, and whose daughter Mary, married George Lord Talbot, son of John Earl of Shrewsbury. Dugd. Bar. II. 261.

Katherine

Katherine daughter and coheir of John Neville, Lord Latimer. *

History has preserved but little of his character, but while nothing contradictory to them is recorded, we have a right to deduce the colour of it from his writings. From these he appears to have been distinguished for connubial felicity, for a love of retirement and study, and for the elegance and dignity of his sentiments. In 1635, when he was thirty years old, he published in 8vo a little volume of poems, entitled *Castara*, under which name he celebrates his wife. This kind of title was the fashion of the day: thus *Lovelace* immortalized his mistress under the name of *Lucasta*. The third edition of *Castara*, in 1640, *duodec.* now lies before me. It is divided into three parts; the first is "THE MISTRESS," prefaced by a prose description: this consists of verses addressed to her before marriage. The second part, is "THE WIFE," prefaced in a similar manner. This part is followed by "THE FRIEND," containing eight elegies on the death of his kinsman, the Hon. George Talbot, who must have been one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford, whose names are not mentioned in Collins's Peerage, Vol. III. p. 27.† The third part, is the "HOLY MAN," and consists of paraphrases of the Psalms.

In the author's prefatory address to the public, he says, that "love stole some hours from business and his more serious study." But he does not claim from hence the sacred name of poet, like those "who

* Coll. Peer. II. p. 407.

† P. 33 he is called *uncle* to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who must have been John 10th Earl, who died 1653.

can give no nobler testimony of twenty years employment than some loose copies of lust happily expressed." To that, "he shall not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweat and oil he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute." The praise he lays a very just claim to, is that of a *chaste* Muse. "Had I slept," says he, "in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chace or field allows, poetry had then been no scandal upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticism, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure."—"I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be contemned."

After the preface follow some verses to him by George Talbot beforementioned, in which he says,

"———————— We two are knowne
To th' world as to ourselves, to be but one
In blood as study: and my careful love
Did never action worth my name, approve,
Which serv'd not thee."

Afterwards he says,

"———————— I boldly can
Stile thee more than good poet,—a good man."

Habington's sixth poem is addressed "to his honoured friend Mr. E P." [*Endymion Porter*] whom he describes "not always in the shine of kings," sometimes retiring to the holy shade of the Muses. The seventh to Castara, in praise of content and the calm

calm happiness of the country at Hindlip, is exquisitely delicate, and poetical. Warton, in his edition of the "Juvenile poems of Milton," p. 45, refers to a passage in this beautiful ode: but appears to have been himself unacquainted with these poems, the passage having been pointed out by Mr. Bowle; otherwise his candour, taste, and accuracy, could never have been guilty of talking of "an obscure poet, *John* Habington" He very properly calls what he cites "an *elegant* triplet." The tenth poem is addressed "to the honourable his much-honoured friend R. B. Esq" [Robert Brudenell] afterwards 2d Earl of Cardigan, a man, who lived to the great age of 96, being born March 5, 1607, and did not die till July 16, 1703: he had the misfortune to be father to the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, (widow of George Talbot's younger brother, Earl Francis) who held the Duke of Buckingham's horse in the disguise of a page, when he fought and killed her husband. Her sister, the Countess of Westmoreland, died in 1739 at the age of 91. *

"While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim,
To th' talking world: I in the silentst grove,
Scarce to myself dare whisper that I love.
Thee titles, Brud'nell, riches thee adorne;
And vigorous youth, to vice not headlong borne,
By th' tide of Custome: which I value more
Than what blind superstition's fools adore;
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone,
Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our own."†

* Coll. Peer. II. 499. III. 27. Walp. R. & N. Auth. Grammont's Mem. &c. † P. 10.

The 13th poem is " to the right honourable the Countesse of Ar." who must have been Margaret, daughter of William Douglas, Earl of Morton, wife of Archibald 8th Earl of Argyle. The 19th is

" *A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare.*

Feare. " Checke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands,
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

Hope. But Castara's purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Joynes with love, and burnes the same.

Feare. Yet obedience must prevaile,
They, who o're her actions sway,
Wou'd have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

Hope. Parents lawes must beare no weight,
When they happinesse prevent;
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

Feare. Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes:
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

Hope. Thousand victims must returne;
Shee the purest will designe:
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine."*

* Pp. 20, 21.

In

In a short address "to The Thames," p. 32, he speaks of "Faire *Seymors*, on the banks of *Marlow*." P. 43, is a poem "to Seymors, the house in which Castara resided."

In p. 39, a poem to Mr. George Talbot begins with the following noble lines:

> "Thrice hath the pale-fac'd empresse of the night,
> Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light
> To guide the vowing marriner: since mute,
> Talbot, th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
> Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t'excuse
> This dull neglect: love never wants a muse.
> When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
> Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads o' th' frighted deepe
> A veile of darknesse; penitent to be
> I may forget, yet still remember thee,
> Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
> In nimble measures, beauty, wit, and love."

In p. 50, are some lines to Lady Eleanor Powis, Castara's mother, in which he appeals to the superiority of her judgment over the glitter of wealth and station; and demands, if rich with a little, they may not be lifted by mutual love, to a greatness above what riches can confer. He dares not, he says, when he surveys the beauty of Castara's hand, ascribe the brightness of its veins to the blood of *Charlemaigne*, which flows in them through her, or the united streams of Marmion, Rosse, Parr, Fitzhugh, and St. Quintin, which add their lustre to the Pembroke family. Would that Castara were the daughter of some mountain-cottager, who could leave her no other dower than what

she derived from the bounty of nature! He would then lead her to the temple, rich in her own wealth.

——" Then all who vaunt
That fortune, them t'enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that could parallel this wealth."

P. 52, is a poem, " To the honourable Mr. Wm. E." reprinted in Headley's 2d vol. pp. 19, 20.

In another poem, " To Castara, on the Vanity of Avarice," p. 56, he says,

" I'de rather like the violet grow
Unmarkt i' th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale;
There is more pompe above, more sweete below."

The verses, p. 58, are to his " honoured friend and kinsman, R. St. Esquire." It does not give me pain, says he, if what I write is held no wit at court. Let those who teach their muse the art of winning on easy greatness, or the spruce young lawyer, ' who is all impudence and tongue,' endeavour to divulge their fames, by which the one may get employ, and the other fees, I embrace silence, and that fate which placed my birth so happily, that I am neither depressed by want, nor flattered by riches into pride. Why are some poets always railing, and steeping their rhymes in gall; as if there was no crime that called so loudly for the vengeance of heaven as the poverty of a few writers? It is true, that Chapman's reverend ashes have been mingled with the vulgar dust for want of a tomb; yet we need not despair, that some devout

devout lover of poetry may yet build him a monument.

" Since *Spencer* hath a stone; and *Drayton's* browes
Stand petrefied; th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wise *Henries* hearse,
Old *Chaucer* got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death poets brings
So high a pompe to lodge them with their kings;
Yet still they mutiny."

" If some please their patrons with hyperboles, or mysterious nonsense, and then complain, if they are not noticed, that the state neglects men of parts; and seem to think all other kinds of excellence unworthy of reputation, let us set so just a value on knowledge, that the world may trust the sentence of a poet.

" I write to you, Sir, on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes
Of poesie so justly, that I chuse
Yours onely the example to my muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with grey,
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way
My muse directs; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophie."

The 1st part closes at pp. 65—67, with a poem so simple, so chaste, so elegant, harmonious, and happy, as to exceed my powers of praise.

" *The Description of Castara.*

" Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to herselfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace,
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet,
What a wanton courtship meant:
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herselfe survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where Vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight
Without Maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a Winter's night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vowes to me."

[To be continued.]

N° LXV.

Difference between Thought and Action. Elevated sentiments not to be taxed with want of sincerity, nor as useless, because not always followed by practice.

Every one is aware of the difference between thought and action. To conceive a plan, and to execute it, requires talents so dissimilar, that they but rarely concentre in the same person.

He whose mind is exercised in discriminating the varieties of the human character, will every day meet with men, who, without the power of reasoning, are capable of fixing upon a practical result not inconcordant at least with worldly wisdom. Many may call this an intuitive sagacity; and it sometimes deserves the name. But its appearance of force often, I suspect, proceeds from the weight of its materiality; from its being addressed to the senses, rather than to the intellect.

Men of this cast judge of every thing only by its execution. "Act," they cry, "and do not talk; words are only wind!" Ideas they consider as vapoury

as

as the fantastic shapes of the clouds, and as liable to pass away: they judge of the visions of theory as of the imaginations of the insane. Nay, they deem that there is a kind of falsehood and deceit in the expression of sentiments and convictions, which are not instantly followed up by practice.

For the ordinary purposes of life, the gracious decrees of Providence have ordered that this low sort of understanding should be sufficient. As long as it keeps within its province, and does not aspire to insult or decry those of higher endowments, it may be pitied, and now and then even approved. But when it ventures to despise "the shadowy tribes of mind;" and to refuse all credit to the eloquence of the head, or the sensibilities of the heart, because action cannot always keep pace with the rapid travels of the soul, it must not complain if it draw down the indignation due to its groveling nature.

It is almost inconceivable how little understanding is necessary to enable a man to preserve the appearance of a coarse rectitude of conduct through life. If he never venture to reason; if he keep a solemn reserve; and occasionally pronounce a decision on the pending topic in an oracular tone, and act with prudential caution, he will have the credit of possessing good sound common sense: while the most brilliant talents will be thought frothy and superficial, if they are sometimes too refined for the routine of vulgar business, and sometimes evaporate in speculation.

These narrow and illiberal censurers indeed go much further; they even suspect and accuse of want of integrity, those whose conceptions and expressions are sometimes too abundant, or too visionary for action.

But

But what can be more ignorant, or more unjust than this stigma?

The contempt of stupidity is, it must be confessed, very provoking. Why should the dull soppose that nothing is good but according to their own model? Why should they endeavour to lower us down to mere materialism?

It is among the evils which mix themselves in this world with all good, that the very superiority to which acute and highly-cultivated minds are raised, exposes them to many keen disgusts and mortifications, to which those of a coarser cast are insensible. The former are of a temperament too nice for the common intercourse of society. The rudeness and insults of the obtuse-headed and the hard-hearted, make too deep an impression on them. The finer mechanism of their internal emotions is deranged by rough and brutal behaviour. Otherwise, such pitiful and ill-founded animadversions would not for a moment give pain to a well-regulated intellect.

It is a mark of the divine part of our nature, to be constantly aspiring at some excellence beyond our practical reach; and to indulge a thousand virtuous visions, which, if they have vanished with the clouds, have yet not flitted across our fancies in vain!

Whoever is in the habitual practice of accusing the eloquent and richly-gifted, of an hypocritical want of integrity, because they cannot always act up to their own theories and expressions, ought to be despised for his ignorance, and branded for his defect of charity.

That beings of this low and base conformation should hate poetry, and all the charms of fiction, can excite no wonder: indeed the contrary would be grossly

grossly inconsistent. We hear them treat this divine art as "empty sound, meaning nothing;" and only fit to be the play-thing of children, and love-sick girls! Poor wretches, that glory in the filth and darkness of their own miry cells!

If, indeed, it can be proved, that there is no sincerity in him who deals in high-wrought sentiments; if he utter what he does not feel, and with an intention to deceive, the case is of a widely-different stamp. And even should there be no intention to deceive, they will betray to well-qualified judges their want of nature. There is in what flows from the heart, a sort of indescribable attraction, which produces instantaneous sympathy in the intelligent.

It may, however, be admitted, that there is a distinction of no small importance between those to whom lofty conceptions are within the capacity, and only occasional; and those to whom they are habitual. This may arise from temper, accidental circumstances, and other complex causes. It will not affect the sincerity of the utterers; but the degree of reliance on the probability of more frequent approach to concurrence of action.

If these opinions are calculated to offend many, let them recollect, that they have drawn the stigma on themselves by the narrowness and illiberality of their own judgments.

Feb. 20, 1809.

N° LXVI.

On the Inadequacy of Cotemporary Envy and Prejudice to the final Suppression or Injury of a well-founded Fame.

If a literary man be not content with his reputation, till he has secured the applause of all the best judges among his cotemporaries, he must descend to his grave in a state of mortification and depression. Envy and prejudice, springing from rivalry, will too often insinuate themselves into the best minds, and taint the most correct or candid judgments. Departed Geniuses, who now stand on the same shelf in equal reputation, treated each other, while living, with mutual contempt or hatred. This is well known to have been the case with the two leaders of modern romance in this country, Fielding and Richardson.

Time settles all these differences; and these little passions are forgot in the tomb. Bishop Burnet spoke of the inimitable author of HENRY AND EMMA, as "*one Prior!*" and Swift treated the Bishop with the most scornful raillery; yet Burnet, and Prior, and Swift, all at length hold their proper place in the temple of Fame, unaffected by each other's injustice. The Bishop also, I think, spoke of Dryden as a compound of vice and impurity. Yet, has this calumny tended to sink the poet's reputation an atom? I do not defend such illiberal conduct; nor do I deny that it may lower a doubtful fame beyond recovery. But real merits will penetrate the temporary veil, as the sun bursts through clouds. What now avail all the degrading expressions which passed between Warbur-

ton

ton and Lowth? Both now shine with undiminished lustre in their respective ranks of literature. How utterly have passed away the consequences of the secret enmity between Pope and Addison! The slighting opinion expressed by Gray, of Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," is now of as little import to its credit, as the gentle movement of the passing breeze to the oak, whose branches scarcely bend to its current.

Johnson's hostility to Gray, could never diminish his popularity while living; nor cloud the glory of his muse when dead. Darwin's affected contempt of Cowper, only recoiled upon himself. How it takes from the nobleness of a great mind, to be thus stained by these petty and disgraceful passions! What strange narrowness, to fear that there may not be space enough for all! And that excellence must be confined to one model! The truth is, that every varied merit in some degree increases the public relish for its opposite, by the contrast which it affords. So that even in a selfish view, envy and jealousy have no just foundation.

Let no writer then despair, because there are many of deserved credit, whose approbation he cannot secure; nay, whose sneers and censures he cannot overcome. Their depreciation cannot finally injure him, if his claims stand upon a solid basis, and their applause, could he have it, would be vainly bestowed, if not really his due.

Temporary fame is, no doubt, often the result of accident, or whim, or intrigue. But it is as short-lived, as it is unsound. It blows the possessor up into the air, only to have the mortification of the greater fall.

fall. When it is the consequence of his own manœuvres, he is entitled to no pity; if it originate from extrinsic circumstances, his humiliation, severe as it must be, is not without a claim to sympathy.

There are men who push themselves into notice by the extent of their personal acquaintance; by little acts of literary officiousness; and by a familiarity with all the common modes, and all the artifices by which books may be circulated. But the effect ceases with the cause; and they are remembered only as long as these exertions continue to operate. Johnson, if I recollect, makes an observation of this kind with regard to the fame of David Mallet.

If there be short roads to the temple of Fame, the temple to which they lead is not the true one. The real road is long and laborious; and he who surmounts it, must incur many weary days, and many self-denials.

When a reputation is thus acquired, all the private motives which have obstructed its progress for a season will die away, and be no more felt. Malice and rivalry "war not with the dead."

But whatever be the effect of them on the object to whom they are directed, let no one think the indulgence of these passions innocent. They are unamiable, illiberal, and unworthy of a great or a good mind. The charge against Addison, of hidden ill-will to Pope, is, if true (and be it remembered, that the proofs of it are not decisive*), a sad stain on his character. The operation of these feelings on the judgment, is indeed often so insensible, as to elude the detection of him

* See Dr. Warton's Pope, IV. 30. 34.

whom

whom they influence. But impartial posterity will perceive it, and pronounce with truth upon his prejudices. His unjust attempts at depreciation, will fall upon his own head, and cause regret at the contemplation of the mingled infirmities of him, whom they wish only to admire.

How little effectual have been the rude and boisterous attempts of Ritson, to sink the fame of the Historian of English Poetry! But they have deeply sullied his own credit; and the estimation, not only of his moral, but his intellectual qualities. Yet even from him, these sad instances of his malignant temper, and perverted judgment, cannot withdraw the acknowledgement of the merits which he really possessed. To his persevering industry, and the vast stores of minute and accurate discovery which flowed from it, the public are willing to concede, at least, its due share of praise!

In every department of exertion, it is melancholy, and even disgusting, to observe how few can bear "a brother near the throne."

If there be any, who can feel envy or jealousy of a being so obscure as I am, let them lay it aside. It will be of no use to the purposes they desire. If I have no well-grounded pretensions to notice, I shall soon be forgotten without the aid of their efforts: if the perseverance from boyhood to the age of forty-six in literary pursuits, have given me any claims, however slight, to public favour, that claim cannot be taken away, or even shaken, by them! But the memory of their offence will long haunt their own consciences, after it has ceased to reach me!

Feb, 20, 1809.

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N° LXVII.

Praises of old English Poets, from W. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.

William Browne, in his BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS, of which the First Book was published in 1613, in folio, and the Second Book in 1616; and both parts were reprinted in 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1623,* gives the following praises of some of our old English Poets, in *Book* 2, *Song* 2.

" SIDNEY began, and (if a wit so mean
May taste with him the dews of Hippocrene),
I sung the *Pastoral* next, his muse my mover:
And on the plains full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be
My humble lines the more for praising thee.
Thus shall we live with them by rocks, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a strain beyond an oaten quill,
The learned Shepherd† of fair *Hitching* hill,

* The first book is dedicated to Edward Lord Zouch; and has commendatory verses by J. Selden, both Latin and English; Michael Drayton; Edward Heyward, of the Inner Temple; Christopher Brooke; Fr. Dynne, of the Inner Temple; and Thomas Gardiner, of the same.

The second book is dedicated to William Earl of Pembroke, and has commendatory verses by John Glanville; Tho. Wenman, of the Inner Temple; W. Herbert; John Davies, of Hereford; Charles Croke (in Latin); Unton Croke, of the Inner Temple; Anth. Vincent; John Morgan; Tho. Heygate; and Augustus Cæsar; all three of the Inner Temple; G. Wither; W. B.; and Ben Jonson.

A new edition of Browne's Poems was published in 1772, by T. Davies, in 3 small vols. to which were added some short notes, by the Rev. W. Thompson, of Queen's Coll. Oxford.

† Chapman.

Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy
In lines so worthy life, that I employ
My reed in vain to overtake his fame:
All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name.
  Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
That heaven did e'er in mortals brain infuse,
All-loved DRAYTON, in soul-rapping strains,
A genuine note of all the nymphish trains
Began to tune; on it all ears were hung,
As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.
  JONSON, whose full of merit to rehearse,
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One so judicious; so well knowing, and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth prefer
To able censure; for the theatre.
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays.
  Well-languag'd DANIEL; BROOKE,* whose polish'd lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designs;
Whose pen, it seems, still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill, for ever glides

* CHRISTOPHER BROOKE was a Yorkshireman, who, after having left the University (whether Oxford or Cambridge, is not known), settled in Lincoln's Inn to study the law, where he became acquainted with the eminent wits of his day; especially after he had published *An Elegy to the Memory of Henry Prince of Wales, Lond.* 1613, 4to. In the year following he became a Bencher, and Summer Reader of his House; and wrote another book, entitled, *Eclogues, dedicated to his much-loved friend, Mr. Will. Browne, of the Inner Temple, Lond.* 1614, 8vo. He had a brother, Sam. Brooke, D. D. Archdeacon of Coventry, and Master of Trinity College, a learned divine, who died Sept. 16th, 1631. *Wood's Ath.* F. I. 220.

Streams

Streams from thy brain, so fair, that Time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well-deserving bays,
As in a chrystal glass, fill'd to the ring
With the clear water of as clear a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o'er the top
Not force the liquor run; although before,
The glass of water could contain no more:
Yet so, all worthy BROOKE, tho' all men sound
With plummets of just praise thy skill profound;
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy virtues raise,
Striving as much to hide, as merit praise.
DAVIS and WITHER, by whose muse's power
A natural day to me seems but an hour;
And could I ever hear their learned lays,
Ages would turn to artificial days:
These sweetly chanted to the Queen of waves,
She prais'd; and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.
Then base contempt, unworthy our report,
Fly from the Muses, and their fair resort,
And exercise thy spleen on men like thee;
Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart,
That can debase the excellence of art;
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a POET'S name,
A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,
And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,
Begin their immortality on earth;
When he, that 'gainst a muse with hate combines,
May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines."

The following is his praise of SPENCER. Havi spoken of the bards of Italy and France in his fi song of this book, he goes on,

" But let us leave, fair Muse, the banks of Po;
Thetis forsook his brave stream long ago;
And we must after. See in haste she sweeps
Along the Celtic shores; the Armoric deeps
She now is entering: bear up then ahead,
And by that time she hath discovered
Our alabaster rocks, we may descry,
And ken with her, the coasts of Britanny.
There will she anchor cast, to hear the songs
Of English shepherds, whose all-tuneful tongues
So pleas'd the Naiades, they did report
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the British sea;
And thither for each swain a dolphin bring,
To ride with her, whilst she would hear him sing.
The time prefix'd was come; and now the star
Of blissful light appear'd, when she her car
Stay'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' fair port
The nymphs and shepherds of the Isle resort;
And thence did put to sea with mirthful rounds,
Whereat the billows dance above their bounds;
And bearded goats, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-surveying mountain fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
At those sweet airs, which did intrance the flood.
In jocund sort the Goddess thus they met;
And after reverence done, all being set
Upon their finny coursers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the wat'ry zone
Ingirting Albion, all their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill

Wi

With such deep art, that every one was given
To think Apollo, newly slid from heaven,
Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,
Or with the Western swains for glory strove.
He sung the heroic knights of fairy land,
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian* play'd but half so well,
He had not left Euridice in Hell.
But, ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swain from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates
In Heaven's fair quire: where now he sings the praise
Of Him that is the *first and last of days.*
Divinest SPENCER, heaven-bred, happy muse!
Would any power into thy brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou desir'st no more.
A damp of wonder and amazement struck
Thetis' attendants; many a heavy look
Follow'd sweet SPENCER, till the thickening air,
Sight's farther passage stop'd. A passionate tear
Fell from each nymph; no shepherd's cheek was dry;
A doleful dirge, and mournful elegy
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queen,
In memory of what was heard and seen,
Employ'd a factor, fitted well with store
Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,
To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
A piramis, whose head, like winged Fame,
Should pierce the clouds; yea, seem the stars to kiss,
And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.
Her will had been performance, had not Fate,
That never knew how to commiserate,

* Orpheus.

Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lie in wait
For that rich prey (gold is a taking bait);
Who closely lurking, like a subtle snake,
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the Factor by fair Thetis sent,
And robb'd our Colin of his monument."

Having gone thus far, it would be unfair to omit the praise of Browne himself, by one or two of his contemporaries.

To his Friend, the Author of the Pastorals. By Michael Drayton.

Drive forth thy flock, young pastor, to that plain,
Where our old shepherds wont their flocks to feed;
To those clear walks, where many a skilful swain
To'ards the calm evening tun'd his pleasant reed.
Those, to the Muses once so sacred, downs,
As no rude foot might there presume to stand;
Now made the way of the unworthiest clowns,
Digg'd and plough'd up with each unhallow'd hand;
If possible thou canst redeem those places,
Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,
The learned maidens, and delightful Graces,
Often have sat to hear our shepherd's sing;
Where on those pines, the neighbouring groves among,
Now utterly neglected in these days,
Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes, were hung
The monuments of our deserved praise.
So may thy sheep like, so thy lambs increase,
And from the wolf feed ever safe and free!
So may'st thou thrive amongst the learned prease,
As thou, young shepherd, art belov'd of me!

To the same.

So much a stranger, my severer muse
  Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's reed,
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
  Of Pan, of Pallas, and her sister's meed.
Read, and commend she durst these tun'd essays
  Of *him that loves her:* she hath ever found
Her studies as one circle. Next, she prays
  His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!
No willow touch them! As his bays are free,
From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!*

J. SELDEN, *Juris C.*

N° LXVIII.

An Account of Quarles's Emblems, with Specimens.

There is one poet of the reign of Charles the First, whose memory there were several attempts, about twenty years ago, to revive, particularly by Jackson, of Exeter, in his *Thirty Letters*; but whose poetry has sunk again from the public notice. The person I mean is FRANCIS QUARLES.

His EMBLEMS were once a very popular work, and went through numerous editions. The first edition, as far as I have yet discovered, appeared in 1635. There was an edition in 1643; and probably more

* Headley has given a well discriminated, but, perhaps, too severe character of Browne.

Browne was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1590; and is supposed to have died in 1645. See *Wood's Ath.* I. 491, &c.

than one, even in the latter half of the following century. These poems cannot boast originality; for in the plan, and frequently, I doubt not, in the very subjects, and even sentiments and expressions, they are imitated from *Herman Hugo*,* from whom the prints are borrowed:† with an execution, at least, strikingly inferior.

A specimen, amongst the numerous extracts which the various parts of my work exhibit, is due to the ingenious author, and may not be unacceptable to my readers from whose recollection the poet has faded. What I take shall be a fair example; neither his best, nor his worst.

Emblem XII. of Book 2. *Galat.* vi. 14. *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.*

I.

" Can nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?

* I have a copy of Hugo's book now lying before me, with the following title: *Pia Desideria Emblematis Elegiis & Affectibus SS. Patrum illustrata, Authore Hermanno Hugone, Societatis Jesu ad Urbanum VIII. Pont. Max. Vulgavit Boetius a Bolswert typis Henrici Aertsenii Antwerpiæ M DCXXIII. cum gratia et privilegio.* Sm. 8vo. A translation appeared at London, 1686, by Edm. Arwaker, M.A. Several emblem-writers had previously appeared as Alciatus, whose emblems were translated by Dr. Andrew Willet. See *Cens. Lit.* I. 312. We had also, in England, Geoffrey Whitney; and about the same time with Quarles appeared the Emblems of George Wither, 1635, fol.

† The prints of Books III. IV. and V. are copied in regular succession from Hugo; but in a vile manner. Now and then a very minute variation occurs; and they are all reversed. The verses seem to be sometimes translations; sometimes imitations; and sometimes original. But I have not time, while preparing this paper, to read them through, and compare them regularly.

Has

Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

II.

I wanted wealth, and at my dear request
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted wealth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe; but all decay'd;
Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
My mirth began to flag; my fame began to fade.

III.

The world's an ocean, hurried to and fro
With every blast of passion;
Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation:
They alter daily; and they daily grow
The worse by alteration;
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure;
Her precious wine is pleasure,
Her yest is honour's puff; her lees are worldly treasure.

IV.

My trust is in the Cross: let beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail;
Let count'nance-guiding honour cease to brag,
In courtly terms and veil;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base, tho' golden tail;

False

False beauty's conquest is but real loss,
And wealth but golden dross;
Best honour's but a blsst: my trust is in the Cross.

v.

My trust is in the Cross; there lies my rest;
My fast, my sole delight:
Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Ea
Blow till they burst with spite;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their bes
And join their twisted might;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart down, and woun
And troops of fiends surround me;
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound

I shall now proceed to give the first emblem of first book of Herman Hugo.

I.

" *Anima mea desideravit te in nocte.* ISAIÆ :

" Hei mihi quam densis nox incubat atra tenebr
Talis erat, Pharios quæ tremefecit agros.
Nubila, lurida, squalida, tetrica, terribilis nox;
Nocturno in censu perdere digna locum.
Non ego tam tristes Scythico, puto, cardine luna
Tardat ubi lentas Parrhasis Ursa rotas:
Nec tot Cimmerio glomerantur in æthere nubes,
Unde suos Phœbus vertere jussus equos:
Nec reor invisi magis atra cubilia Ditis,
Fertur ubi parva nox habitare casa.
Nam licet hic oculis nullam dent sidera lucem,
Non tamen est omni mens viduata die:
Nocte, suam noctem populus videt ille silentûm,
Et se, Cimmerii, sole carere vident:

Arc

Arctica cum senos regnavit Cynthia menses,
Dat fratri reduci septima luna vices.
Ast me perpetuis damnat sors dira tenebris,
Nullaque vel minimo sidere flamma micat.
Et neque (quod cæcis unum solet esse levamen)
Ipsa suam noctem mens miseranda videt.
Quin tenebras amat ipse suas; lucemque perosa,
Vertit in obscænæ noctis opaca diem
Nempe suas animo furata superbia flammas,
Nubilat obscuro lumina cæca peplo.
Nec sinit ambitio nitidum clarescere solem,
Fuscat et ingenuas idalis igne faces.
Heu, quoties subit illius mihi noctis imago,
Nox animo toties ingrait atra meo!
Sors oculis nostris melior, quibus ordine certo,
Alternas reparant Lunaque Solque vices!
Nam quid agat ratio, quid agat studiosa voluntas,
Quas habet, ut geminos mens peregrina duces?
Major habere oculos doler est, ubi non datur uti,
Quam, quibus retaris, non habuisse oculos.
Qui dolet oppressus lapsis velocius umbris,
Lætior aggreditur mane viator iter.
Sed nimis hæc longas tenebris nox prorogat horas,
Quæ tibi mane negat cedere, Phœbe, diem.
Cum redit Arctos Titan vicinior axi,
Exultat reducis quisque videre jubar.
Scilicet Auroræ gens vertitur omnis in ortus,
Quisque parat primus dicere, Phœbus adest!
Sic ego, sæpe oculos tenui sublimis Olympo,
Aspiciens, gemino qui jacet orbe, Polum.
Et dixi tam sæpe; Nitesce, Nitesce, meus Sol!
Sol mihi tam non venerate dies!
Exorere, Exorere, et medios saltem exere vultus,
Vel scintille tui sola sat esse potest.

Si quoque vel touti renuis mihi luminis usum,
Sufficiet vultus expetiisse tuos.

" *Emblem I. of Book III. of Quarles. My soul hath desired thee in the night.* ISAIAH xxvi. 6.

" Good God! What horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd lamp of heaven can set and rise,
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, tho' she often wain,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But, ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings; wainings have their primes,
And desperate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods; and Autumns have their Springs;
All states have changes, hurried with the swings
Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook

The

The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befeathered prison, till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At every glimpse, and darts at every grate:
E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see,
Both how to loath myself, and honour thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye!
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I at least may wish those beams I want.

Quarles died Sep. 8, 1644, æt. 52. A *Relation of his Life and Death*, by his widow, Ursula Quarles, was prefixed to his *Solomon's Recantation*, 1645, *4to.* and has been lately reprinted before the new edition* of his *Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls*, 1807,

* "*Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls; or Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers.* By *Francis Quarles. A new Edition, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction, by Reginalde Wolfe*, Esq." [i. e. Rev. T. F. Dibdin.] *London*, printed for Longman and Co. 1807, pp. 332.

8vo.

8vo. accompanied by an excellent copy, by Freeman, from Marshall's print of him.*

Art. VII. *Literary Epitaph*

Inscribed on the monument of the Reverend William Bagshaw Stevens, in Repton church, Derbyshire. He died 1800. *By Anna Seward.*

" Reader, if thee each sacred worth inspire,
The Patriot's ardor, and the Poet's fire,
Unsullied honour, Friendship's generous glow,
Sky-pointing hope, that smiles on finite woe,
Such Stevens was, and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar, Bard, and Christian's bier.

* The following short notice may be here given of another publication of Quarles; " *Divine Poems, revised and corrected, with Additions. By the Author, Fra. Quarles. Printed for John Marriott,* in St. Dunstan's churchyard, Fleetstreet, 1630." On an engraved title-page, by T. Cecill, *small* 8vo. *pp.* 502. N. B. The printed title has the date 1633. It contains, I. A Feast for Wormes. II. Pentelogia, dated 1632. III. Hadassa, 1632. The running title is, " The Historie of Ester." IV. Job Militant, printed by *Miles Flesher*, 1632. V. The Historie of Samson. VI. Sion's Sonnets, sung by Solomon the King, and periphrased. VII. Sion's Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet, and periphrased. VIII. An Alphabet of Elegies, upon the much and truly lamented death of that famous for learning, piety, and true friendship, Doctor Ailmer, a great favourer and fast friend to the Muses, and late Archdeacon of London. Imprinted in his heart that ever loves his memorie. Ob. Jan. 6th, 1625.

ART. VIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. Dec. 5. Wm. Hawes, M. D. æt. 73. *See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXVIII. p.* 1121.

Dec. 23. The Rev. John Brand, Rector of St. George's, Southwark, and Vicar of Wickham near Thwayte, Suffolk, distinguished as a profound mathematician; and deeply read in theology and history. There were indeed few topics in divinity and politics, that have of late years excited the public attention in which his pen was not employed. He was formerly of Caius College, Cambr. where he proceeded A. B. 1766; A. M. 1772, in which year he published *Conscience*, an ethical Essay, written for Seaton's prize, but sent too late. His pamphlet entitled *The Alteration of the Constitution of the House of Commons, and the Inequality of the Land-tax, considered conjointly*, 1793, 8vo. is a most able and profound tract. His pamphlet on the *Price of Corn*, as originating from the war, was in the highest degree perspicuous and conclusive. His skill in political arithmetic was indeed admirable, as may be sufficiently proved by some articles written by him in the BRITISH CRITIC; particularly if I recollect a review of a financial pamphlet by Mr. W. Morgan. See some notice of him on this account under the article of *Political Arithmeticians* in the first Vol. of CENS. LIT. His living in the Borough was only last year increased to a considerable value; and death has deprived his family, consisting of eight orphan children, of this advantage.

Dec. 28. At Bath, in his 88th year, the Rev. John Duncan, D. D. forty-five years Rector of South Warnborough, near Odiham, Hants, author of a poetical *Essay on Happiness*, 1762, 8vo.; and of several single Sermons; and a writer of verses till towards the close of life. He was formerly of St. John's College, Oxford, and in 1745 and 1746, Chaplain of the King's Own Regiment. He has left a son, a student of the Law. See an account of his ancestors in *Kippis's Biogr. Brit.*

Lately,

Lately, at Reading, Berks, Elizabeth Trapp, eldest of the two grand-daughters of the learned Dr. Trapp.

1609. Jan. 3. At Wetherden, Suffolk, æt. 78, Richard Shepherd, D.D. F.R.S. Archdeacon of Bedford, and Rector of Wetherden and Helmingham in Suffolk. Formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His numerous writings evince his eminence as a divine and a philosopher. His first publication was *An Ode to Love*, 1756; to which he added *Odes Descriptive and Allegorical*, 1761, 4to. and *The Nuptials*, a didactic poem, in three books, 1762. He also wrote some dramatic pieces. See Biogr. Dram. I. 410. He was author of many sermons; and translated *Polyænus's Stratagems of War from the Greek*, 1793, &c. &c.

Jan. 17. At Lord Spencer's, at Wolbeding, Sussex, aged 27, Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. Under Secretary of State to Mr. Fox in the late Administration. He published in conjunction with the Hon. Mr. Hawke some periodical Essays about the time he left school.

On his return from Spain, worn out with fatigue, Lieut. Col. Michael Symes, of the 76th Regt. (nominal, if not real*) author of an *Account of an Embassy to Alva*, which was well received by the public. He was an Irishman, and brother to the late General Symes, who died in the West Indies about 1794. Col. Symes's health had suffered by many years service in India. He married a few years ago a lady of Rochester, where he was buried.

* This is merely said in consequence of the late fashion for those who have passed their lives in active scenes, to call in more practised pens to describe their voyages or travels.

To Correspondents.

The Favours of J. H. M. and S. which arrived too late for insertion in the present Number, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIX.

[Being Number XXVII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Hunting.*

HUNTING, according to one of the old chronicles, must have originally been pursued as a simple recreation and amusement, though sometimes followed to obtain the hide of the animal; thus "Lameth an archer, but some dele blynde, had a yonglyng y^{t}. ledde hym whyle he hunted for playe & lykyng; other for loue of bestes skynnes: for men ete no flesshe before Noes flood." Afterwards, when flesh became the usual food and the domestic herd could no longer supply novelty to the ever-varying appetite, a higher gratification to the palate appears to have been sought for in beasts of venery. "Take thy weapons, thy quiver, and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison, and make me some savoury meat," was the command of the patriarch Isaac to his son Esau, and that command has been noticed by a divine, as a proof of the lawfulness of the chace. "Perswading myselfe (he says) that the smelling of the dogge, the flying of the hawke, the antipathie amongst the creatures, howeuer it was produced by the fall of man, yet neuerthelesse that God in his mercy alloweth,

& in his wise prouidence disposeth euen of these contrarities and antipathies, as well as of the sympathies of the creatures, for the good and vse of man, his lieutenant & vicegerent ouer the works of his hands.* And for hunting more especially it is my opinion, if not iudgement, that Isaack would not have tollerated, much lesse commaunded Esau's hunting if it had bin sinfull. Secondly (the same writer continues), it is lawfull to kill the creature in Christian liberty, deere or hare, or the like for meat or medicine: yea so to kill them as they may be most vsefull & behoofefull for man, which is done better by chase or course, than eyther by gins or shooting, as experience shewes; and, as some scrupulously obiect, this is not to tyrannize ouer the creature in putting it by continuance of chase or course to a more lasting paine; but rather to lessen, euen as he that dies by degrees in a consumption, or that bleeds to death, dies more easily than he that is hewn by a sword, as Samuel did Agag, al at once."† As a custom amongst mankind the chace has proved universal, varying only from the necessity of the climate or difference of the prey. In all countries the hand of power, which it first assisted in the institution of, ‡ has appeared jealously employed

* "Represent to your generous reading, the natural enmity betwixt the horse and the beare, the wolfe and the lyon, the fox and the badger; such a native disagreeing remaines among these beasts, as their hatred is implacable; ever pursuing their enemy with an inveterate hate: for an enmity ingrafted by nature, cannot be suppressed by lesse than nature," p. 175. *Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry.*

† "The opinion of a worthy diuine S. I. and composed by himselfe, concerning this [hawking] and the like subiect." *Epilogue to Latham's "seconde booke of Falconrie."* 1618.

‡ A circumstance thus described in Lanqvette's Chronicle. "It appeareth in the Bible, that the first kingdom was begun by Nemroth among the Babylonians, whom the scripture calleth a strong hunter before the Lord, that is, a mightie prince, who by force brought people to his subiection. In that he was a hunter, is signified that he was a deceiuer of soules, an oppresser of men: and for that he withdrewe menne from the true religion of God, he was so called." Fo. 7.

in

n guarding the prescriptive rights and boundaries of the royal forests. Englishmen were relieved, or made secure, from the forfeiture of life, by the *Charta Forestæ*, (which immediately followed Magna Charta, 1225,) and then it was enacted "no man from henceforth shall lose either life, or member for killing of our deer;" limiting the punishment to only fine or imprisonment. The law was further defined, whereby for an "Archbishop, Bishop, Earl or Baron, coming to us at our commandment, passing by our forest, it shall be lawful for him to take and kill one or two of our deer, by view of our forester, if he be present; or else he shall cause one to blow in horn for him, that he seem not to steal our deer; and likewise they shall do returning from us, as it is aforesaid." Next to these primary laws of the chase, may be noticed the enthusiasm of its votaries, and the apparent idleness and irreligion it created among the lower classes, that induced them to hunt "on the holydays, when good Christian people be at church, hearing divine service." To restrain such abuses, in 1389 a statute law was made "that no manner of artificer, labourer, nor any other layman, which hath not lands or tenements to the value of xls. by year, nor any priest, nor other clerk, if he be not advanced to the value of *xl.* by year, shall have or keep from henceforth any grey hound, hound, nor other dog to hunt; nor shall they use ferrets, keys, nets, harepipes, nor cords, nor other engines for to take or destroy deer, hares, nor conies, nor other gentlemen's game upon pain of one year's imprisonment." A complaint, not dissimilar, is made by the divine, already referred to, as convinced of the lawfulness of the recreations of hawking and hunting. "These exercises [he asserts] are grossly and sinfully abused by many loose and licentious persons, that obserue no circumstances, which vsually make or marre the actions, they

vsing it most that stand [in] least need; in respect of any calling or imploiment they haue or vndertake, to wearie their spirits, or spend their bodie or braine, hauing their hearts so taken vp, and affections intangled with it, as they spend and mispend their golden and pretious time, two or three whole daies in a weeke: making recreation halfe, if not all their vocation, trade, and occupation, turning all their meate into sauce, yea the sabboth itselfe, which should be dedicated to God and good duties, being prophaned and polluted by the discourses of their chases and courses with their hounds and horses, or coursers." [Yet, as the same writer continues,] "because such idle libertines doe abuse this honest and harmlesse exercise, as it hath euer beene accounted, may it not therefore be lawfully and conscionably vsed with moderation by a magistrate, or minister, or lawyer, or student, or any other seriously imployed, which in any function heat their braines, wast their bodies, weaken their strength, weary their spirits; that as a meanes and blessing from God, by it their decayed strength may be restored, their vitall and animall spirits quickned, refreshed, and reuiued; their health preserued, and they better inabled (as a bow vnbended for shooting) to the discharging of these weighty charges imposed vpon them." A different advantage to be derived from the chace was suggested by that learned and perspicuous writer, Sir Thomas Elyot, in "the boke named the Gouernour;" by rendering it a pursuit of emulation, and with reward crowning the successful efforts of strength and activity. Although the custom of the Persians,* Greeks

* With the Persians the chace formed a portion of the education of their youth, for the purpose of inuring them to toil, hardiness and temperate living. "Cirus, and other aunciene kinges of Persia (as Xenophon writeth) vsed this maner in all their huntynge. First, where as it semeth there was in the realme of Persia, but one citie, whiche as I suppose, was called Persepolis; there were the children of the Persians,

and Romans in pursuing lions, libards, tigers, or other qually savage could not be followed as "in this realme be

from their infancie, vnto the aege of seuentene yeres, broughte vp in the iustice and temperaunce, & also to obserue continence in meate and drinke s ie, that whither so euer they went, they toke with them for their suste- it only breade and herbes called cressis, in Latin *Nasturtium*: and for e, a dysahe to take water out of the ryuers as they passed. Also they shote, & to cast the darte or iauelyn..... Thei were accustomed to : in the fyrste spring of the daye, and pacientely to susteyne alwaie both cold

And the kyng dyd se them exercised in goyng and also in rennyng. And tended, in his owne personne, to hunte, whiche he dyd commenly euery s took with hym the one halfe of the company of yong men, that were in i. Than toke euerye man with him his bowe and quiver with arowes, his iache of steele, a lyttel tergat, and two dartes. The bowe and arowes ursue beastes that were swyft, & the dartes to assaile them and all other And whan theyr courage was chaufed, or that by fiersenesse of the beast in danger, than force constrayned theim to stryke with the sworde or to haue good eye at the violente assaulte of the beaste, and to defend theim ere, with their tergates, wherein they accounted to be the trewest and moste editacion of warres. And to this huntyng the kynge dydde conducte he himselfe firste hunted suche beastes as he hapned to encounter. And ad taken his pleasure, he than with most diligence dyd set other forwarde, who hunted valiauntly, and refourmyng them, whom he sawe negligente or

But er thei wente forthe to this huntynge, they dyned competently: and ir huntyng thei dined no more. For yf by any occasion their huntyng con- ue one day, thei toke the said diner for their supper: and the next day, if no game, thei hunted vntill supper time, accounting those two daies but And if thei toke any thyng, thei eate it at their supper with ioy and plea- nothyng were killed, thei eate only bread and cressis, as I before rehersed, therto water. And if any man will dispreise this diete, lette hym thynke are there is in breade to him that is hungry; and what delectation is in water to him that is thurstye. Surelye this maner of hunting may be called solace and pastyme, for therin is the verye imitacion of battayle. For t doth shew the courage and strengthe, as well of the horse as of him that nuersyng ouer mountaines and valeyes, encountryng and ouerthrowyng ryghty beastes; but also it increaseth in theim bothe agilitie and quick- sleyght and policye to finde suche passages and straites, where thei may intrap their enemies. Also by continuance therin, thei shall easely susteine

be no such cruel beastes to be pursued; [still he says] not withstandyng, in the huntyng of red dere and falowe, mough be a great parte of semblable exercise vsed by noble men specially in forestis which be spacious: if they wolde vse bu a fewe nombre of houndes, onely to harborowe or rouse th game, by their yornynge to gyue knowlege, whiche waie i fleeth, the remanaunt of the disporte to be in the pursuyng with iauelyns and other weapo's, in maner of warre. And t theim whiche in this huntyng dooe shewe moste prowesse an actiuitie, a garlande or some other lyke token, to be gyuen i signe of victory, and with a ioyful maner to be brought in th presence of him that is chiefe in the companie, there to receiu condigne praise for their good endeuour."* In the moder chace the lithsomness of youth is no longer excited to pursu the animal. Attendant footmen are discontinued and for gotten; while the active and eager rustic with a hunting pole wont to be foremost, has long forsaken the field, nor is ther a trace of the character known, except in a country of deep clay, as parts of Sussex.† Few years will pass ere the ol steady-paced English hunter, and the gabbling beagle, will b equally obsolete. All the sport now consists of speed. A hare is hurried to death by dwarf fox-hounds, and a leash murdered

trauaile in warres, hunger and thurst, cold and heate. Hitherto be the wordes o Xenophon althoughe I haue not sette theim in lyke order as he wrate them."

Gouernour, 155

* "The old Lord Gray (our English Achilles) when hee was Deputie of Ire land, to inure his sonnes for the warre, would vsually in the depth of winter, in fros snow, raine, and what weather soever fell, cause them at midnight to be raised ou of their beds, and carried abroad on hunting till the next morning; then perhap come wet and cold home, having for a breakefast, a browne loafe and a mould cheese, or (which is ten times worse) a dish of Irish butter; and in this manner th Spartans and Laconians dieted, and brought up their children, till they came to man's estate." *Peacham's Complete Gentleman.*

† Or occasionally where the southern hound is used.

in a shorter period than a single one could generally struggle for existence. The hunter boasts a cross of blood, or, in plainer phrase, a racer, sufficiently professed to render a country sweepstakes doubtful. This variation is by no means an improvement, and can only advantage the plethoric citizen, who seeks to combat the somnolency arising from civic festivals by a short and sudden excess of exercise. Some trace of the more ancient manner may be found in the following poems of Gascoigne and Turbervile, transcribed from the Book of Hunting, 1575; a work that always forms high game and full scent to the hunting Grangerites; and their destructive view hollow, when they run down a Bess, or a Jamie, is likely to prove as fatal to the existence of a perfect copy as the feudal tribute of wolves' heads which finally extirpated the race. *

"*George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie.*

"As God himselfe declares, the life of man was lent,
Bicause it should, with feare of him, in gladsome wise be spent;
And Salomon doth say, that all the rest is vaine,
Vnlesse that myrth and merie cheere, may follow toile and paine.
If that be so in deede, what booteth then to buylde
High towers & halles of stately port, to leaue an vnknown child?

* Of six copies, lately seen, one complete cannot be formed, the whole wanting a title and the other wood-cut portraits. Turbervile's work was a general compilation to give

"as much as Latine, Greeke,
Italyans, French, High Dutch or English skill,
Can teach; to hunt, to harbor, lodge, or seeke,
To force, to take, to conquer, or to kill."

Or wherefore hoord we heapes of coyne and worldly wealth,
Whiles therwithall that caytif care comes creping in by stelth?
The needie neighbors grudge to see the rychman thryue,
Such malice worldly mucke doth breede in euery man alyue.
Contention commes by coyne, and care doth contecke sew,
And sodeine death by care is caught, all this you know is true:
Since death is then the end, which all men seeke to flye,
And yet are all men well aware, that man is borne to dye;
Why leade not men such liues, in quiet comely wise,
As might with honest sport & game, their worldly minds suffise?*

Amongst

* [The Chace, as described in the tragedy of Hippolytvs, translated from Seneca, by John Studley.]

" Goe raunge about the shady woode, beset on euery side
With nets, with hounds, & toyles, & running out at randon ride
About, about the craggy crests of high Cecropes hill,
With speedy foote about the rockes, with coursing wander still.
That vnder Carpanetus soyle in dale below doth lurke,
Whereas the riuers running swift, their flapping waues doe worke,
And dashe against the beaten banks of Thrias valley low,
And clamber vp the slimy cliues, besmear'd with hory snow,
(That falleth, when ye. westerne winde from Riphes mounts doth blow.)
Heere, heere away, let other wend, whereas with lofty head
The elme displayes his braunched armes, the wood to ouerspread;
Whereas the meadowes greene doe lye, where Zephyrus most milde
Out brayes his baumy breath so sweete, to garnish vp the field;
With lusty springtide flowers fresh, whereas Elysus slow,
Doth fleete vpon the ysie flakes, and on the pastures low.
Mæander sheds his straggling streame, and sheares the fruitlesse sand
With wrackfull waue: yee whom the path on Marathon's left hand,
Doth lead vnto the leauened laund, whereas the heirde of beast
For euening forage goe to graze, and stalke vnto their rest.
The rascall deare trip after fast, you thither take your way,
Where clottered hard Acarnan forst warme southerne windes t' obay,
Doth slake the chilling colde, vnto Hymetus ysie cliue
To Alphid's litle villages, now let some other driue:
That plot where Sunion surges high doe beate the sandy bankes,
Whereas the marble sea doth fleete with crooked compast crankes;

Vnhaunted

Amongst the rest, that game, which in this booke is taught,
Doth seeme to yeld as much content, as may on earth be sought.

And,

Vnhaunted lies too long, withoutten race of any wight,
Who set agog with hunting braue, in woods doth take delyght,
Philippus him allures: her hauntes a fomy bristled bore
That doth annoy with gastly dread the husbandmen full sore:
We know him wel: for he it is foyld with so many woundes,
That ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your houndes.
But in your leashes Syrs keepe vp your eiger mastifs yet,
Keepe on their collers still, that doe their galled neckes yfrett
The spartayne dogges, eiger of pray and of couragious kynd,
That sone can single out their game, wherto they be assygn'd,
Tye shorter vp within your leash: to passe tyme shall it bring,
That with the youlping noyse of houndes the hollow rockes shal ring.
Now let the houndes goe fynd of it with nostrell good of sent,
And trace vnto the vglye den ere dawning day be spent.
Whyle in the dewish slabby ground the pricke of cleaze doth sticke,
One bear the toyle on cumbred necke, and some with nettes ful thicke
Make speede: some with the arming coard by pensell paynted red,
By sleight and subtill guyleful feare shall make the beastes adred:
Loke thou to pitch thy thirling dart, and thou to trye thy might
Shalt cope him with broad boarespeare, thrust with hand both left & right.
Thou standing at receipt shalt chase the roused beastes amayne
With hollowing; thou with limere sharpe vndoe him beyng slayne.
Graunt good successe vnto thy mate, Virago, thou diuyne,
That secret desartes choten hast for noble empire thyne:
Whose thirled dartes with leauel right do gore the beast with bloud
That lappes the dukewarme licour of Alexis fleeting floud.
And eke the beast that sportes it selfe on frozen Isters strand,
The ramping lyons eake of Geate are chased by thy hand,
And eke the wyndy heeled hart in Candie thou dost chase;
Now with more gentle launce thou strik'st the doe that trippes a pace.
To thee the tyger fierce his diuers spotted breast doth yeeld,
The rough shaghairy bugle turnes on thee his backe in field,
The saluage buffes with braunched hornes: all thinges thy quarelles feare,
That to the needy Garamas in Affricke doth appeare.
Or els the wyld Arabian enriched by his wood,
Or what the brutish rockes of Pyrene vnderstood;

O-

And, but my simple muze, both myrth and meane mistake,
It is a meane of as much mirth, as any sport can make.
It occupies the mynde, which else might chaunce to muse
On mischiefe, malice, filth, and fraudes, that mortall men do vse.
And as for exercise, it seemes to beare the bell,
Since by the same, men's bodies be, in health mainteyned well.
It exercyseth strength, it exercyseth wit,
And all the poars and sprites of man, are exercisde by it.
It shaketh off all slouth, it presseth downe all pryde,
It cheres the hart, it glads the eye, & through the ears doth glyde,
I might at large expresse how earely huntsmen ryse,
And leave the sluggish sleepe for such as leachers lust deuyse.
How true they tread their steps, in exercises traine,
Which frisking flings & lightbrain'd leaps, may seeme always to staine.
Howe appetite is bred, with health, in homely cates,
While surfet sits in vaine excesse, and banquet breeds debates,
How cries of well mouth'd hounds, do counteruaile the cost,
Which many a man, beyond his reach, on instruments hath lost.
How setting of relayes, may represent the skyll,
Which souldiours vse in embushes, their furious foes to kyll.
Howe foxe and badger'd both, make patterns, in their deane,
Of plot-formes, loopes and casamats, deuisde by warlike men.
How fighting out at bay, of hart,* bucke, goate, or bore,
Declares the valiant Romain's death, when might may do no more.

How

Or else what other beastes do lurcke in wyld Hyrcanus groue,
Or else among Sarmatians in desart fieldes that roue;
If that the ploughman come to field, that standeth in thy grace,
Into his nettes the roused beast full sure he is to chase.
No feete in sunder breake the coardes and home he bringes the bore,
In lotting wayne, when as the houndes with gubs of clottered gore
Besmeared haue their grymed snoutes: and then the countrey rout
To cottages repayre in rankes, with triumph all about.
Lo, Goddesse graunt vs grace: the houndes already opened haue,
I follow must the chase: this gainer way my paynes to saue,
I take into the woods." Act i. Sc. 1.

* "The preface pronounced by the Hart.
"I am the Harte, by Greekes surnamed so
Because my heade doth with their tearmes agree,

For

How sight of such delights, doth scorne all common showes,
Of enterludes, of tumbler's trick, of antikes, mocks, & mowes;
And how the nimble hare, by turning in hir course,
Doth plainely proue that pollicie, sometime surpasseth force.*

The

For stately shape, fewe such on earth do go,
So that by right, they haue so termed mee.
For king's delight, it seems I was ordeyned,
Whose huntsmen yet, pursue me day by daye;
In forest, chace, and parke, I am constrayned
Before their houndes, to wander many a way.
Wherefore who lyst, to learne the perfect trade
Of venerie; and therewithall would knowe,
What properties, and vertues nature made,
In me, poor hart, oh harmlesse hart! to growe,
Let him giue eare to skilfull Trystram's lore,
To Phœbus, Fowylloux and many more."

* "Hunting is a noble, a manly and healthfull exercise: it is a very true picture of warre, nay, it is a warre in itselfe, for engines are brought into the field, stratagems are contriued, ambushes are laide, onsets are giuen, alarams strucke vp, braue incounters are made, fierce assailings are resisted by strength, by courage, or by policie: the enemie is pursued, and the pursuers neuer giue ouer till they haue him in execution, then is a retreate sounded, then are spoiles diuided, then come they home wearied, but yet crowned with honour and victorie. And as in battailes there bee seuerall manners of fight; so, in the pastime of hunting, there are several degrees of game. Some hunt the lyon, and that shewes as when subiects rise in armes against their king. Some hunt the vnicorne, for the treasure on his head, and they are like couetous men, that care not whom they kill for riches. Some hunt the spotted panther, and the freckled leopard, they are such as to inioy their pleasures regarde not how black an infamie stickes upon them: all these are barbarous and vnnaturall huntsmen, for they range vp and downe the deserts, the wildernes, and the mountaines. Others pursue the long-liued hart, the couragious stag, or the nimble footed deere; these are the noblest hunters, and they exercise the noblest game: these by following the chace, get strength of bodie, a free and vndisquieted minde, magnanimitie of spirit, alacritie of heart, and vnwearisomnesse to breake through the hardest labours: their pleasures are not insatiable, but are contented to be kept within limits, for these hunt within parkes inclosed, or within bounded forests. The hunting of the hare teaches feare to be bold, and puts simplicitie to her shifts, that she growes cunning and prouident: the turnings & crosse windings that she makes are embleames of this life's vncertaintie; when she thinkes she is further from danger, it is at her heeles, and when it is neerest to her, the hand of safetie defends her; when shee is

wearied

The venson not forgot, most meete for princes dyshe:*
All these with more could I rehearse, as much as wit could wyshe;
But let these few suffice, it is a noble sport,
To recreate the mindes of men, in good and godly sort,†
A sport for noble peeres, a sport for gentle bloods,
The paine I leaue for seruants such, as beate the bushie woods,
To make their master's sport.‡ Then let the lords reioyce,
Let gentlemen behelde the glee, and take thereof the choyce.

For

wearied & hath run her race, she takes her death patiently, thereby to make himselfe ready when the graue gapes for him." *Dekkar's Villanies discouered by lanthorne and candle-light, &c.* 1616.

* "Venison with furmity is good for your Soveraigne, touch not the venison with your hand, but with your knife, cut it out into the furmity; doe in the same wise with peason and bacon, beefe, hen and mutton; pare the beefe, cut the mutton and lay to your Soveraigne: beware of fumosities, salt, sinew, fat, resty, and raw ..... Fawne, kid, and lamb, lay the kidney to your Sovereigne, then lift up the shoulder, and give to your Soveraigne a rib; venison roast, cut it in the dish and lay it to your Soueraigne." *Murrel's two bookes of Cookerie and Carving*, 1650, 7th edit. 12mo.

† "Hunting, where the hounds at a losse shewe themselves subtill sophisters, arguing by their silence, the game came not here; againe, by being mute, it came not there; ergo, by spending their mouthes it came here." *Braithwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

‡ "The Blazon pronounced by the Huntsman.

"I am the hunte, whiche rathe and earely ryse,
(My bottell filde, with wine in any wise)
Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steppes withall,
For eche foote one, because I would not fall.
Then take my hownde, in liam me behinde,
The stately harte, in fryth or fell to finde.
And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath fedde,
The sweete byrdes sing, to cheare my drowsie hedde.
And when my hounde, doth streyne vpon good vent,
I must confesse, the same doth me content.
But when I haue, my couerts walkt aboute,
And harbred fast the harte for commyng out:
Then I returne to make a graue reporte,
Whereas I find th' assembly doth resorte.
And lowe I crouche, before the lordings all,
Out of my horne, the fewmets lette I fall,

And

For my part (being one) I must needes say my minde,
That hunting was ordeyned first, for men of noble kinde.*
And vnto them therefore, I recommend the same,
As exercise that best becomes their worthy noble name.
Tam Marti quam Mercurio."

"*Of the place where and howe an assembly should be made, in the presence of a prince, or some honorable person.*

"Who list, by me, to learne, assembly for to make,
For keysar, kyng, or comely queene, for lord or ladies' sake;
Or where, and in what sort it should prepared be,
Marke well my wordes, and thanke me then, for thankes I craue in fee.
The place should first be pight, on pleasant gladsome greene,
Yet vnder shade of stately trees, where little sunne is seene:
And neare some fountaine spring, whose chrystall running streames
May helpe to coole the parching heate, ycaught by Phœbus beames.
The place appoynted thus, it neyther shall be clad
With Arras not with tapystry, such paltrie were too bad:
Ne yet those hote perfumes, whereof proude courtes do smell,
May once presume in such a place, or paradise to dwell.
Away with fayned fresh, as broken boughes or leaues,
Away, away, with forced flowers, ygathred from their greaues:

And other signes and tokens do I tell,
To make them hope, the harte may like them well,
Then they commaunde, that I the wine should taste,
So biddes mine arte: and so my throte I baste.
The dinner done, I go streightwayes agayne
Vnto my markes, and shewe my master playne.
Then put my hounde, vpon the view to drawe,
And rowse the harte out of his layre by lawe.
O gamsters all, a little by your leaue,
Can you such ioyes in triflyng games conceaue?"

* A nobleman in contempt of learning said "that it was for noblemen's sonnes enough to winde their horne, and carrie their hauke faire, and to leaue studie and learning to the children of mean men." To whom Richard Pace [Henry 8th's secretary] replied: "Then you and other noble men must be content, that your children may wind their hornes, and keepe their haukes; while the children of meane men do manage matters of estate." *Camden's Remains.*

This

This place must of it selfe, afforde such sweet delight,
And eke such shewe, as better may content the greedie sight;
Where sundry sorts of hewes, which growe vpon the ground,
May seeme, indeede, such tapystry, as we by arte, haue found.
Where fresh and fragrant flowers, may skorne the courtiers cost,
Which daubes himselfe with syuet, muske, and many an oyntment lost.
Where sweetest singing byrdes, may make such melodye,
As Pan, nor yet Apollo's arte, can sounde such harmonye.
Where breath of westerne windes, may calmely yeld content,
Where casements neede not opened be, where ayre is neuer pent.
Where shade may serue for shryne, and yet the sunne at hande,
Where beautie neede not quake for colde, ne yet with sunne be tande.
In fine and to conclude, where pleasure dwels at large,
Which princes seeke in pallaces, with payne and costly charge.
Then such a place once founde, the Butler* first appeares,
He shall be formost doctor there, and stande before his peares:
And with him shall he bring, if company be great,
Some wagons, cartes, some mules or iades yladen till they sweate:
With many a medicine made for common queynt diseases,
As thirstie throates, and typpling tongs, whome Bacchus pype appeases.
These little pinching pots, which pothecaries vse,
Are all too fine, fye, fye on such, they make men but to muse.
My doctor brings his drugs, to counterpaise all quarrels
In kylderkins and fyrkins full, in bottles and in barrels.
And yet therein he brings, I would you wist it well,
No rotten drammes, but noble wine, which makes men's hearts to swell
And downe he doth dismount, his things for to addresse,
His flagons in the fountaine faire, are placed more and lesse,
Or if such fountaynes fayle, my doctor hath the skyll,
With sande and campher for to coole, his potions at his will.
That doone: he spreads his cloth, vpon the grassye banke,
And sets to shewe his deintie drinkes, to winne his princes thanke.

* The office of the butler, &c. "Thou shalt be butler and pantler all the first year, and yee must have three pantry knives, one knife to square trencher—loaves another to be a chipper, the third shall be sharp for to make smooth trenchers: then chip your Soveraigne's bread hot, and all other bread let it be a day old, household bread three days old, trencher-bread four days old; then look your salt be white and dry," &c. *Murrel.*

Then

the captaine Cooke, with many a warlike wight,
ring and weapons both, with hunger for to fight.
o set forth, vpon a manly mynde,
meanes, a quarrel with my doctor for to fynde.
olde loynes of veale, colde capon, beefe and goose,
yes, and mutton colde, are set on hunger loose,
he forlorne hope, in doubt to scape full hard,
giue a charge in flanke, else all the marte were marde,
tongs poudred well, and gambones of the hogge,
and sauery knackes, to set men's myndes on gogge.
they skyrmish thus, with fierce and furious fight,
rkly turnes the tappe, and goeth beyonde them quite.
ey be so trapt, enclosed round about,
yles, but drinke like men, for that must help them out.
r comely queene, then lord and lady looke,
ide will beare the bell, the butler or the cooke.
ooke takes flight, but butler's still abyde,
ir drummes, and make retreate, with bottles by their syde.
stint all stryfe, the huntsmen come in hast,
craue of king or queene, to see their battell plast. *

Which

sman is the lieutenant of dogs, and foe to harueste: he is frolick in a
for his pleasure; and alike reioyceth with the Virginians, to see the
th worship it as they, but worships his game more then they; and
s almost as barbarous. A sluggard he contemnes, & thinks the
t be shortned; which makes him rise with day, obserue the same
full as happy, if the day be happy. The names of foxe, hare, and
acting sillables; sufficient to furnish fifteene meales with long dis-
entures of each. Foxe, drawes in his exploits done against cubbes,
s and badgers: hare, brings out his encounters, plat-formes, engines,
d night worke done against leueret, cony, wilde-cat, rabbet, weasell,
n bucke, the captaine of all, prouokes him (not without strong pas-
er hart, hind, stagge, doe, pricket, fawne, and fallow deere. He
me of gouernement, which might bee (without shame) kept in hu-
: he is vnwilling to be gouerned with the same reason: either by
ith pleasure, or content with ill fortune. Hee hath the discipline to
nd sutably; when a wise herald would rather merualle, how he could
coates, birth, and gentry. Hee carries about him in his mouth the

very

Which graunted and obtaynede, they set on such as lyue,
And fiercely fight, till both be forst, all armour vp to giue.
And home they go dispoylde, like simple sakelesse men,
No remedie but trudge apace, they haue no weapons then.
The field thus fought and done, the huntsmen come agayne,
Of whome some one vpon his knee, shall tell the prince full playne,
This little lesson here, which followeth next in place,
Forgiue me (Queene) * which am to bold, to speak vnto yo^r. grace.

My

very soule of Ouid's bodies, metamorphosed into trees, rockes, and waters; for, when he pleases, they shall eccho and distinctly answere; and when he pleases, be extreamely silent. There is little danger in him towards the common-wealth; for his worst intelligence comes from shepheards or woodmen; and that onely threatens the destruction of hares; a well knowne dry meate. The spring and he are still at variance; in mockage therefore, and reuenge together of that season, he weares her liuery in winter. Little consultations please him best; but the best directions he doth loue and follow, they are his dogs. If hee cannot preuaile therefore, his lucke must be blamed, for he takes a speedy course. He cannot be less then a conquerour from the beginning, though he wants the booty; for he pursues the flight. His man-hood is a crooked sword with a saw-backe; but the bulge of his generous valour is a horne to giue notice. Battery and blowing vp, he loues not; to vndermine is his stratageme. His physick teaches him not to drinke sweating; in amends whereof, he liquors himselfe to a heate, vpon coole bloud, if hee delights (at least) to emulate his dog in a hot nose. If a kennel of hounds passant take away his attention and company from church; do not blame his deuotion; for in them consists the nature of it, and his knowledge. His frailties are, that he is apt to mistake any dog worth the stealing, and neuer take notice of the collar. Hee dreames of a hare sitting, a foxe earthed, or the bucke couchant: and if his fancy would be moderate, his actions might be full of pleasure." *Satyrical Essayes, &c. by John Stephens*, 1615.

* James the First, to whom the subsequent editions of Turbevile's works are addressed, was very partial to the diversion of hunting. On his journey from Scotland, upon his accession to the English throne, he rested at Withrington, the seat of Sir Robert Cary. The last thirty-seven miles he rode in less than four hours, "and by the way for a note, the miles according to the northern phrase, are a weybit longer then they be here in the south..... His Majesty having a little while reposed himselfe after his great iourney, found new occasion to trauell further: for, as he was delighting himselfe with the pleasure of the parke, hee suddenly beheld a number of deere neare the place: the game being so faire before him hee could not forbeare, but according to his wonted manner, forth he went and slew two of them."

In

My liege forgiue the boldnesse of your man,
Which comes to speake before your grace him call:
My skyll is small, yet must I, as I can,
Presume to preach, before these barons all,
And tell a tale, which may such mynds appall,
As passe their dayes in slouthfull idlenesse,
The fyrste foule nourse to worldly wickednesse.

his way to Worslop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, conducted by the sheriff Nottinghamshire, they halted within a mile of Blyth, "where his Highnesse hted, and sat downe on a banke-side to eate and drinke. After his Majestie's short ast to Worslop his Maiestie rides forward, but by the way in the parke he was newhat stayed; for there appeared a number of huntes-men all in greene; the efe of which with a woodman's speech did welcome him, offering his Maiestie to w him some game, which he gladly condiscended to see; and with a traine set he nted a good space, very much delighted." On the road to Burleigh his Majesty ined at Sir John Harrington's, where that worthy knight made him most royall tertainment. After dinner his Highnesse remoued towards Burleigh, being neere nford in Northamptonshire. His Majesty on the way was attended by many es and knights, and before his comming, there was prouided train cents, and liue ns in baskets, being carried to the heath, that made excellent sport for his aiestie, all the way betweene Sir John Harrington's and Stanford; Sir John's best unds with good mouthes following the game, the King taking great leisure and easure in the same." Upon the 27th of April, the King removed from Burleigh wards Maister Oliuer Cromwell's, (uncle to the Protector), where "there was such ntie and varietie of meates, such diuersitie of wines, & those not riffe ruffe, but er the best of the kinde, and the sellers open at any man's pleasure." At his de-rture "Maister Cromwell presented his Maiestie with many rich and acceptable fts, as a very great, and a very faire wrought standing cup of gold, goodly horses, ste and deepe-mouthed houndes, diuers hawkes of excellent wing, and at the remoue se 50 pound, amongst his Majestie's officers. Vpon the 29 day being Fryday, er his Highnesse had broke his fast, he tooke kinde and gracious leaue of Maister uer Cromwell, and his vertuous lady, late widow, to that noble and opulent ight, Seigniour Horatio Paulo Vicino."—*The true narration of the Entertainment his Royall Maiestie, from the time of his departure from Edenbrough, till his re-ing at London; with all or the most special occurrences. Together with the names of e gentlemen whom his Maiestie honoured with Knighthood. At London printed by ues Creede, for Thomas Millington.* 1603. 4to. 24 leaves.

Since golden time, my liege, doth neuer stay,
But fleeth still about with restlesse wyngs,
Why doth your grace let time then steale away,
Which is more worth, then all your worldly things?
Beleeue me, liege; beleeue me Queenes and Kyngs,
One only houre, once lost, yeldes more anoy,
Than twentie dayes can cure with myrth and ioy.

And since your grace determinde by decree,
To hunt this day, and recreate your mynde,
Why syt you thus and lose the game and glee,
Which you might heare? why ringeth not the winde
With hornes and houndes, according to their kynde?
Why syt you thus, my liege, and neuer call
Our houndes, nor vs to make you sport withall?

Perchance the fight, which sodenly you saw,
Erewhyles betweene, these ouerbragging bluddes,
Amasde your mynde, and for a whyle did draw
Your noble eyes, to settle on such suddes.
But, peerelesse Prince! the moysture of such muddes,
Is much too grosse and homely for your grace;
Behold them not, their pleasures be but base.

Behold vs here, your true and trustie men,
Your huntes, your hyndes, your swaynes at all assayes
Which ouerthrow them, being three to tenne,
And now are prest with blood hounds and relayes,
Wyth houndes of crye, and houndes well worthy prayse;
To rowze, to runne, to hunt and hale to death, *
As great a hart as euer yet bare breath.

Thus may be seene, a prince's sport in deede,
And this, your Grace, shall see when pleaseth you;
So that vouchsafe, O noble Queene, with speede,

* "The horses, and the doggs, their incomparable parkes of fallow deer, lawes of the chace, I extreamly approve of; but upon other occasions, all Eng men ride so fast upon the road, that you would sweare there were some enemie i *ariere*; and all the coaches in London, seem to drive for midwives." *A charact England, &c.* 1659.

To mount on horse, * that others may ensue,
Vntill this hart be rowzde and brought to view;

Then

* The allusions to the horseman, now so essential a character to form the field, are very slight in these poems. In "Gascoigne's councell given to Master Bartholomew Withipoll," 1572, it is observed,

"Some cunning may teache thee for to ryde,
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll;
Or in thy stirreps haue a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full."

Breton, in his philosophical poem of Ourania, enumerates among the vanities to be acquired by gold, "buckles for a saddle." Gervase Markham has given a complete description of "the horseman's apparel. First therefore, when you begin to earne to ride, you must come to the stable, in such decent and fit apparel, as is meet for such an exercise, that is to say, a hat which must sit close and firme vpon your heade, with an indifferent narrow verge or brim, so that in the saults or bounds of the horse, it may neither through widenesse or vnweldinesse fall from your head, nor with the bredth of the brim fall into your eies, and impeach your sight, both which are verie grosse errors. About your neck you shall weare a falling band, and no ruffe, whose depth or thicknesse, may, either with the winde, or motions of your horse, ruffell about your face; or, according to the fashion of the Spaniards, daunce hobby-horse-like about your shoulders, which though in them is taken for a grace, yet in true iudgement it is found an errour. Your doublet shal be made close and handsome to your bodie, large wasted, so that you may euer be sure to ride with your points trussed (for to ride otherwise is most vilde) and in all parts so easye, that it may not take from you the vse of anie part of your bodie. About your waste you must have euer your girdle and thereon a smal dagger or punniard, which must be so fast in the sheath that no motion of the horse may cast it forth, and yet so readie, that vpon any occasion you may draw it. Your hose would be large, rounde, and full, so that they may fill your saddle, which should it otherwise be emptie and your bodie seeke like a small substance in a great compasse, it were wondrous vncomely. Your bootes must be cleane, blacke, long, and close to your legge, comming almost vp to your middle thigh, so that they may lie as a defence betwixt your knee and the tree of your saddle. Your boote-hose must come some two inches higher then your bootes, being handsomely tied vp with pointes. Your spurres must be strong and flat inward, ending with a compasse vnder your ancle: the neck of your spurre must be long and straight, and rowels thereof longe and sharp, the prickes thereof not standing thicke together, nor being aboue fiue in number. Vpon your handes you must weare a han-

Then if you finde, that I haue spoke amysse,
Correct me Queene; * till then, forgiue me this."

some paire of gloues, and in your right hande you must haue a long rodde finely rush-growne, so that the small ende thereof bee hardly so great as a round packe-thred, insomuch that when you moue or shake it, the noyse thereof may be lowde and sharpe." *Cavelarice, or the arte and knowledge belonging to the Horse ryder.* 1607. B. ii. C. 24.

* Chaucer, in the legend of Dido, thus describes the Queen enjoying the sports of the chace. The extract is given from a manuscript varying materially from the printed copies.

" The day dawynge, vprist out of the see,
This amorous quene chargith her meynne
The netts to dresse, wt. sperys brode, and kene;
An huntynge wold this lusty fressh quene:
So prykkyth here the new joly wo,
To horse bene all her lusty folke jgo;
In to the courte here houndes ben j brought,
And vponn coursers, swyffte as anny thought,
Here yong knyghtes hovynn all aboute;
And of her womenn eke an hugge route;
Vponn a thykke paleferey, papyr white,
Wt. sadyll rede, enbrowderyd wt. delyte,
Of gold the barres vpp, enbosid, high,
Satt Dido all in gold, and perre, & yvery,
And she as fayre, as is the bryght morow,
That helith folkes of her nyghtes sorow.
Vponn a coursour, stertynge sharpe as fyre,
Menn myght torne hym wt. a lytill wyre,
Sate Eneas, lyke Phebus to devise;
So was he fresshe arayed in his gyse:
The fome brydyll wt. the bitt of gold,
Gouernyth he ryght as him selfe wold:
And forth this nobyll quene thus late j ryde
An huntynge, wt. this troygian by her syde.
The herde of herts be founde anon,
Wt. hey go bett, pryke now; lat gone.
Why nyll the lyone come, or the bere,
That I myght once mete him wt. this spere;
Thus sayenn thee yonge folke, and vponn they kyll
Thee wylde bestys, and haue hem at her wyll."

" The

The report of a Huntesman vpon the sight of an Hart, in pride of greace.

" Before the Queene, I come report to make,
Then husht and peace for noble Trystram's sake.
From out my horne, my fewmets fyrst I drawe,
And them present, on leaues, by hunter's lawe;
And thus I say; my liege behold and see
An hart of tenne, I hope he harbored bee;
For, if you marke his fewmets euery poynt,
You shall them find, longe, round, and well annoynt,
Knottie and great, withouten prickes or eares,
The moystnesse shewes, what venysone he beares.
Then, if my Prince demaund what head he beare,
I answere thus, with sober words and cheare;
My liege, I went this morning on my quest, *
My hounde did sticke, and seemde to vent some beast,
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold, the hart was feeding trym,
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well palmed eke, and seem'd full sound to be;
Of coloure browne, he beareth eight and tenne,
Of stately heigth, and long he seemed then.
His beame seem'd great, in good proportion led,
Well burrde and round, well pearled, neare his head;

* When the huntsman goes on the quest " if he chaunce by the way to finde any e, partriche, or any other beast or bird that is fearefull, liuing vpon seedes or pas- ige, it is an euill sygne or presage that he shall haue but euill pastime that day. if he fynde any beaste of rauine, liuing vpon praye, as wolfe, foxe, rauen, and ie lyke, that is a token of good lucke..... Lette hym neuer marke the sayings of eany of dreamers, whyche say that when a man fyndeth copwebbes within the ite of the slotte, it is a signe that the harte is gone long before. Such people shall ie be deceyued: for many tymes the cobwebbes fall from the skye, and are not i as spyders make, but a kind of kell, which as I haue seene of experience of an : passing by me within one hundreth paces, and I haue gone to see the slotte streight es, and before I coulde come at it the copwebbes, or kelles were fallen vppon it." *Bevile's book of Hunting*, C. 29.

He seemed fayre, tweene blacke and berrie brounde,
He seemes well fed, by all the signes I found;
For, when I had well marked him with eye,
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.
And when I so had wayted full an houre,
That he might be at layre and in his boure;
I cast about, to harbour him full sure;
My hound, by sent did me thereof assure.
Entring the thicke, these fewmets did I spy,
Which I tooke vp, and layd my markes thereby;
In priuie pathes I walkt, and creeping throw,
I found the slot of other harts ynow,
Both yong and olde I founde of euery syse,
But as for him I hope that still he lyes;
So that your grace, by liklyhoode, may him finde,
He harbord is, according to my mynde.
Then, if she aske, what slot or view I found,
I say, the slot, or view, was long on ground;
The toes were great, the ioynt bones round and short,
The shinne bones large, the dew clawes close in port;
Short ioynted was he, hollow footed eke,
An hart to hunt, as any man can seeke." *

" *The wofull wordes of the Hart to the Hunter.*

" Since I in deepest dread, do yelde myselfe to man,
And stand full still betweene his legs, which earst full wildly ran:
Since I to him appeale, when hounds pursue me sore,
As who should say; 'now save me, man; for else I may no more!'
Why dost thou then, O man! O Hunter! me pursue,
With cry of hounds, with blast of horne, with hallow, and with hu

* " When the huntesman which harbored him, shal see all the rest of his c panions about him with the houndes for the crie, he shall then go before the rowse the deare, for the honour is due to him: and then the rest shall cast of houndes, he & al they crying, 'To him, to him, that's he, that's he,' and other wordes of encouragement." *Book of Hunting.*

† " Th' emparked nimble deere, red and fallowe,
Making hornes to sound, and hunters hallowe;

Or why dost thou deuise, such nets and instruments,
ſuch toyles & toyes, as hunters vse, to bring me to their bents?
Since I, as earst was sayde, do so with humble cheare,
Holde downe my head, as, who should say, 'lo, man I yeelde me here?'*
Why arte thou not content, o, murdryng cruell minde!
Thy selfe alone to hunte me so, which arte my foe by kynde;
But that thou must enstruct, with wordes in skilfull writte,
All other men to hunte me eke? O, wicked wylie witte!

Light footed hare, a game for mighty kings,
At whose pursute, the faery eccho sings;
Redoubling twise, or thrise, the merry soundes,
Of hallowing knight, shril-horne, & chaunting houndes."

Breton's Ouania.

* The stagge is a stately beast to behold, you would say he were some *Coriphæus* of the lyon's court. He is tall enough of stature of himself, but affects a portlinesse so much, that as others helpe themselves with corkes and cheppeens, hee hath his still upon his head, to make him seem much higher then he is. His coat is faire and beautifull, powdered here and there with certaine spots, which make a handsome shew, and were it not his owne, would be thought a rich weare, and little inferiour to the Marian furrs or the ermins of Russia. He hath long and slender legges, like a redshanke, or Irish Kern, which makes him so tall a footman as he is. He hath foure of them, or else it were impossible so greate a bulke could be held up by so weake pillars. Hee flies like a Parthian archer, with his face turned backwards, not to shoote his enemies, but to shew them a fair paire of heels. Before he fights he whets his horne, as a mower doth his sithe, but uses them rather as a pitchforke in harvest to tosse the hounds with, like heycocks in the meadowes. Hee is much delighted with musicke, may say much taken with it, for he is often caught of the hunters by that meanes. As the horse by his teeth is knowne how old he is, if the marke be not out of his mouth, so hee by his hornes, if he have not cast them in some bush. The heralds call his hornes his Thiara or dresse, and say hee is not fully attired till he have them absolute and compleate: this I am sure of, that when they have them not on, they are ashamed, and hide themselves, as maids that are unreadie. Hence it is perhaps that tyers and hornes are held synonimas. Hee is very constant in his fashion, for he changes his attire but once a yeare, and then never alters it a whit. Hee beares his yeares very well, as one that takes no care, while all the care and paine is rather how to take him. When he is hunted by a prince, he is ever after termed a hart. Fine, had he but valour to his strength, and not such wings at his feet, I see not why but for his goodly head hee might make a noble standard in our wildernesse. *Grange Metamorphosis of Man, &c* 1634.

Ah rewfull remedie, so shall I, as it were,
Euen teare my lyfe out of the teeth of houndes whiche make me feare.
And from those cruell curres, and brayne sicke bauling tikes,
Which vowe foote hote to followe me, both ouer hedge and dykes.
Me thinkes I heare the horne, which rends the restlesse ayre,
With shryllest sound of bloudie blast, and makes me to despayre.*
Me thinkes I see the toyle, the tanglings and the stall,
Which are prepared and set full sure, to compasse me withall;

Francis Quarles in "a feast for wormes," 1626, has the following simile.

"As in a sowltry summer's euentide,
(When lustfull Phœbus re-salutes the bride,
And Philomela 'gins her carolings)
A herd of deere, are browzing in a spring,
With eager appetite, misweening nought,
Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought:
A sudden cracke, or some vnthought-of sound
Or bounce of fowling peece, or yelpe of hound,
Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,
Where (sencelesse halfe) through feare, they stand at gaze."

* "Such folkes also raue pleasantly, as prefer re huntyng before all other pastymes, protesting what an incredible pleasure they conceyue, so often as they here that foule musike, which a horne maketh, being tooted in, or the howlyng of a many of dogges. Yea I thinke the verie stenche of the houndes kennell, senteth musk vnto their noses. For as touching the death of a deare, or other wylde beast, yee knowe your selues what ceremonies they vse about the same. Euery poore man may cut out an oxe, or a sheepe, wheras such venison may not be dismembred but of a gentylman; who bareheadded, and set on knees, with a knife prepared properly to that vse, (for euery kynde of knife is not allowable) also with certaine iestures, cuttes a sunder certaine partes of the wild beast, in a certain order very circumstantly. Which duryng the standers by, not speaking a worde, beholde it solemnly, as if it were some holy misterie, hauing seen the lyke yet more than a hundred times before. Then (sir) whose happe it bee to eate parte of the fleshe, marye hee thinkes verily to bee made thereby halfe a gentilman. So therfore whereas these hunters through continuall chasyng and eatyng of their venerie, gaine nothing, but in a manner do themselues also degenerate into wild and sauage properties, ye may see yet, howe through this errour of myne, they repute their liues ledde in more than princely pleasure." *Erasmus's prayse of follie, Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner, Knight*, 1577.

Me

Me thinkes the Foster * standes full close in bushe or tree,
And takes his leuel strayght and true; me thinkes he shootes at me;
And hittes the harmlesse harte, of me vnhappie harte;
Which must needes please him by my death, I may it not astarte.
Ah, 'las, and well away, me thinkes I see the hunte,
Which takes the measure of my slottes, where I to treade was wont:
Bycause I shall not misse, at last to please his minde,
Ah, 'las, I see him where he seekes my latest layre to finde.
He takes my fewmets vp, and puts them in his horne,
Alas! me thinkes he leapes for ioye, and laugheth me to scorne.
Harke! harke! alas, giue eare; 'this geare goeth well,' sayeth he,
'This harte beares deyntie venison, in princes dish to be.'
Lo now he blowes his horne, euen at the kennell dore,
Alas! alas! he blowes a seeke; alas, yet blowes he more;
He ieopardes and rechates, ah, 'las he blowes the fall,
And soundes and deadly dolefull mote, whiche I must die withall. †

What

* "Foster. This should rightly bee forester, it beeing deryued from the office of him that vnder the prince or some nobleman had the chief charge of the forest or chase." *Verstegan's restitution of decayed intelligence*, 1605.

† Edmund Gayton inscribed "the art of Longevity" to Lady Elizabeth Rous of Henham Hall, Suffolk, and tells her "of the flesh of the deer;"

"I could into a wood of lawfull praises launch,
And praise the creature fully, side and haunch:
But *Rabbi Isaak* saith their flesh is hard,
(Not to be got); at *Henham* none's debarr'd:
Thy husband's old canary, and fat buck,
With dogs run down, or else with arrowes stuck;
Yet are they melancholy diet; but
They all are so which are much given to rut:
The fawns are wholsome, and the heirs digest
Better than sire, or mother of the beast,
The youthfull stand is very hot and dry,
When old, like other things, their worst is nigh:
The eunuch deer is temperate, and most
Pleasurable when it's pleasure's lost:
Troch upon troch, troch, troch, a reverend stagg,
He doth of age and red-deer pasty bragg;

And

What should the cruell meane? perhappes he hopes to finde
As many medicines me within to satisfie his minde;
May be, he seekes to haue my sewet for himselfe,
Whiche sooner heales a merrygald, then pothecaries pelfe.
May be, his ioyntes be numme, as synnewes shronke with colde,
And that he knowes my sewet wyll the same full soone vnfolde.
May be, his wife doth feare to come before hyr time,
And in my mawe he hopes to finde, amongst the slutte and slime,
A stone to help his wife, that she may bryng to light
A bloudie babe, lyke bloudie syre, to put poore hartes to flight:
Perchance with sicknesse he hath troubled bene of late,
And with my marow thinketh to restore his former state.
May be, his heart doth quake, and therefore seekes the bone,
Whiche huntesmen finde within my heart, when I, poore hart, am gone!
It may be, that he meanes my fleshe for to present
Vnto his prince for delicates, such may be his entent.
Yea more than this, may be, he thinkes such nouriture
Will still prolong men's dayes on earth, since mine so long endure.
But, oh, mischieuous man! although I thee outliue,
By due degrees of age unseene, whiche nature doth me giue,
Must thou, therefore procure my death, for to prolong
Thy lingryng life in lustie wise? Alas, thou doest me wrong!
Must I with mine owne fleshe, his hatefull fleshe so feede,
Whiche me disdaynes one bitte of grasse, or corne in tyme of neede?
Alas, man! do not so; some other beastes go kill,
Whiche worke thy harme by sundrie meanes; and so content thy will.
Which yeelde thee no such gaynes, in lyfe, as I renew,
When from my head my stately hornes, to thy behoofe, I mew.

And though it's dry yet let the venison passe,
His own fat supples it, and tother glass.——
Now for conclusion, this beast for game
And entertainment hath with us the name:
Know then, the body is a joviall meat,
Fit for Squire *Rous*, yea for a Prince to eat;
It's upper part is antidote, but, oh,
There's poison lies i' th' taile (the part below;)
Emblem of human chance! in this sad veile
Nothing's thorough blest from head to taile."

But since thou arte vnkinde, vngracious and vniust,
Lo here I craue of mightie gods, which are bothe good and iust,
That Mars may reygne with man, that stryfe and cruell warre,
May set man's murdryng minde on worke, with many a bloudy jarre.
That drummes with deadly dub, may couuteruayle the blast,
Which they with hornes haue blowen ful lowde, to take my minde agast.
That shot as thicke as hayle, may stande for crosse bowe shootes, *
That Cuysses, Greues, and such may serue, in steade of hunter's bootes.
That gyrte with siege full sure, they may their toyles repent,
That embuskadoes stand for nettes, which they agaynst me bent.
That when they see a spie, which watcheth them to trappe,
They may rememberring-walkes made, in herbor me to happe.
That when theyr busie braynes, are exercised so,
Hartes may lie safe within theyr layre, and neuer feare theyr foe.
But if so chaunce there be, some dastard dreadfull mome,
Whome trumpettes cannot well entyse, nor call him once from home;
And yet will play the man, in killyng harmlesse deare,
I craue of God that such a ghoste, and such a fearefull pheare,
May see Diana nakt: and she, to venge hir skornes,
May soon transforme his harmefull head, into my harmelesse hornes:
Vntill his houndes may teare that harte of his in twayne, †
Which thus tormentes vs harmlesse harts, and puttes our hartes to payne."

* "Killing of dere with bowes or greyhoundes, serueth well for the pot (as is the commune saying) and therefore it must of necessitie be sometyme vsed. But it conteineth therin no commendable solace or exercise, in comparison to the other fourme of huntyng, yf it be diligently perceyued." *Governour.*

"The wounded deer flyes swift away,
The bearded arrow in his side;
Still vainly hoping that he may
Mix'd with the herd escape unspy'd.
But, oh the moment that they see
The streaming blood flow from his wound;
They shun him in his misery,
And leave him dying on the ground."——

† "Voluptas ærumnosa.

"Actæon heare, vnhappie man behoulde,
When in the well hee saw Diana brighte,
With greedie lookes, hee waxed ouer boulde,
That to a stagge hee was transformed righte,

Whereat

"*The Hare to the Hunter.*

" Are mindes of men, become so voyde of sense,
That they can ioye to hurte a harmlesse thing?
A sillie beast, whiche cannot make defence?
A wretche, a worme, that cannot bite, nor sting?
If that be so, I thanke my maker than,
For makyng me a beast, and not a man.*

The lyon lickes the sores of wounded sheepe,
He spares to pray, whiche yeeldes and craueth grace:
The dead man's corps hath made some serpentes weepe,
Such rewth may ryse in beasts of bloudie race:
And yet can man (whiche bragges aboue the rest)
Vse wracke for rewth? can murder like him best?

This song I sing, in moane and mournful notes,
(Which fayne would blase the bloudie minde of man)
Who not content with hartes, hindes, buckes, rowes, gotes,
Bores, beares, and all, that hunting conquere can,

Whereat amasde, hee thought to runne awaie,
But straighte his howndes did rent hym for their praie.

By which is ment, that those whoe do pursue
Theire fancies fonde, and thinges vnlawfull craue,
Like brutish beastes appeare vnto the viewe,
And shall at lengthe Actæon's guerdon haue:
And as his houndes, soe their affections base
Shall them deuowre, and all their deedes deface."

Whitney's Emblem.

* " Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man;
A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What case of flesh and blood I'd please to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear;
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational."

Rochester's Satire against Man.

Must

Must yet seeke out me, silly harmelesse hare,
To hunte with houndes, and course* sometimes with care.

The harte doth hurte, I must a trueth confesse,
He spoyleth corne, and beares the hedge adowne;
So doth the bucke, and though the rowe seeme lesse,
Yet doth he harme in many a field and towne:
The clyming gote doth pill both plant and vine;
The pleasant meades are rowted vp with swine.

But I poore beast, whose feeding is not seene,
Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleasant plant;
Who stroye no fruite, who can turne vp no greene,
Who spoyle no corne, to make the plowman want,
Am yet pursewed with hounds, horse, might and mayne,
By murd'ring men, vntill they haue me slayne.

* "——— mid the vale the greyhound, seing start
The feareful hare, pursueth. Before she flerteth,
And where she turnth, he turnth her there to beare;
The one pray pricketh, the other safties feare."

Dolman's Legend of Lord Hastings, 1575.

Coursing appears to have been considered an inferior pursuit, and is characterized by Sir Thomas Eliot as fitly a feminine diversion. "Hunting of the hare, says that writer) with grey houndes, is a ryght good solace for men that be studiuse, or theim to whom nature hathe not gyuen personage, or courage apte for the arres; and also for gentilwomen, which feare nether sonne nor wynde for appayryng heir beautie; and peraduenture thei shall bee there at lesse idell, than thei should be t home in their chaumbers." Nash, in the Quaternio, also ridicules it. "A potunting-Corydon, or hungry gentleman if you will, to let slip a brase or lease of long ayled ravenous curres at a poore, little, harmeles hare, and to kill her suddenly, ithout giving her law, or any advantage of ground; contrary to the laws of the orest, and the decretalls of Actæon, made and agreed upon at Knavestocke by a wearing companie of mad-men, in the habit of woodmen; no, but by a sober assembly f true wood-men indeede the thirtieth of February in the first yeare of Pope Jone's r when the earth hath put on her fairest robes, and clothed her selfe in a habite as hite as wooll, to trace and tracke her to her fourme, and against the lawes and tatutes of the kingdome, there to surprise and kill her suddenly, I must confesse, it ath often gone against my stomacke." [No person of what degree soever shall kill ny hare in the snow; vpon a penaltie to forfeite 6*s.* viij*d.* for every hare so killed. ee the statute of 14 Hen. VIII. *Margin.*]

Sa how sayeth one, as soone as he me spies,
Another cries *now, now*, that sees me starte,
The houndes call on, with hydeous noyse and cryes
The spurgalde jade must gallop out his parte:
The horne is blowen, and many a voyce full shryll,
To whoup and crie, the wretched beast to kyll.*

* "What more admirable than the pleasure of the hare, if wee observe the uses which may bee made of it..... in her doubles, note her cunning; in the dogges, eagernesse of pursuing. Where all the senses remaine for the time pleased, but when at default, how much are they grieved? What an excellent melody, or naturall consort to delight the eare? What choice object to content the eye? What odoriferous smells in the flourie meads, to refresh the nose? Only the *touch* and *taste* must have their pleasures suspended, till the sport be ended. *Non sine lepore, tanto labore, pro uno Lepore homines torqueri video*; saith one very wittily and elegantly, *I can never chuse but laugh, to see what labour men will take for a poore hare.* What mountaines they will climbe, what marishes they will passe, what brakes and bryers they will runne through, and all for a hare? Which may be an emblemme of humane vanity; where men (miserable deluded men) will refuse no toyle or labour to gaine a trifling pleasure. What indirect courses they will take for a moment's delight, which is no sooner showne them, than vanished from them? These pleasures are most commonly affected by youth, because they have agility and ability of body to maintaine the pursuit of them: whence the poet,

'The beardlesse youth, when guardian raines do yeeld,
Sports him in horse, and dogges, and open field.'

The reason may be this, he cannot endure restraint; for the heat of youth must needs take aire, or it choaks it selfe with too much holding. It must be carried aloft on the wings of the wind, taking an Icarian-flight, but never fearing his fall..... So subject is youth to expose it selfe to all dangers, swimming ever with bladders of vain-glory, till they receive water, and it sinke. There are some also of these youthfull hunts-men, who when they cannot speed in their sport, will rather buy it, than want it; that having their game on their backe, they may proclaime to the world, how they are masters of their profession. And these are excellently displaid by the poet, in the person of Gargilius;

'As once Gargilius, who one morne betime
Sent out his servants forward to the chace,
With hunting poles, and twisted nets of line,
To buy a boare, which through the market place
Laid on a mule, as if his men had slaine him,
Would, as he thought, eternall glory gaine him.'

Bratbwait's English Gentleman, 1630.

What

What meanest thou man, me so for to pursew?
For first my skinne is scarcely worth a plucke,
My flesh is drie, and harde for to endew,
My greace (God knoweth) not great vpon my backe;
My selfe, and all, that is within me founde,
Is neyther good, great, ritche, fatte, sweete, nor sounde.*

So

* "Melancholy folkes," (says Lemnie) "must haue prescrybed vnto them, a right good and precise diet, and eschue all such things as engender thick bloud: as beefe and bulles' flesh, bacon, and such as hath beene long bryned, or hanged in the smoke and harlned, wherunto are to be added brawn & beares flesh and venyson of red deere, whiche commonly is brought in for a seruice at noble-men's tables, & hares flesh, which commonly is vsed for a festival dish, to furnish out the table, when freendes meete to make meerye. Insomuch, that I cannot but meruayle at the vsuall fashion of Dutchmen and Netherlanders, amonge whom this flesshe is as highly esteemed & desyred as anye: neyther thincke they any banquet sumptuous & festiuall ynough, vnlesse one dish therof be hare: whereas no flesh in the world is neerer of nature vnto melancholie then it. For it is cold & dry, vnless the seely beast bee firste well coursed and hunted, for that is the way to make it somewhat more hoat, toothsome and holesome.....Now, whereas some both of old & later time, haue beene and yet be perswaded, that the eating of hare's flesh, maketh men pleasaunt and merily disposed: and not that onely, but also in bodelye shape and countenance to be faire, galant, & beautiful: I do not thinke, neither am I of opynion yt. any such thing can happen through eating ye. flesh of such a feareſull and timorous seely creature: but ye. rather herevppon it had this beginning: because when meery compaignions are disposed to make good cheere, they commonly vse to inuite & call into their compaignies some beautifull damosells, and pleasaunt pestes to passe away the time more merily: whereas they that be of smull accoumpt and harde fauoured to the eye, are neuer requested vnto any such pleasurable assembly, but be suffred to sit still at home, being reputed in comparison, but as grosse stuffe & of the second sort, and such as neuer (according to ye. prouerbe) tasted or eate of an hare. Which thinge ye. poet Martial in a certayne pleasaunt epigramme doth intimate vnto his ladye and mistresse, in words to this effect.

O Gellia, Lady myne, thou sayest, when hare thou sendste to mee;
Dayes seuen, marke, thou shalt be fayre, and beautifull of glee.
If these thy wordes, sweete heart, be true, and roue not out of square:
Then surely, Gellia, thou thy selfe not yet hast eaten hare.

Which opynion of auncient & long time agone in many men's heads settled, I suppose herevppon toke his first beginning (for hitherto of none hath it beene expounded)

So that thou shewest thy vauntes to be but vayne,
That bragst of witte, aboue all other beasts,
And yet by me, thou neyther gettest gayne,
Nor findest foode, to serue thy glutton's feast;
Some sporte perhaps, yet *greuous is the glee*
Which endes in bloud, that lesson learne of me."

"*The Foxe to the Huntesman.*

" If dogs had tong at will to talke in their defence,
If brutish beast might be so bold, to plead at barre for pence,
If poore Tom Troth might speake, of all that is amysse,
Then might would beare no right a down: then men would pardon this
Which I must here declare. Then quickly would be known,
That he which deales with stranger's faults, should first amend his owne.
Thus much my selfe may say, thus much myselfe can proue,
Yet whiles I preache, beware the geese, for so it shall behoue.*

I sigh,

that he which had been at any solemne & festiual banquet, (such I meane wherin haue is one seruice) appeareth for ye. next seuen dayes curteous, pleasaunt, iocund and ful of mery conceits." *Touchstone of Complexions translated by Thomas Newton*, 1576.

* " The fox seemes in the senate of the rest of beasts to bee as grave as any of them: but is indeed a slye and crafty merchant. Hee is the Davus in Esop's comedies, and the best jests in all those interludes are fathered upon him. Hee hath the monopoly of the best blades in his hands; witnesse his figure ingraven thereon, forbidding all to sell them without his stampe. Hee is so crafty a companion, that he will not be drunke, because he will not be overtaken himselfe, but still lyes in wayte to catch others: and therefore when men are overtaken with drinke, they are said to be foxed. Hee is a true purveyer, because he provides and takes, not for the King, but for himselfe, upon no price, and therefore is hated and cursed where he comes. Hee makes no conscience of any shifts, & for a goose, or a ducke, or such a matter, it is but a scholler's tricke with him to amend his commons with, and so passes it over without any scruple at all, unlesse hee be taken in the manner, and then proves it a hanging matter, which halters the case quite. Hee is a great lecturer, but reades to a company of geese onely, when hee will bee sure to bee well paid for his paines, with a good supper, where some one of his auditory are present. Hee is very neat in his habit, for he alwales carries his brush with him, especially when hee rides, for then hee carries it not at his pommell, for that were not sightly, but carries it still at the crupper. He hath a slye looke, and a notable leering eye of his owne; and so good

I sigh, yet smyle, to see that man, yea, master man,
Can play his part in pollicie, as well as Reynard can:
And yet forsoth the foxe is he that beares the blame,
But two legg'd foxes eate the ducks, when foure legs beare the name.
A wonder is to see, how people shoute and crye,
With hallowes, whoupes, and spitefull words, when I poore fox go by.
Lay on him, cryes the wife, downe with him, sayes the childe,
Some strike, some chide, some throw a stone, some fal & be defilde:
As maidens, when they spurne with both their feete attones,
Fie on the fox yt. forst them so, such falles might bruse their bones.
But Raynard doth such deeds, and therfore strike him down,
His case will serue to fur the cape of master huntsman's gowne.
His lungs full holsome be in poulder beaten fine
For such as cough & draw their wind, with paine & mickle pine.
Hys pyssell serues to skoure the grauell of the stone,
His greace is good for synews shronk, or ache yt. grieues the bone.
His tong will draw a thorne, his teeth will burnish golde,
And by his death a huntsman may, haue profits many folde:
The henne shall roust at rest, which he was wont to rowze,
The duck & geese may bring good broods, ye. pigs may sucke their sowes.
And al the farmer's welth may thriue & come to good,
Which craftie Raynarde steales sometimes, to kepe his brats in blood.
Yea soft, but who sayes thus? who did ye. lion paint?
Forsooth a man: but if a fox might tell his tale as queint,
Then would he say againe, that men as craftie be,
As euer Raynard was for theft: euen men which fliese a fee
From euerie widowe's flocke: a capon or a chicke,
A pyg, a goose, a dunghill ducke, or ought that will licke;
Vntill the widowe sterne, and can no longer giue,
This was ye. fox, fie down with him, why shuld such foxes liue?

good a mark-man, as likely hee never misseth his ayme. For his eye, hee would make a notable gunner, but that he cannot away with a piece, especially if it lie in ambuscado; for that puts him quite out of his play. Hee cannot abide a packe of dogges, which if he should, would cost him his life. He hath his forts and holes to retire into, where he feares nothing but countermynes to oppose and confront his; for then hee is brought to a parley with his enemies, and faine to yeeld to hard conditions. In fine, were the world turned honest againe, and all knauery banished thence, it would be found in a foxe skinne." *Strange Metamorphosis of Man.*

Some foxes lie in waite, and marke the farmer's croppe,
What loads of haye, what grasse for bief, what store of wood for loppe,
What quantitie of graine he raiseth on his rent,
And take a new lease ore his hed, before the olde be spent.
Fye on these foxes, fye! what farmer can do well,
Where such vile vermin lie in wait, their priuy gaines to smell?
Yea some can play their part, in sland'ring neighbor's name,
To say y^e. wolf did kil the lamb, when Raynerds eate y^e. same.
These faults with many moe, can wicked men commit,
And yet they say that foxes passe, for subtletie and wit.
But shall I say my minde? I never yet saw day,
But euery town had two or three which Rainard's parts could play.
So that men vaunt in vaine, which say they hunt the foxe,
To kepe their neighbor's poultry free, & to defende their flockes.
When they them selues can spoyle, more profit in an houre,
Than Raynard rifles in a yere, when he doth most deuoure.
No, no, the minds of men, which still be vainely bent,
Must haue their change of venerie, as first the hare in Lent,
The harte in sommer's heate, and me poore foxe in cold: *
But wherto serue these sundry sports, these chases many fold?
Forsooth to feede their thoughts, with drags of vaine delight,
Whereon most men do muse by day, wheron they dream by night,
They must haue costly clothes, they must haue deintie fare,
They must haue couches stuft with doune, they must haue all in square.
They must haue new found games, to make them laugh their fill,
The [y] must haue foules, they must haue beasts, to bayt, to hunt, to kyll,
And all (when all is done) is nothing else but vayne,
So Salomon the wiseman sayd, and so sayes Raynerd playne."

This recreation forms the subject of several didactic and descriptive pieces in the works of the English poets, and has

* "I dispraise not," says Sir Thomas Eliot, "the huntyng of the foxe with rennyng houndes, but it is not to be compared to the other hunting in commoditie of exercise. Therefore it would be vsed in the depe wynter, whan the other game is vnseasonable."

occasioned

occasioned numberless effusions by the lyric muse. Many of the general eulogiums and narrative ditties possess considerable merit. The ballad of Chevy-chace stands unrivalled, and the Irish fox hunt "in seventeen hundred and forty four," remains distinguished as a popular favourite. A general collection might be enriched with others containing only an allusion to the diversion, as in the following madrigal.

"Compell the hauke to sit that is vnman'd,
Or make the hound vntaught to draw the deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasant tale to heare;
Your time is lost, and you are neare the neere,
So Loue, ne learnes by force the knot to knit,
He serues but those that feele sweet fancies fitt."

Among the favourites of Henry the Eighth, Puttenham notices of "one Gray what good estimation did he grow vnto with the same King Henry, and afterwards with the Duke of Sommerset Protectour, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte it* [is] *vp, the hunte is vp.*" This obsolete phrase has been fully discussed by the commentators upon Shakspeare, and the best elucidation is Mr. Malone's reference to Cotgrave. "Resveil. A Hunts-vp, or morning song for a new married wife, the day after the mariage." Ritson to the above passage from Puttenham, adds, "whether the following be the identical *merry ballade*, doth not clearly appear; it is, however, very old:

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And now it is almost day;
And he that's a bed with another man's wife,
It's time to get him away."*

* Remarks critical and illustrative, &c. 1783, p. 183.

To this may be added some little melodies upon hare-hunting and hawking, with similar titles, first pointed out to me by the Rev. Mr. Todd; who also politely assisted in a reference to a copy of the work,* now very uncommon, in the Marquis of Stafford's collection. Several notices and extracts from the same publication are given by Mr. Douce in the "Illustrations of Shakspeare," from a copy without date, which might have been printed at an earlier period than 1614.† In a note upon the line in Romeo and Juliet,

"Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,"

Mr. D. observes "it is not improbable that the [first of the] following was the identical song composed by the person of the name of Gray."

"*A Hunts vp. By John Bennett.*

"The hunt is vp, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up; } [*Chorus.*]
The birds they sing,
The deere they fling;
Hey nony nony-no:
The hounds they crye,
The hunters they flye;
Hey troli lo, trolo lio.

* "A Briefe Discovrse of the true (but neglected) vse of Charact'ring the degrees by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution, in measurable musicke, against the common practise and custome of these times. Examples whereof are exprest in the harmony of 4 voyces concerning the pleasure of 5 vsuall Recreations. 1. Hunting. 2. Hawking. 3. Dauncing. 4. Drinking. 5. Enamouring. By Thomas Rauenscroft, Bachelar of Musicke. London, printed by Edw. Allde for Tho. Adams, 1614. Cum priuilegio Regali. 4to.

† Certainly after 1597. The first notice of John Bennet, the composer, mentioned by Hawkins, is "Madrigals to four voyces, being his first works" in 1599; of Thomas Ravenscroft, the editor, is "Melismata, musical phansies," &c. 1611; and the "brief discourse" cites Morley's "Introduction to Music," 1597.

The

The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is vp.

The woods resounds,
To heere the hounds;
Hey nony nony-no:
The rocks report
This merry sport;
Hey troli lo, trololilo.
The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is vp.

Then hye apace
Vnto the chace;
Hey nony nony no:
Whilst euery thing,
Doth sweetly sing,
Hey troli lo, trololilo.
The hunt is vp! the hunt is vp!
Sing merily we, the hunt is vp!"

"*By Edward Piers.*

"Hey trola! trola! hey trola! trola!
there, there boyes, there!
hoicka! hoick! hoicka! whoope!
Crye, there they goe!
Crye, there they goe!
They are at a fault:
Boy, winde the horne?
Sing tiue! tiue!
Now in full crie,
With yeeble, yable; gible, gabble;
Hey with yeeble, yable, gible, gabble!
The hounds doe knock it lustily,
With open mouth, and lusty crye!"

" *A Hawkes-up for a Hunts-up. By Thomas Ravenscroft, Bacheler of Musick.*

" Awake! awake!
the day doth break;
our spanyels couple them:
Our hawkes shall flye
lowe, meane, or high,
and trusse* it if they can.
Hey troly lolly lo!
Then rise, arise,
for Phœbus dies
(in golde) the dawne of day;
And coveyes lye
in fields hard by,
then sing we care away.
Hey troly lolly lo!"

" *Hawking for the Partridge. By Thomas Ravenscroft.*

" Sith sickles and the sheering sythe,
Hath shorne the fields of late,
Now shall our hawkes and we be blythe:
Dame partridge ware your pate!
Our murdring kites,
In all their flights,
Will sild or neuer misse;
Seld or neuer
To truss you euer.
And make your bale our blisse.
Whur ret Duty; whur ret Beauty; whur ret Love; whur ret, hey dogs, hey! [hey dogs, hey!
Whur ret Cater; whur ret Trea; whur ret Quando: whur ret Nimble; ret,
Whur ret Trauell; ret, whur ret Trover; ret, hey, dogs, hey!
Whur ret Jew; whur ret Damsell; ret, whur ret, hey dogs, hey!

* "Trussing is when a hawke raseth a fowle aloft, and so descendeth downe with it to the ground." Latham.

Ware

Ware haunt! hey Sempster!
Ret Faver, ret Minx, ret Dido, ret Ciuill, ret Lemmon, ret:
Whur, Whur, let flie! let flie!
O well flowne,* eager Kite!
Marke! marke! O marke below the Ley;
This was a fayre and kingly flight.
We falkners thus make sullen kites,
Yeeld pleasure fit for kings;
And sport with them in those delights,
And oft in other things."

"*For the Hearne and Ducke. By John Bennett.*

"Lver falkners, lver; giue warning to the field;
Let flye, make mounting hearnes to yield.
Dye fearefull duckes, and climbe no more so high,
The Nyase hauke† will kisse the azure skye.
But when our *soare haukes*‡ flye, and stiffe windes blow,
Then long to late we faulkners crye, hey lo! hey lo! hey lo."

J. H

* The similarity to Lear, O well-flown bird, is noticed by Mr. Douce, Vol. II. 166.

† "Eyes or nias is a term borrowed from the French *niais*, which means any oung bird in the nest, *avis in nido*. It is the first of five several names by which a lleon is called during its first year." Ib. Vol. I. p. 74.

‡ "Thirdlie (says Turbervile) they are called *sore hawkes*, from the ende of lugust to the laste of September, October, and Nouember." Latham has a more enarged description. "The *passenger soare faulcon* is a more choice and tender hawke, y reason of her youth and tendernesse of age, and therefore she must be more careıllie kept and better fed then the other mewed hawkes, because they are more hard of ard; yet she will be as soone reclaimd and made a certaine hawke, and rather sooner ıen the other, if she be well vsed, and respectiuely handled. And in those places here flying may be had, shee may bee found longer by a moneth than anie of the her."

ART.

ART. II. *The Secrets of Angling: teaching the choicest Tooles, Baits, and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River: practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire. Augmented with many approved experiments. By W. Lauson. London: Printed by T. H. for John Harison, and are to be sold by Francis Coles, at his shop in the Old Bayly.* 1652. 12mo.

The first edition of this work, a copy of which may be found in the Bodleian Library, appeared, of the same size, in 1613.

J. D. is usually considered as *John Davors:* and indeed is mentioned at length in the fifth edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," 1676. Though in the two first editions, 1653 and 1655, *Jo. Da.* only occurs.

The following verses, however, at the back of the title "*In due praise of. his praise of his praiseworthy skill and worke,*" seem to leave a doubt whether *Jo. Da.* may not mean the very person by whose signature they are followed.

"In skils that all do seek, but few do find
Both gain and game; (like sun and moon do shine)
Then th' art of fishing thus is of that kind;
The angler taketh both with hook and line,
And as with lines, both these he takes, this takes
With many a line, well made, both ears & hearts,
And by this skill, the skil-lesse skil-full makes:
The corpes wherof dissected so he parts,
Upon an humble subject never lay,
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead.
This plainer art with pleasure to survay.
To purchase it with profit by that DEED:

Who

Who think this skill's too low than for the high,
This Angler read, and they 'le be taine thereby.

Jo. Dayes."

The Dedication, signed R. I. which is in prose, is "To the worthy, and my respected friend, Mr. John Harbone of Tackley, in the county of Oxford, Esquire." After which is Lauson's address to the reader upon the short comment by which many of the stanzas are accompanied.

The following is the opening of

"*The First Booke.*

"Of Angling, and the art thereof I sing,
What kind of tooles it doth behove to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man may bring
The fish to bite within the wat'ry wave:
A work of thanks to such as in a thing
Of harmlesse pleasure have regard to save
Their dearest soules from sin, and may intend
Of pretious time some part thereon to spend.

You nimphs that, in the springs and waters sweet,
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale,
And oft amidst the meadows green do meet
To sport and play, and hear the nightingale,
And in the rivers fresh do wash your feet,
While Progne's sister tels her wofull tale:
Such ayd and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little worke to end.

And thou, sweet Boyd, * that with thy wat'ry sway
Dost wash the Cliffes of Deington and of Week,
And through their rocks with crooked winding way,
Thy mother Avon runnest soft to seek;

* The name of a brook.

In

In whose fair streams, the speckled trout doth play,
The roch, the dace, the gudgin, and the bleike:
Teach me the skill with slender line and hook
To take each fish of river, pond, and brook."

A still more favourable specimen may be found in the stanzas which relate to the Angler's "*severall tooles, and what garment is fittest;*" for, formerly, even the angler had his appropriate dress.

"And let your garments russet be or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to discry,
That with the raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearfull fishes eye:
For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silkes of purple, paule of gold,
Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.

In this array the angler good shall go
Unto the brooke to find his wished game;
Like old Menalchus wand'ring to and fro,
Untill he chance to light upon the same,
And there his art and cunning shall bestow,
For every fish his bait so well to frame,
That long ere Phœbus set in western fome,
He shall return well loaden to his home."

"*Objection.*

"Some youthfull gallant here perhaps will say
This is no pastime for a gentleman;
It were more fit at cards and dice to play,
To use both fence and dancing now and then,
Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,
Or with coy phrases court his mistris fan:
A poor delight, with toyl and painfull watch,
With losse of time a silly fish to catch.

What

What pleasure can it be to walk about
The fields and meads in heat or pinching cold,
And stand all day to catch a silly trout,
That is not worth a teaster to be sold,
And peradventure sometimes go without:
Besides the toyls and troubles manifold:
And to be washt with many a showre of rain,
Before he can return from thence again?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,
In some sweet house to passe the time away,
Amongst the best, with brave and gallant show,
And with fair dames to daunce, to sport, and play,
And on the board the nimble dice to throw,
That brings in gain, and helps the shot to pay;
And with good wine, and store of dainty fare,
To feed at will, and take but little care."

" *A worthy Answer.*

" I mean not here men's errours to reprove,
Nor do envy their seeming happy state;
But rather marvell why they do not love
An honest sport, that is without debate;
Since their abused pastimes often move
Their mindes to anger, and to mortall hate:
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeed it is a life of lesser pain,
To sit at play from noon till it be night:
And then from night till it be noon again,
With damned oaths pronounced in despight,
For little cause, and every trifle vain,
To curse, to brawle, to quarrell, and to fight,
To pack the cards, and with some coz'ning trick
His fellow's purse of all his coyn to pick.

Or to beguile another of his wife,
As did Æghistus Agamemnon serve:
Or as the Roman Monark led a life,
To spoyle and spend, while others pine and starve,
And to compell their friends with foolish strife
To take more drink then will their health preserve.
And, to conclude, for debt or just desart,
In baser tune to sing the counter-part.

O let me rather on the pleasant brinke
Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill and corke down sinke,
With eager bit of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace:
And on the world and his Creatour thinke,
While thy proud Thais painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke!

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the dazies and the violets blew:
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffadill,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,
Pale Ganderglas, and azor Culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty skie,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The wat'ry clouds that in the ayre uprol'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended levell with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vains,
The vains enclos'd with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through Nature's chains,
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The surging sea beneath the vallies low,
The vallies sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song
Do welcome with their quire the summer's queen,
The meadows fair where, Flora's guifts among,
Are intermixt, the verdant grasse between,
The silver skaled fish that softly swim
Within the brooks and chrystal wat'ry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see,
And takes therein no little delectation,
To thinke how strange and wonderfull they bee,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free:
And whiles he looks on these with joyfull eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry skie!"

The angler's directions "*for the Gudgion*" will afford another specimen.

"Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,
That to a willow bough the while is ti'de,
And with a pole doth stir and raise the sand,
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,
And then with slender line and rod in hand,
The eager bit not long he doth abide.
Well loaded is his line, his hooke but small,
A good big cork to bear the stream with all.

His

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lie;
Whereat the greedy gudgion bites so sound,
That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:
See how he strikes, and puls them up as round,
As if new store the play did still supply:
And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is,
That in this art delights to take some paine;
For as high flying haukes that often misse
The swifter fowles, are eased with a traine,
So to a yong beginner yieldeth this
Such ready sport as makes him prove againe,
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill and cunning to aspire."

The haunts of the different fishes are afterwards described in eight stanzas of considerable merit, followed by

"*The best houres of the day to angle.*

"From first appearing of the rising sun,
Till nine of clock low under water best
The fish will bite, and then from nine to noon;
From noon to four they do refrain and rest;
From four again till Phœbus swift hath run
His dayly course and setteth in the west:
But at the flie aloft they use to bite,
All summer long from nine till it be night.

Now lest the angler leave his tools behinde
For lack of heed, or haste of his desire,
And so inforced with unwilling minde,
Must leave his game, and back again retire

Such

Such things to fetch, as there he cannot finde
To serve his turn when need shall most require:
Here shall he have to help his memory
A lesson short, of every want's supply.

Light rod to strike, long line to reach withall,
Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit:
Spare lines and hooks, what ever chance do fall,
Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,
Fine lead and quils, with corks both great and small,
Knife, file, and thread, and little basket fit,
Plummet to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arrived at the last
In wished harbour where we mean to rest,
And make an end of this our journey past:
Here then in quiet road I think it best
We strike our sailes and stedfast anchor cast,
For now the sun low setteth in the west,
And yet boat-swains, a merry carroll sing
To him that safely did us hither bring."

At the end of the third book are the following lines.

" *Wouldst thou catch fish?*
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt
To annoint thy bait.
Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
Be it in poole, in river, or in brook,
To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Loe, here's a means, if thou cans't hit it right;
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak
In oyle, well drawn from that which kills the oak:
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood:
Else not to be told
For silver or gold. R. R."

Sir John Hawkins attributes these initials to the R. Roe mentioned by Walton.

H. E.

ART. III. *The benefit of the auncient Bathes of Buckstones, which cureth most greevous sicknesses, never before published: compiled by John Jones Phisition. At the King's Mede nigh Darby. Anno salutis* 1572. *Seene and alowed acording to the order appointed. Jenuarii xviii. Imprinted at London by Tho. East and Henry Myddleton, for William Jones, and are to be sold at his long shop at the West dore of Paules Church. b. l.* 20 leaves, exclusive of dedication, &c.

This singular treatise, which the author apparently intended to answer the purposes both of a medical and descriptive guide to the frequenters of Buxton, forms at the present day, a curious subject of perusal, from the high degree of celebrity which it proves the mineral waters of that place had attained in the sixteenth century, and the traits of domestic manners that are interspersed throughout. It appears, from the few particulars that are preserved of the author's life, that he was a native of Wales, and the publisher of a variety of medical and surgical works. He died about 1580.

The work is inscribed to "George, Earle of Shrewesbury," &c. of whose liberality in respect to the improvement

ment of the place the author speaks in terms of high commendation, and observes, "that as by King Bladud the Britten were first erected the bathes of Bath: so now we may say by your honour, the bathes of Buckstone be beneficially edified, and worthy every where to be notified." After an Epistle "to the Christian Reader," consisting of eight pages, the author commences his work as follows.

"*A Description of the wonderful vertue of the Bathes at Buckstone.*

"Even as in our former treatise of the bathes of Bathe,* we have shewed the antiquitie, comoditie, propertie, use, dyete, aphorismes and medicines, with all thinges requisite in our judgement, for to bee noted and observed of all such as ther intend (through knowledge) to seeke any benefite. So, now it resteth that in this treatise wee expresse lykewise the benefyte of Buckstones bathes or welles in the hygh peke, in the countie of Darby, ten myles from the worthie edifices Chatsworth, twenty myles from Darby, thirty from the famouse and auncient citie Westchester, thirty from the citie of Lychfield.

"Of the origine of the name, and why it was called Buckston's well, I neyther could reade it in any authour, nor heare of any as yet. This is as much as I suppose may bee gathered thereof, that it hath the name of the towne: and the towne lykewyse hath the

* This treatise appears to have been printed in the same year with the one in question: it is intituled "The Bathes, of Bathes Ayde wonderfull and most excellent agaynst very many sicknesses, &c. compendiously compiled by John Jones, Phisition. Anno Salutis 1572—At Asple Hall besydes Nottingham, &c. &c."

name of some one so called (for of such there bee divers) and the Danes and Saxons as well as the Britaynes were wont to name their townes after their own names, as it is evidet of very many places in this lande: and a Saxon or English name it is, and no Brittish or Welsh: and therefore sithence Engistus it hath his denomination. Howbeit many yeares past it was frequented for the healthe of thousandes by bathing them: as well as it is in these our dayes. For betweene Burghe* and it, there is an high way forced over the moores, all paved of such antiquity as none can expresse, called Bath gate: albeit more of a superstitiouse hope they had in this well, than of any affiance thei had in the qualitie, temperature, or property of the bath, for of it and the use therof they were ignorant. Moreover it is not unlikely that the stagges or buckes wounded would take soyle ther, and there the fosters of the forrest called it Buckstand:† but in my judgement, the former supposition is more likely."

In comparing the relative qualities of the Bath and Buxton waters, the author observes "Buxton's is much like as if a quart of boyling water were commixed with a galond of cold water. But Bath is, as if too a galond of seething water were put a quart of cold water. By reason wherof it attricteth and dissolveth more speedily. But Buckstone more sweetly, more delicatly, more finely, more daintly, and more temperatly: not bringing halfe so many greeuouse accidentes as Bath doth, yit lesse speedly: but in processe of tyme very effectously, and for many infirmities, more commodiously.

* A small village distant about seven miles from Buxton.

† Mr. Gough justly observes that this is "too vague" a derivation.

"Joyning

"Joyning to the cheefe springe, betwene the river and the bathe, is a very goodly house, * foure square, foure stories hye, so well compacte, with houses of office, beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chamber and other goodly lodgings, to the number of thirty; that it is and wil bee a bewty to behold: & very notable for the honorable & worshipfull that shal neede to repaire thither: as also for other—yea the porest shall have lodgings, & beds hard by, for their uses only. The baths also so bravely beutified with seats round about: defended from the ambyent ayre: and chimneys for fyre, to ayre your garmentes in the bathes syde, and other necessaries most decent."

After treating at some length "upon the great effectes of dyet" as "the surest way to the rootinge out of any sicknesse," he gives the following account of bread.

"The best bred is that which is made of wheat, well baked, somewhat leavened, neyther to new nor to old, for the crazed at al tymes helthiest. But bred of dyuers graines, of divers formes, in divers places be used. Some countryes make bred of cleane wheate, for the most part as in Somersette shyre, Kent, Lincolne, and Norfolke, some of beanes and pease as Leycestre shyre, and in Nothingham shyre the claye of which reade Tussard his husbandry. Some of rye, as in Urchenfeeld, and in Stafford shyre, some of mixelling, or muncorne, as in Worcester shyre, & Sallope. Some of otes as in Lanckashyre, Chesshyre, Cumber-

* It was built by George Earl of Shrewsbury, the nobleman to whom the book is dedicated, and taken down in the year 1670 by the order of William Duke of Devonshire.

land, Westmerland, and Cornewall. And some of big or winter beare, some of lentyles, some of fitches, some of tares, some of French wheat, most in use for rustikes. And into divers formes these graines may be reduced; some in form of manchet, used of the gentility: some of greate loves, as is usual among yeomanry, some betweene both, as with the franklings: some in forme of cakes, as at weddings: some rondes of hogs, as at upsittings: some simnels, cracknels, and buns, as in the Lent, some in brode cakes, as the oten cakes in Kendoll on yrons: some on slate stones as in the hye peke: some in frying pans as in Darby shyre: some betwene yrons as wapons: some in round cakes as bysket for the ships. But these & all other the mayne bread of York excelleth, for that it is of the finest floure of the wheat well tempered, best baked, a patterne of all others the fineste.

"The best drinke for the crased at Buckstone, is meane ale, neyther to new nor to stale, not overhopped. Your flesh shal bee most ordinarie, as followeth—mutton, kyd, conie, rabbet, veale, turkey, capon, henne, chicken, phesiant, partrich, rayle, curlyaw, cnotwype, wodcocke, snype, or any other cloven footed fowles, poched egges, or rare rosted is also right nourishinge meates as is aforesayd. Fruites—albeit in most regimentes be forbidde, of these kyndes may be used, almondes any way dressed, raceines, figges, pomgranates, quinces, wardens, & chestnuttes rosted, ryce, marmalad, green gynger. So may comfortatives, conserves, or cordial confections, or to them that have cold diseases, or be of a cold constitution wynes of thes kyndes may bee permitted, as a cuppe of sacke

and

and sugar if the disease doo not forbid it, or of good Gascoyne wyne, to them that be leane with sugar, or whyte mamulsyes of Madera, a myas of good ale, a cawdell, or alebury, although afore in the generall dyete I have not touched it.

"Now for your meates, they will be best at x or xi a clock if you can fast so long: if not take some small refection before you go into the bath, or not long after you come out, if you enter not into your bed nor receyve any medicine.

"Your houre of supper shal be about sixe of the clocke: but after I would have you to use no meate that night, nor yet drinke, if you can abstayne.

"To the sickly small exercyse will serve by reason of feeblenesse not able to suffer pantynge, neyther verily so violent for them shall bee requysite. But if their strength will sustayne it, an exercyse convenient for theyr callinge shal bee used.

"The ladyes, gentle women, wyues and maydes, maye in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not aggreeable too theire expectacion they may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trowle pummetes, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe after their owne discretion. The pastyme Troule in Madame is termed.

"Before you enter the bath, tary two or three dayes, as well for resting of you, after your long travayle as also to acquaint you with the ayer, using some melody, the which thing Æsculapius worthily appointed, saith Galen, & indeed it refresseth the wit, encreaseth strength, and melancholy it putteth to flighte.

"In the bath you may tary ii or iii houres, if you please, & in especiall if the cause, sicknesse, or greefe requyre, and the body fit for it."

After giving a variety of prescriptions, the author speaks of the necessary time for "Tariance at Buckstone" as follows.

"All these thinges needfull considered and observed for the xiiii xx or xl dayes you remayne there, and after you come thence, one moneth at the least, if your disease requyre it, keepe the especiall *Victus*, expressed, but after you may returne to your former trade of lyfe, not hurtfull, so that alway provyded, the day of your coming thither bee noted, before you enter into the bathes, and the day of your departure, with the country of your habitation condition or calling with the infirmityes, or cause you came for, in the regyster booke kept of the warden of the bath, or the phisition that ther shal be appointed, & the benefite you receyved, paying foure pence for the recording and every yeoman besides xii pence, every gentleman iii shillinges. Every esquior iiis. iiiid. Every knight vis. viiid. Every lord and baron xs. Every vicount, xiiis. iiiid. Every erle xxs. Every marques xxxs. Every duke iii pound xs. Every archbishop vl. Every bishop xls. Every judge xxs. Every doctour and sargeant of lawe xs. Every chauncellor and utter barrister vis. viiid. Every archdeacon, prebendary, and canon vs. Every mynister xiid. Every ducches xls. Every marquesses xxs. Every countes xiiis. ivd. Every barones xs. Every lady vis. viiid. Every gentlewoman iis. And al, for the treasure of the bath, to the use of the poore, that only for help do come thither the one halfe, the other to the phisition for his residence."

The

The work concludes with "the prayer usually to be sayd before bathing," and a copious table of contents.

J. H. M.

ART. IV. *Tenor. Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into musicke of fiue parts: whereof, some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th' other being Songs very rare and newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musicke. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queene's Maiestie's Royall Chappell.* [Crest of Sir Christopher Hatton. Herbert, 1021.] *Printed at London by Thomas Este, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, ouer against the signe of the George.* 4to. n. d. Licensed conditionally, 1587.

At the back of the title are eight "reasons briefely set downe by th' author, to perswade euery one to learne to sing." Dedicated "to the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, Lord Chancellor of England;" wherein it is stated to be the author's first printed work in English.—"I hoped that, by this occasion, these poore songs of mine might happely yeeld some sweetnesse, repose, and recreation vnto your Lordship's mind, after your dayly paines & cares taken in the high affaires of the Cõmon Wealth."

"Benigne reader, (saith the epistle) heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, musicke of sundrie sorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou bee disposed to pray, heere are psalmes. If to bee merrie, heere are sonets. If to lament for thy sins, heere are songs

songs of sadnesse and pietie. If thou delight in musicke of great cõpasse, heere are diuers songs, which beeing originally made for instruments to expresse the harmony, and one voyce to pronounce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to sing the same. If thou desire songs of smal compasse and fit for the reach of most voyces, heere are most in number of that sort. (Subscribed) the most assured friend to all that loue or learne musicke. William Byrd."*

The first ten pieces are psalmes, some of them selected from the common version; then "followeth the sonets and pastorales." From this division the following pieces are peculiarly interesting to the admirers of the early poets.

1. "I ioy not in no earthly blisse,
I force not Cressus welth a straw;
For care I know not what it is,
I feare not Fortune's fatall law.
My minde is such as may not moue
For beautie bright, nor force of loue.

2. I wish but what I haue at will,
I wander not to seeke for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
In greatest stormes I sit on shore;
And laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
To get what must bee lost againe.

3. I kisse not where I wish to kill,
I faine not loue where most I hate:
I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
I waite not at the mightie's gate;
I scorne no poore, nor feare no rich,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

* For an account of this composer see Hawkins's History of Musick, Vol. III. p. 283.

4. The

4. The court nor cart I like nor loath,
Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane, beetweene them both,
Doth surest sit and feare no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like the quiet minde."

---

1. "My minde to me a kingdome is,*
Such perfect ioy therin I find;
That it excels all other blisse,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most wold haue,
Yet still my minde forbids to craue.
2. No princely port nor welthie store,
No force to winne a victorie,
No wyly wit to salue a sore,
No shape to winne a louing eye:
To none of these I yeld as thrall,
For why my minde despise them all.
3. I see that plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall,
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toyle and keepe with feare,
Such cares my minde can neuer beare.
4. I presse to beare no haughtie sway,
I wish no more then may suffice;
I doe no more then well I may,
Looke, what I want my minde supplies;
Loe thus I triumph like a king,
My minde content with any thing.

* Dr. Percy has printed this and the preceding stanzas as one piece in the volume of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, with "some improvements an a !ditional stanza."

5. I laugh not at a nother's losse,
Nor grudge not at another's gaine:
No worldly waues my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane;
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not lyfe, nor dread mine end.
6. My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience cleere my chiefe defence;
I neuer seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to giue offence;
Thus doe I liue, thus will I dye,
Would all did so as well as I."

---

1. " Wher fancie fond for pleasure pleads,
And reason keeps poore hope in iayle;
Ther time it is to take my beads,
And pray, that beautie may preuaile;
Or else dispaire will win the field,
Wher reason, hope, and pleasure yeeld.
2. My eyes presume to iudge this case,
Whose iudgement reason doth disdaine;
But beautie with her wanton face,
Stands to defend, the case is plaine;
And at the barre of sweet delight,
She pleads that fancie must be right.
3. But shame will not haue reason yeeld,
Though griefe do sweare it shal be so;
As though it were a perfect shield,
To b'ush and feare to tell my woe;
Where silence force will at the last
To wish for wit when hope is past.
4. So farre hath fond desire out runne
The bond which reason set out first;
That where delight the fray begun,
I would now say, if that I durst,

That

That in her steed ten thousand woes,
Haue sprong in field where pleasure growes.
5. O that I might declare the rest,
Of all the toies which fancie turnes:
Like towres of winde within my brest,
Where fire is hid that neuer burnes,
Then should I try one of the twaine,
Either to loue, or to disdaine.
6. But since conceit dares not declare
The strange conflict of hope and feare;
Least reason should be left so bare,
That loue durst whisper in mine eare;
And tell me how my fancie shall,
Bring reason to be beautie's thrall.
7. I must therefore with silence build,
The laborinth of my delight;
Till loue haue try'd in open field,
Which of the twaine shall win the fight:
I feare mee reason must giue place,
If fancie fond win beautie's grace."

---

1. " O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face;
Say, whether of this choice,
May haue the former place;
Who dare iudge this debate,
That it bee voide of hate.
2. This side doth beautie take,
For that doth musicke speak;
Fit orators to make
The strongest iudgements weak,
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.
3. Thus doth the voyce and face,
These gentle lawiers wage;
Like louing brothers cast,
For father's heritage; That

That each, while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

4. For beautie beutifies,
With heauenly hew and grace;
The heauenly harmonies,
And in that faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties bee,
A perfect harmonie.

5. Musicke more loftie swells,
In phrases finely plac'd;
Beautie as farre excells,
In action aptly grac'd;
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

6. Loue more affected seemes,
To beautie's louely light;
And wonder more esteemes,
Of musick's wond'rous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7. Musicke doth witnesse call,
The eare his truth doth trye;
Beautie brings to the hall
Eye witnesse of the eye:
Each in his obiect such,
As none exceptions touch.

8. The common sense which might,
Bee arbiter of this,
To bee forsooth vpright,
To both sides parciall is:
Hee layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9. Then Reason, princesse hie,
Which sits in throne of minde;
And Musicke can in skye,
With hidden beauties finde:

Say

Say, whether thou wilt crowne,
With limit lesse renowne."

---

1. " If women could be faire, and neuer fond,
Or that their beauties might continue still;
I would not meruaile though they made men bond,
By seruice long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how fraile these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so farre.
2. To marke what choise they make, and how they change;
How leuing best the worst they chose out stil:
And how, like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reason to follow will:
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist;
And let them flie (faire fooles) which way they list.
3. Yet for our sport, wee fawne and flatter both,
To passe the time, when nothing else can please;
And train them on to yeeld by subtill oath,
The sweet content, that giues such humor ease;
And then wee say, when wee their follies trie,
To play with fooles, oh, what a foole was I."

---

1. " What pleasure haue great princes,
More daintie to their choice,
Than heardmen wild, who careless
In quiet life reioyce;
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet, in summer morning.
2. Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are void of all disceit;
They neuer know how spightfull
It is to kneele and waite,
On fauorite presumptious,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptious.

3. All

3. All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.
4. For lawiers and their pleading,
Th' esteeme it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning,
Is of it selfe a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no mony vainely.
5. O happie who thus liueth,
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing which suffiseth,
To keepe him from the cold;
Though poore and plain his diet,
Yet merie it is and quiet."

" In fields abroad wher trumpets shrill doe sound,
Wher glaues and shields do giue and take the knocks;
Wher bodies dead do ouerspred the ground,
And friend to foes are common butcher's blocks;
A gallant shot well managing his peece,
In my conceit, deserues a golden fleece."

---

1. " Farewell false loue the oracle of lies,
A mortall foe and enimie to rest;
An enuious boye, from whom all cares arise,
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possest:
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects, contrarie vnto reason.
2. A poisoned serpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of sighes, and murtherer of repose;
A sea of sorows from whence are drawen such flowers,
As moisture lend to euery griefe that growes;

A schole

A schole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke that holds a poisoned baite.
3. A fortresse foyl'd which reason dyd defend,
A syren song, a feauer of the minde,
A maze wherein affection findes no ende,
A raging cloud that runnes before the winde;
A substance like the shadow of the sunne,
A goale of griefe, for which the wisest runne.
4. A quenchlesse fire, a nurse of trembling feare,
A path that leades to perill and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and dispaire,
An idle boy that sleepes in pleasure's lap:
A deepe mistrust of that which certain seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deemes."

---

1. "The match that's made for iust & true respects,
With euennes both of yeers and parentage,
Of force must bring foorth many good effects.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.
2. For where chast loue and liking sets the plant,
And concord waters with a firme good will,
Of no good thing ther can be any want.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.
3. Sound is the knot that chastitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the musicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the store that plenty doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.
4. Where chastnesse fayles, ther concord will decay,
Wher concord fleets, ther plentie will decrease,
Wher plentie wants, ther loue will weare away.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.
5. I, chastitie, restraine all strange desires,
I, concord, keep the course of sound consent,
I, plentie, spare, and spend as cause requires.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6. Make much of vs, all yee that married bee,
Speake well of vs, all yee that minde to bee,
The time may come, to want and wish all three.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus."

Of the songs of sadness and piety, a specimen may be found in the present volume, p. 187-9. The whole number is thirty-five, of which the last two are "the funerall songs" of Sir Philip Sidney.

J. H.

ART. V. *Lucasta. Posthumous Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

These honours come too late
That on our ashes waite.
MART. LIB. I. EPIG. 26.

London: Printed by Wm. Godbid for Clement Darby. 1659. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 107.

Although some account of this now (comparatively) scarce volume of one of the most pleasing of our early poets has been given in a former * Number, I cannot but think that some additional extracts from it will not be unacceptable. "The dedication to the Right Honorable John Lovelace, Esq." by Dudly Posthumus Lovelace (a brother of the author) is not unworthy of the *name*; and spite of the diffidence of its writer discovers a vein, which even in this polished era would not be censured as deficient in smoothness and talent; indeed it appears to me to possess an arrangement and phraseology characteristic of a much later period.

* CENS. LIT. Vol. IX. p. 338.

"Lucasta

"Lucasta (fair, but hapless maid!)
Once flourisht underneath the shade
Of your illustrious mother; now,
An orphan grown, she bows to you!
To *you*, her vertue's noble heir,
Oh may she find protection there;
Nor let her welcome be the less
'Cause a rough hand makes her address,
One (to whom foes the muses are)
Born and bred up in rugged war;
For, conscious how unfit I am,
I only have pronounc'd her *name*,
To waken pity in your brest,
And leave her tears to plead the rest."

The following song by Richard Lovelace recommends itself as much by its neatness, as by its didactic turn.

"*Song.*

1.

"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine;
Thy silk's the silk-worme's, and not thine;
You lessen to a fly your mistris thought,
To think it may be in a cobweb caught.
What though her thin transparent laun
Thy heart in a strong net hath drawn?
Not all the arms the god of fire ere made,
Can the soft bulwarks of nak'd loue invade.

2.

Be truly fine then, and your self dress
In her fair soul's immac'late glass:
Then by reflection you may haue the bliss
Perhaps to see what a true fineness is;
When all your gawdenes will fit
Those only that are poor in wit:

She that a *clinquant* outside doth adore,
Dotes on a gilded *statue*, and no more."

The following address to the "*Ant*," is accompanied with a playfulness of muse, which I think would hardly suffer in a comparison with some of the lighter pieces of our late lamented Cowper, who might not have disdained a competition with the elegant Lovelace.

"*The Ant.*

1.

"Forbear thou great good husband, little ant,
A little respite from thy flood of sweat;
Thou, thine own horse and cart under this plant,
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;
Doun with thy double load of that one grain;
It is a granarie for all thy train.

2.

Cease, large example of wise thrift, a while,
(For thy example is become our law)
And teach thy frouns a seasonable smile;
So Cato sometimes the nak'd florals saw.
And thou, almighty foe, lay by thy sting,
Whilst thy unpay'd musicians, crickets, sing.

3.

Lucasta, she that holy makes the day,
And 'stills new life in fields of Fucillemort;
Hath back restor'd their verdure with one ray,
And with her eye bid all to play and sport;
Ant, to work still, age will thee truant call;
And to saue now, th' art worse than prodigal.

4.

Austere and *cynick!* not one hour t' allow,
To lose with pleasure what thou get'st with pain:
But drive, on sacred festivals, thy plow;
Tearing high-ways with thy orecharged wain?

Not

Not all thy life time one poor minute liue,
And thy o're labour'd bulk with mirth relieue?

5.

Look up then, miserable ant, and spie
Thy fatal foes, for breaking of her law:
Hov'ring aboue thee, Madam, *Margaret Pie*,
And her fierce servant, meagre, Sir *John Daw*:
Thy self and store house now they do store up,
And thy whole haruest too within their crop.

6.

Thus we unthrifty thriue within earth's tomb,
For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw:
The *grain* in th' *ants*, the *ants* in the *pie's* womb,
The pie in th' *hawks*, the *hawks* i'th' *eagle's* maw:
So scattering to hord 'gainst a long day,
Thinking to saue all, we cast all away."

To this volume was prefixed a portrait by Hollar, from a drawing by Francis Lovelace, also a brother of the author, but which is rarely found with it. Mr. Richardson however has copied it with great accuracy.* This portrait differs materially from the painting in Dulwich College, (engraved lately by Clamp for the Biographical Mirror) which discovers much more of "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye euer beheld," (Wood's Athenæ) than the former. In Dulwich College also is a portrait of Althea, but without any clue to lead to the discovery of the lady who has been so fortunately immortalized. Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, speaks of her as the same with *Lucasta*. I am not aware of any authority for

* Granger speaks of *another* portrait of Lovelace by Faithorne; but which I have never seen or heard of but from Granger.

such a supposition; and from the mention of her name, but in one song, should imagine her not to be Lucasta, but *one* of those "of the female sex who admired and adored him." I cannot however but admit that there appears to me a strong resemblance between this portrait and the print of Lucasta engraved by Faithorne from a picture of Lely. This last Mr. Granger considers as *imaginary* from the words "P. Lilly invt." I apprehend, however, that this might apply to the costume and accompaniments of the figure, which would hardly have occupied the pencil of Lily, had it been altogether invention. In the collection of "Elegies, sacred to the memory of the author, by several of his friends," subjoined to this volume is a contribution also from another brother under the signature of T. L.

E. V. U.

Feb. 18, 1809.

Art. VI. *Old Madrigals.*

From "Bateson's English Madrigals." 1604.

"Your shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily-rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot chuse but like them well;
But when for them they say they 'll die,
Believe them not, they do but lie."

"If Love be blind, how hath he then the sight
With beauty's beams my careless heart to wound?
Or if a boy, how hath he then the might
The mightiest conquerors to bring to ground?

O no,

O no, he is not blind, but I that led
My thoughts the ways that bring to restless fears;
Nor yet a boy, but *I* that live in dread,
Mixed with hope, and seek for joy in tears."

" Who prostrate lies at women's feet,
And calls them darlings, dear and sweet;
Protesting love, and craving grace,
And praising oft a foolish face;
Are oftentimes deceived at last;
They catch at nought, and hold it fast."

From "An Howre's Recreation in Musicke, by Rich. Alison." 1606.

" O heavy heart, whose harms are hid,
Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard;
If thou should'st break, as God forbid,
Then should desert want his reward.
Hope well to have, hate not sweet thought,
Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought,
After sharp showers the sun shines fair,
Hope comes likewise after despair."

In hope a king* doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long,
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the plowman sows his seed;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need:
Then faint not heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

* See Ellis's Specimens.

Though wit bids will to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as wit would wish.
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish;
When cities burn on fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same;
If will and fancy be agreed,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
To follow will and leave the wit;
The wanton horse that runs too swift,
May well be stay'd upon the bit;
But check a horse amid his race,
And out of doubt you mar his pace:
Though wit and reason do[th] men teach,
Never to climb above their reach."

"*From the same.*

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heav'nly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,

These

These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

From "the Phœnix Nest." 1593.

"Sweet violets, Love's* paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain,
If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places,
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You honours of the flow'ry meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs that have my heart undone.

Vermilion roses, that with new days rise,
Display your crimson folds fresh looking fair,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich-adorned rays of roseat-rising morn,
Ah! if her virgin hand
Do pluck you pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
And veil your gracious pomp in lovely Nature's scorn,
If chance my mistress traces
Fast by your flow'rs to take the summer's air,
Then woful blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments sorrowing for her friend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting
Report fair Venus' moans withouten end.
Then may remorse, in pitying of my smart,
Dry up my tears, and dwell within her heart."

* See Ellis's Specimens.

From

From "Morley's Canzonets." 1597.

"When lo! by break of morning,
My love her self adorning,
Doth walk the woods so dainty,
Gath'ring sweet violets and cowslips plenty,
The birds enamour'd, sing and praise my Flora,
Lo! here a new Aurora!"

From "Wilbye's Madrigals." 1598.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure;
These I plac'd on Phillis' bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she my pleasure:
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play."

"Ye restless thoughts that harbour discontent,
Cease your assaults, and let my heart lament,
And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief;
That she may pity, though not grant relief:
Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,
And salve the wound that fester'd this disdain."

From "Weelkes's Ballets and Madrigals." 1598.

"Sweet Love, I will no more abuse thee,
Nor with my [wanton] voice accuse thee,
But tune my notes unto thy praise,
And tell the world, Love ne'er decays;
Sweet Love doth concord ever cherish,
What wanteth concord soon doth perish."

"Sweet heart, arise, why do you sleep
When lovers wanton sports do keep?

The

The sun doth shine, the birds do sing,
And May delight and joy doth bring;
Then join we hands, and dance till night,
'Tis pity Love should want his right."

"Phillis hath sworn she loves the man
That knows what's love, and love her can;
Philemon then must needs agree—
Phillis, my choice of choice shall be."

"In pride of May
The fields are gay,
The birds do sweetly sing,
So nature would
That all things should
With joy begin the spring.
Then Lady dear,
Do you appear
In beauty like the spring;
I will dare say
The birds that day
More cheerfully will sing."

From "Weelkes's Madrigals." 1600.

"When Thoralis delights to walk,
The fairies do attend her,
They sweetly sing and sweetly talk,
And sweetly do commend her;
The satyrs leap and dance the round,
And make their congés to the ground,
And evermore their song it is,
Long may'st thou live, fair Thoralis!"

T. P.

ART.

ART. VII. *The Compters Common-wealth; or a voiage made to an Infernall Iland long since discouered by many Captaines, Seafaringmen, Gentlemen, Marchants, and other Tradesmen: bvt the conditions, natures, and qualities of the people there inhabiting, and of those that trafficke with them, were neuer so truly expressed or liuely set foorth as by William Fennor his Majesties servant. London by Edward Griffin for George Gibbes, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Floure-de-luce.* 1617. *4to. pp.* 85.

Deckar attacked the glaring vices roaming at large; Fennor's work is on a more confined scale. As an unfortunate debtor he becomes acquainted with, and describes the city serjeants and jailors; the manner of an arrest, and the disorderly custom of extorting garnish and other fees in a prison. The address to the readers is inscribed "to all casheerd captaines, or other their inferiour officers, heedlesse and headlesse young gentlemen, especially elder brothers, forsaken seruing-men, roaring-boyes, broken-citizens, country-clients or any other of what art or fashion soeuer, that shall by chance, rather mischance, be vnresistably encountred, and so become tenants against their wils, within the territories of this ensuing Common-wealth, greeting and meeting, rather at an ordinary then here.—— From the Compter in Wood street, 1616, Octob. 23. Yours in what he may, thus bestraited and distracted, William Fennor." The serjeants that tooke him into custody are thus described. "The one had a face ten times worse then those Jewes that are pictured in Arras-hangings

hangings whipping Christ, his blacke hair hung dangling about his eares like elfelockes, that I cannot be perswaded, but some Succubus begot him on a witch; his nose was precious, richly rubified, and shined brighter than any summer's snout in Lancashire. The other of these Pagans had a phisnomy much resembling the Sarazen's head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate: I was in a great doubt whether he were an Englishman or no, for I was certified a Dane begot him on a Switzer's wife: and to make him shew the more like himselfe, his ill fauoured visage was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that halfe a parish of children might easily haue playd at cherry-pit in his face."

The tract is divided into ten chapters. In the third Fennor is introduced to another ward, where he obtains an acquaintance that afterwards advises a publication of the secrets of the prison-house. The demand on his entrance and introduction to his new associates is thus given.

" Sir, are you a prisoner? Yea, sir, said I, fortune and the world haue beene my heavy aduersaries, who conspiring together haue concluded that I must lie heere while the Diuine prouidence doth break the adamantine bond of my dull and Saturnine mishaps. But sir, sayd he, haue you any money? If I haue none (sayd I) make no doubt but my supplies will come in to morrow, and then what is fit to be done, I wil se satisfied: nay (said he) I must not be procrastinated, prorogued or demurred withall, I must haue a garnish of you, a parcell of eighteene pence, I will not spare you if you were my father; I beleeued him, therefore gaue him

him faire words, desiring him to bee calmer, and the next money that I was blest withall, he should participate of: at this answer hee beganne to looke as scurvily on me, as a whore on a constable, a begger on a beadle or whipping post, as a cheater on a justice; and began to rent out three or foure three-pild, huge Basilisco oaths, that would haue torne a Roring-boyes eares in a thousand shatters, telling mee, that the quality of my vsage should bee according to the quantity of my money: which I found true, for when it drew neere bed time, he brought mee to a priuy lodging (or indeede a lodging neighbouring nigh the priuy) for the chamber stinkes worse all the yeere long, then a jakes-farmers clothes doth at twelue a clocke at night. But dayes rosiate finger had no sooner boared out the eyes of night, but I got vp, and beganne in a solitary and sadde manner to mourne and pitty myselfe, being more amazed then those that dreamed they saw hell, and had felt the tortures thereof, or those that drunke of *Circe's* cups, and felt themselues turning monsters. Being thus drencht in a boundlesse sea of melancholly, for the space of a fortnight or three weekes together, I resolued to walke into the yard, to see if I could espie any of my friends that were in the master-side, purposing to spend the day away in discourse, but I walkt there an houre or more, and saw none but such as were as melancholly as my selfe; so I determined to walke vp againe; but by chance I turned my head aside, and saw the cellar doore standing open, gaping to swallow any prisoner that drew neere, so hoping to finde some of my old acquaintance there, I stept downe, and being no sooner descended, but I beheld a company of gentlemen, all prisoners, setting at a square table,

making

making themselues exceeding merry with the musike the cans made, being as brimfull of beere, as mine heart was of melancholly, or theirs of mirth, some hauing their pipes neuer out of their mouthes, who puft more smoake out of their noses, then euer came out of Cole-harbar chimneyes, or any brew-house in Saint Katherines: some againe singing as merrily, as if they had beene as free as the mountaine aire: I seeing them in these Bacchanaliall rages, faine would haue slipt by them, but one that sat at the vpper end of the table (hauing a can in one hand and a pipe in the other) desired me to approach and bee one of their society (protesting more kindnesse to me, then a Dutch-man will when he is drunke) so proffered me halfe a can; I tolde him I could not pledge him so much, but I would drinke a whole one in conceit; why quoth he, not drinke, Foot, man it is the soule of good Fellowship, the marrow of a poet's Minerua, it makes a man as valiant as Hercules, though he were as cowardly as a Frenchman when he is sober; besides I will prooue it necessary for a man to be drunke sometimes, for suppose you should kill a man when you are drunke, you should neuer be hanged for it while you are sober, therfore I thinke it is good for you to be alwaies drunk. Againe, it is the kindest companion and friendliest sin of all the seauen, for whereas most sinnes leaue a man (by some accident) before his death, this trusty Trojan Drunkennesse will neuer forsake him while the breath is out of his body; and lastly, a full bowle of sacke or clarret, or a can of strong beere, will drownd all sorrowes: indeed sir, said I, whether it will drownd all sorrowes or no, I am not greatly experienct in, but I am sure it will drownd our soules; yet sir, for your kindnesse I will bestow the curtesie of

the

the cellar vpon you, and so I called for halfe a dozen, and dranke a little to them all; another that was opposite against mee, askt me if I would drink tobacco, so proffered me the pipe, which I denied, telling him that I would not be conuersant with that Indian whore, that not only the lords and gentry of the land had committed adultery with, but also every tinker, cobler and dray-man of the citty. Why, said he, it is an excellent purge for the head; true, sayd I, but it is a vilde purge for the purse, and that for mine owne part, I had rather have a peece of pudding of an inch long for mine owne eating, then twenty yards of pudding tobacco for my drinking: they seeing my fixt and sollid resolution, let me alone to haue myne owne humour as they had theirs; so that we sat exceeding merry without any melancholly fit, and at the last I began to giue them a touch of my quality; but after we began to bee more familiar together, he that first entertained me, whispered me in the eare, and tolde mee, if hee thought I would bee secret, hee would reueale that to me, which should not onely for euer gaine me a neuer-dying memory, but also would be an vnknowen profit to the Common-wealth; I promised him to be as secret as any surgeon: then hee called me aside from the rest of our company, and tolde me, if I would repaire to him in the morning, he would vnbowell the hugest bulke of villany, that euer was burthensome to the world, that hee would anatomise vice, and lay the vlcers and sores of this corrupted age, so apparent to the sight of this kingdom, that the most ospray, and owle-eyed spectator should not chuse but confesse, there neuer was a more necessary and commodious discouery reuealed. Why sir, sayd I, there

is a booke called Greene's Ghost haunts Cony-catchers; another called Legerdemaine, and the Blacke Dog of Newgate, but the most wittiest, elegantest and eloquentest peece (Master Dekkers, the true heire of Apollo composed) called the Bell-man of London, haue already set foorth the vices of the time so viuely, that it is vnpossible the anchor of any other man's braine can sounde the sea of a more deepe and dreadfull mischeefe. These indeede, sayd he, haue done (especially the last) most exquisitely, both for their owne reputation, and their countreyes good, but I haue that lockt vp in the closet of my brest, that when it is opened and made apparent to you will amaze you. Therefore I admire that the fabricke of the earth is not continually shaken with earth-quakes, that the earth itselfe (as she is a mother to beare all kinde of fruit) doth not ingender all kinde of murthering and killing creatures, as harpies, cockatrices, wolues and hyenas to destroy those that are continually trampling on her teeming wombe; that the aire is not choaked with fogs, and that blacke pitchy mists doth not perpetually masque the face of heauen, and leaue the world in obscurity, putting vs in minde of our sinnes, a thousand times blacker then that eclipse; and lastly, that the sea is not turnd all to blood to put vs in minde of the cruelty and vnconscionable vsage of one man toward another, for there are vices in this sinne drownd age, that are able to pull the two edged sword of vengeance on our heads, and plucke fire from the forge of heauen, I admire that we haue not leane-faced famine, meager mortality, pale sicknesse, and grim-faced warre tyrannizing in this land, as once it did in Jerusalem, in the

time of Titus and Vespasian, when the glorious *sanctum sanctorum* was set on fire; when the fields were filled with slaughtered carkasses, and when the mother for want of food, was driuen to kill her owne child, to quench her owne hunger."

J. H.

ART. VIII. *The displaying of supposed Witchcraft. Wherein it is affirmed that there are many sorts of deceivers and imposters, and divers persons under a passive delusion of melancholy and fancy. But that there is a corporeal league made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, or that he sucks on the Witches body, has carnal copulation, or that Witches are turned into cats, dogs, raise tempests, or the like, is utterly denied and disproved. Wherein also is handled, the existence of angels and spirits, the truth of apparitions, the nature of astral and sydereal spirits, the force of charms and philters; with other abstruse matters. By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick. Falsæ etenim opiniones hominum præoccupantes, non solum surdos, sed & cæcos faciunt, ita ut videre nequeant, quæ aliis perspicua apparent. Galen. Lib. 8. De Comp. Med. London: Printed by J. M. and are to be sold by the Booksellers in London. 1677. Fol. pp. 346.*

This work is dedicated to "his worshipful and honoured friends Thomas Parker of Brusholme, John Asheton of the Lower-Hall, William Drake of Barnoldswick-coat, William Johnson of the Grays, Henry

Henry Marsdon of Gisborne, Esquires, and his Majesties Justices of Peace and Quorum in the West-Riding of Yorkshire." This is followed by a *Preface or Introduction.* In these the author states that he had for many years lived a solitary and sedentary life " mihi et Musis," excepting his physical practice which age and infirmities would not suffer him much to attend. And he affirms that he was induced to write upon this abstruse subject to counteract the effects of Dr. Casaubon's " Treatise proving spirits and witches," &c. (Dr. Dee's Conferences with Spirits) and Mr. Glanvil's " Sadducismus triumphatus, or a blow at modern Sadducism," &c.

The work is written with much piety, learning, acuteness and strength of argument, and particularly examines all those passages of scripture which have been thought to countenance the vulgar idea of the power of witches and evil spirits. He inquires with especial minuteness into all the circumstances of the apparition of Samuel to Saul at Endor, and concludes, with strong appearance of reason, that there was no reality in the fancied vision; that the devil had nothing to do with it; and that the whole was an imposture of the supposed witch, " either alone or with a confederate," aided by the fears and superstition of the royal inquirer.

But Webster himself holds some opinions to which the philosophers of the present day will not be inclined to assent; though, in our own times, they seem to have been revived by the now exploded practice of *animal magnetism.* He asserts that " the force of imagination" accompanied with any strong passion " can at distance work upon another body;" and this

he says, "is strongly proved by this learned author" (Helmont). He quotes also another "learned, though less vulgarly known author," (Medicina Magnetica, p. 14, &c.) to prove these three propositions; 1. "The soul is not only in its proper visible body, but also without it; neither is it circumscribed in an organical body. 2. The soul worketh without, or beyond its proper body commonly so called. 3. From every body flow corporeal beams, by which the soul worketh by its presence, and giveth them energie and power of working: and these beams are not only corporeal, but of divers parts also." So in another place he quotes many authors to prove that "the whole soul doth go quite forth of the body and wander into far distant places, and there not only see what things are done, but also to act something for itself." This last notion has been brought by some persons in order to explain the theory of dreams.

There is another curious and not generally known opinion expressed by Webster, though, says he, "it is neither new, nor wants authors of sufficient credit and learning to be its patrons." This is the belief that man, instead of being composed only of body and soul, is to be divided in reality into *three parts*, body, soul, and spirit; in Greek ψυχη, πνευμα, Σωμα; in Latin, anima, spiritus, corpus; in Hebrew, Nephesh, ruah, niblah. He derives this opinion from very remote antiquity, but does not quote Homer for it, who is supposed to have alluded to this theory in the case of Hercules, whose body was in the grave, whose image or ειδωλον, was in the regions of the departed, and whose soul was in heaven. (See note on Pope's Odyssey, XI. 743.) But he strengthens his argument by much higher

higher authority, and quite conclusive if it be deemed applicable to the case in question; this is from the fifth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, v. 23. *I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless, &c.*; and it is remarkable that both Hammond and Whitby interpret this text in the sense in which our author understands it.

The sum of what Webster says upon this subject is as follows; and with which extract I shall conclude my account of this singularly ingenious and sensible work. "So that it is most evident that there are not only three essential and distinct parts in man, as the gross body, consisting of earth and water, which at death returns to the earth again; the sensitive and corporeal soul, or astral spirit, consisting of fire and air, that at death wandereth in the air, or near the body;* and the immortal and incorporeal soul that immediately returns to God who gave it: but also that after death they all three exist separately; the soul in immortality, and the body in the earth, though soon consuming; and the astral spirit that wanders in the air, and without doubt doth make these strange appositions, motions, and bleedings."

P. M.

* "Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new made grave
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd."
COMUS.

ART. IX. *Old Poetry.*

[From a MS. of the Fifteenth Century.]

The reconisaunce of all fleshely luste,
In man, or woman, knowen by repentaunce,
Who trowyng to be savid, nedis they muste
Satisfy to God thorugh Chryst; deoyng pennunce
Withoute shame or drede, ther no dissimilaunce;
There syn to rebuke and their goostly enomy,
Settyng them asyde and trust to Godds mercy.

Shoulde man hymself knowlege to God vtwardly;
Ze the prince of a Reame will have reverence;
Muche more almyghty God shulde have specially,
Seith he thy maker, juge, and shall geve sentence;
To eche creatur heven or helle parting hence;
Som to ioy, som to sorowe, evirmore lastyng,
Well is to them that make a parfyt endyng.

Who hath ben onys lyvyng toward amendyng,
And shewyng themsylf, by wey of repentaunce,
By prayer they knelyng trewly consentyng,
To satisfy to God with dewe affyaunce;
Who, contrary vsyng, setlys not by blesaunce,
Of plene remyssyon gevyn for his trespace,
No knowlege to God, they shall cry, alasse!

When Criest, Godd's son, suffird deth then y^e^. time was,
Soon aftir knowe, the redempconn of mann;
Remembre y^t^. kyndenes, see nowe what manace
Of suche, except mercy, to hevyn nevir cann
Come for lak of grace; myslyvyng muche was thann;
More nowe vsid, y^t^. pyte it is to hyere,
Remembre ye. dyucis plages which dooth nowe apere,

O, except

O, except grete mercy, mans sowle standes in fere,
Syn so gretly vsed, with no correcconn,
Help blissid lady, pray to thy soon so dere
That grace nowe may come thorough thy protecconn
And that the will of mann may take suche affecconn;
Repent and be sory for every mysdeede,
And the reward of hevyn to have for their meede.

[*A Song with Lullaby. From Robert Parry's "Blacke Knight."*]

What fortune so fell doeth foster my fall,
what heapes of griefe do grow:
The hope of my stay, is causer I say,
to aggrauate my woe.
Sing lullabie lullie lullabie,
Sing lulla, lull, lullie.

Lullabie, lullie to rest thee, sweete childe,
with sleepe deere childe rest thee:
It doubles my paine, I still doe complaine,
if thou be reft from me. Sing, &c.

Syth fate is so fell, we can not possesse,
the soyle which vs did reare:
Haste Atropos, haste, my twist for to waste,
to ende tormenting feare. Sing, &c.

Thy daunger, sweete infant, makes me to mone,
and liuing thus, to die:
If so it be prest, from thy dying breast,
my vitall breath shall flie. Sing, &c.

J. H.

ART. X. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N° LXIX.

Falsus honor juvat
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

There are, I believe, few terms more commonly used, few sounds more generally captivating, than that of honour. From the moment when our infancy ceases, to that in which old age begins to creep upon us, it is the theme of every pen, the boast of every tongue. It is the schoolboy's assertion, the lover's vow, and the peer's judicial declaration. If it be falsified, the man is deemed worthy of no farther trust; nor is even the sacred obligation of an oath supposed to be capable of binding him whom honour cannot restrain. Honour necessarily includes in it the idea of the dazzling quality of courage; and this is probably the chief reason why the imputation of falsehood cannot be washed off but by blood. For falsehood is the very reverse of courage, and always implies cowardice; inasmuch as no man can deny a fact, or assert an untruth, but from natural fear, or from a still baser motive. Hence honour is the idol of the bold and truly brave; and even those who in reality possess it not, lay claim to it for the sake of the opinion of the world.

True honour, therefore, may be defined as a principle

ciple which exerts itself beyond mere duty, and supplies its real or supposed deficiencies; which binds where laws do not; and which extends its sacred influence to cases in which conscience does not interfere, and religion is supposed to be silent. But the honour in common use is of a more accommodating nature; and as every man so frames it as to suit with his own particular inclinations, it is perhaps the only subject on which all agree. The man of the world and the man of God; the bigot and the infidel; the soldier and the tradesman; the highwayman and the passenger whom he plunders; the prostitute and the woman of virtue; all sound alike the praises of honour, and profess to be governed by its dictates.

And so, Sir, they really are. It is no idle boast. They are all, except the truly religious man, subservient, according to their own views of it, to that vain phantom which they dignify with that splendid appellation; and which they mould into every form that may suit their various pursuits and fancies. Ask what is honour? The soldier will tell you it is bravery, and the prompt revenging every real or supposed injury; the tradesman, honesty in his dealings; the infidel, independence on the base principle of future rewards and punishments; the highwayman, fidelity towards his comrades; the prostitute, faith towards the man who is her present keeper;* the man of the world, courage sufficient to fight a duel. In him this is all that is required. Let him intrigue with the wife of

* I beg pardon; I mean, towards the gentleman under whose *protection* she lives.

Vide the late proceedings in the House of Commons.

his

his dearest friend, seduce his daughter, and ruin his fortune by the blackest arts of a gambler; if he will then give him satisfaction, and complete the whole by his murder, he is refused admittance into no society, he is caressed and admired by all; he may be called a little wild, and rather too free in his manners, but—he is a man of strict honour.

There is, however, a striking anecdote on record, which shews, that even soldiers do not always agree exactly in their notions of this fascinating quality. At the battle of the Boyne, General Hamilton was taken prisoner, and brought before William the Third. Now Hamilton, after having sworn allegiance to William, and received promotion from him, had deserted his service, and joined his old master, James the Second. When he was brought into William's presence, that monarch asked him, if he thought the Irish would rally and make another charge? "Upon my honour, Sir," said Hamilton, "I believe they will." "Your *honour*, Sir, *your* honour," was the king's emphatical reply; and the only notice he condescended to take of his treachery.

Surely then this far-famed principle of action is extolled beyond its deserts. Surely so capricious a motive, so uncertain in its effects, and so varying in its application, cannot be of general utility, or extensively beneficial to society. It reminds me of the Clown's "O Lord, Sir," in Shakespeare; an answer to every question, a cap for every head. Arrived at that thinking and examining time of life, when I am hastily falling "into the sere and yellow leaf," I am no longer "dazzled with the whistling of a name," but rather inclined to inquire into pretensions which seem

so doubtful, and bring them to the certain test of *sincerity, soberness, and truth.*

If then it be true, that the opinions of men upon this subject differ so materially, and that each person finds that conduct honourable which is agreeable either to his interest, or his usual habits of thinking and acting, surely it will not be easy always to discriminate between true and false honour, unless we can discover an unerring standard by which to try them. Happily for the world there is a standard always at hand, and which will never deceive us—*To the law and to the testimony.* The passions may mislead, self-interest bias, judgment deceive, and men, even good men, differ very materially from each other. But there is a rule certain, unvarying, plain, and applicable to every case. It came from heaven. No appeal can lie from its decisions; no authority be pleaded against its dictates. There is no action or principle of human life, to which the precepts of the Christian religion cannot be applied. Since the blessings of that light has been given to the world, honour, in its common acceptation, is at best useless; a *nomen inane*, a *brutum fulmen.* But it is too often perverted to purposes positively bad; and this may always be known, if the action to which it is applied be tried by the rules of the Gospel. These are the true spear of Ithuriel, touched by which, all vanity, falsehood, and folly, appears in its true light. If this be the true test, I find that a man of honour may embitter my happiness in this life, and deprive me of the hopes of a better; may poison my domestic enjoyments, ruin my fortune, and at last murder myself; and that a man who acts upon Christian principles

principles can do me nothing but good here, and lead me to nothing but good hereafter.

P. M.

N° LXX.

On the Translations of Homer, by Pope and Cowper.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

There are perhaps few persons who either have, or think they have, any talents for poetry, or any ear for verse, who have not made some attempts at translation. It seems to be the natural commencement of the versifier's (for I will not say the poet's) career. The plan, the thoughts, the action, even the epithets are ready made; and his greatest difficulty seems to be, to render them faithfully, and to clothe them in elegant and appropriate language. Yet in reality it will be found no light and easy task; and if the numerous translations from the best poets which have appeared in our own language are critically examined, no one, I believe, can be found so perfect as not to be liable to powerful, and even unanswerable objections.

No person can be a judge of the merit of a translation who has not a competent knowledge of the original language. Upon this principle I assume as a *datum*, that every version which does not keep as close as the vernacular tongue will admit, to the manners, the customs, and the pronunciation of proper

names

names of the original, is so far faulty and imperfect, however flowing may be its verse, however elegant its language. For although the mere English reader may approve, considering such a work abstractedly upon its own merits, a scholar must be shocked and disgusted by such palpable absurdities.

I was led into these reflections by reading lately some parts of that admirable poem, the Iliad of Pope, concerning which I agree with Johnson, that "it is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen." Yet surely even a school-boy cannot read it without perceiving, from its deficiencies, redundancies, and in some instances, false quantities, that Pope was no scholar. Something, no doubt, may and ought to be allowed by way of poetic licence; but surely in a work so copious in notes, no alteration of, or deviation from, the original, ought to have been passed over without an apology.

An inexcusable example, for instance, either of carelessness or freedom, occurs in the offering of the heir of Achilles on the funeral pile of Patroclus, which had been devoted to the river Sperchius. The name of the river-god twice occurs in the same place, and each time the translator makes the second syllable of it *short*; contrary, not only to the authority of his original, and of every other ancient poet, but also to himself in another place. In the xvith book, l. 212, he says properly,

> "Divine Sperchius! Jove descended flood!"

And yet ventures to assert the same word in book xxiii. v. 175, and 178 differently,

> "And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood,
> Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost."

And

And without deigning to notice it, although there is a pretty long note upon the first of these lines.

The learned and truly classical translator of the Greek tragedians, Potter, has not fallen into the same fault. In his version of Sophocles's Philoctetes he renders the line in which this river is mentioned,

" And to Sperchius, beauteous-rolling stream."

But to my great surprise on consulting Cowper, who was certainly a much better scholar than Pope, he has committed the same error, and writes, without any note or acknowledgment,

" Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
Sperchius! in vain, Peleus, my father vow'd."

Concerning the true pronunciation of the word no doubt can exist; it is spelt in Greek with a diphthong, Σπερχειος; and it is found in four places in Homer, in two in Statius, in Sophocles, in Virgil, in Ovid, and in Lucan, with the middle syllable uniformly long.

With respect to Pope's deficiencies and redundancies in his celebrated translation, they are both sufficiently obvious to those who have compared it with the original; but I am tempted to produce one curious instance in which both occur at the same time. In the twenty-first book of the Iliad, after relating the battle of the gods in the plains of Troy, (perhaps the weakest passage in the whole of that noble poem) Diana is represented as making her complaints to Jupiter, who inquires who has so ill treated her. She replies, v. 512 and 513.

Ση μ' αλοχος στυφελιξε, πατερ, λευκωλενος Ηρη,
Εξ ης αθανατοισιν ερις και νεικος εφηπται.

That is, literally; " Thy wife, O father, has ill-used me,

me, the white arm'd Juno, from whom strife and contention arise among the immortals." This plain answer is rendered by Pope,

" Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows."

Now these lines are obviously *deficient* in not saying one word of the character of Juno, who is pointed out in the original as the cause of all these disputes; and they are *redundant* in using the word *abashed*, and in the whole of the second line, of which not one word or syllable, nor even the slightest allusion * to the thought, is to be found in Homer. And it is a singular instance of bad taste to put a *concetto* into the mouth of the venerable Grecian, which would be a prettiness scarcely endurable in a modern Italian sonnet. Yet with all its faults, Pope's translation will be read and admired while its rivals either repose in quiet on their shelves, or jog on *in vicum vendentem thus et odores.* P. M.

N° LXXI.

Latin Translation of Gray's Elegy.

The following Latin translation of GRAY'S ELEGY; being printed in the form of a fugitive pamphlet, and the name of the translator being unknown to me

* If the epithet applied to Diana in the preceding line, *ευστεφανος*, be supposed to allude at all to her crescent, it must be in a sense precisely opposite to that which Pope has given it, and to point out its beauty, and not its fading.

(the

(the title page in which perhaps the name appeared being lost) my classical readers will not be displeased to have it here preserved.

" *Ad Poetam.*

" Nos quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis
Raptat Amor; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,
Ire simul, tacitâque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.
Non tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,
Non humiles habitare casas, et sordida Rura;
Quamvis radere iter liquidum super ardua Cœli
Cærula, Pindaricâ non expallesceret Alâ.
Quod si Te Latiæ numeros audire Camœnæ
Non piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori;
Fortè erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienas ad undas,
Te doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,
Et tua cæruleâ discet Tiberinus in Urnâ
Carmina, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.
Et cum pallentes inter numeraberis Umbras,
Cum neque Te vocale melos, neque murmura fontis
Castalii, citharæve sonus, quam strinxit Apollo,
Ex humili ulteriùs poterint revocare cubili;
Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,
At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudis,
Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymâque perenni
Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores."

" *Elegia, &c.*

" Audin' ut occiduæ signum Campana Diei
Vespertina sonet! flectunt se tarda per agros
Mugitusque armenta cient, vestigia Arator
Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte reliquor.

Nunc

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis
Aura silet, nisi quà pigro Scarabæus in orbes
Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè
Dent sonitum, faciles pecori suadentia somnos;

Aut nisi sola sedens hederoso in culmine Turris
Ad Lunam effundat lugubres Noctua cantus,
Visa queri, propter secretos fortè recessus
Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita Regna.

Hìc subterque rudes ulmos, Taxique sub umbrâ
Quà super ingestus crebro tumet aggere Cespes,
Æternùm posuere angusto in Carcere duri
Villarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Non vox Auroræ croceos spirantis odores,
Non quæ stramineo de tegmine stridit Hirundo,
Non Galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile Cornu,
Ex humili ulteriùs poterunt revocare cubili:

Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,
Sedula nec curas urgebit vespere Conjux;
Non Patris ad reditum tenero balbubtiet ore
Certatimve amplexa genu petet Oscula Proles.

Illis sæpe seges maturâ cessit Aristâ
Illi sæpe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;
Ah! quoties læti sub plaustra egere Juvencos!
Ah! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub ictu!

Nec vitam utilibus quæ incumbit provida curis,
Nec sortem ignotam, securaque gaudia Ruris
Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu
Annales Inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,
Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepulchrum
Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.
Ducit Laudis iter tantùm ad nonfinia Mortis.

Parcite sic tellure sitis (ita fata volebant)
Si nulla in memori surgant Insignia Busto,
Quà longos per Templi aditus, laqueataque tecta,
Divinas iterare solent gravia Organa Laudes.

Inscriptæne valent Urnæ, spirantiaque æra,
Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare relictas?
Dicite, sollicitet cineres si fama repostos?
Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures?

Quis scit, an hìc Animus neglectà in sede quiescat
Qui prius incaluit cœlestis semine flammæ?
Quis scit, an hìc sceptri Manus haud indigna recumbat,
Quæve lyræ poterat magicum inspirâsse furorem?

Annales sed nulla suos His Musa reclusit,
Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo:
Pauperies angusta sacros compescuit ignes,
Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris
Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas;
Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,
Flos rubet, inque auras frustra disperdit Odorem.

Hìc aliquis fortè Hamdenus, qui pectore firmo
Obstitit Imperio parvi in sua rura Tyranni,
Miltonus tumulo rudis atque inglorius illo
Dormiat, aut patrii Cromvellus sanguinis insons.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora Senatûs,
Exitium sævique minas ridere doloris,
Per patriam largos Fortunæ divitis imbres
Spargere, et in læto populi se agnoscere vultu,

Hos sua sors vetuit; tenuique in Limite clausit
Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum;
Ad solium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,
Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

Conatus

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri
Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,
Luxuriæque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam,
Thure, quod in sacris Musarum adoleverat aris.

Insanæ procul amotis certamine turbæ
Sobria non illis didicerunt Vota vagari;
Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reductam,
Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, tenorem.

His tamen incautus tumulis ne fortè Viator
Insultet, videas circum monimenta caduca,
Quà numeris incompositis, rudibusque figuris
Ossa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

Pro mœstis Elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit
Quicquid musa potest incondita, Nomen et Annos:
Multaque queis animum moriens soletur Agrestis,
Dogmata dispergit sacraï Scripturaï.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatæ dulcia Vitæ
Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbris;
Deseruitve almæ confinia læta diei,
Nec desiderio cunctantia Lumina flexit?

Projicit in gremium sese moriturus amicum,
Deficiensque oculus lacrymas, pia munera, poscit;
Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura Sepulchro
Exclamat, solitoque relucent igne favillæ.

At te, cui curæ tumulo sine honore jacentes,
Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;
Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam
Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam Tempora Pastor,
" Illum sæpe novo sub Lucis vidimus ortu
" Verrentem propero matutinos pede Rores,
" Nascenti super arva jugosa occurrere Soli.

" Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus
" Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lassus
" Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,
" Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loquacem.

" Sæpe istam assuetus prope sylvam errare, superbum
" Ridens nescio quid; nunc multa abnormia volvens,
" Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,
" Ut curâ insanus, miserove agitatus Amore.

" Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle videbam,
" Non illum in campo, notâ nec in arboris umbrâ:
" Jamque nova est exorta Dies; neque flumina propter,
" Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosis.

" Adveniente aliâ, portatum hunc ordine mœsto
" Vidimus, et tristes quâ semita ducit ad Ædem
" Rite ire Exequias; ades huc, et perlege Carmen
" (Nam potes,) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre vetustâ."

" *Epitaphium.*

" Nec famæ, neque notus, hìc quiescit,
Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti
Telluris gremio caput reponens.
Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum
Contempsit pia Musa; flebilisque
Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.

Huic largum fuit, integrumque pectus,
Et largum tulit a Deo favorem:
Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
Indulsit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra
Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
Illic mente sacrâ simul repostæ
Inter spemque metumque conquescunt."

Bishop

N° LXXII.

Bishop Warburton's Characters of the Historians of the Civil Wars.

I cannot fill this paper better, or more to the purpose of my present work, than by extracting the following very interesting literary notices from Bishop Warburton's correspondence with Bishop Hurd, lately published.

"In studying this period," (the Civil Wars of the Sixteenth Century) "the most important, the most wonderful in all history, I suppose you will make Lord Clarendon's incomparable performance your ground-work. I think it will be understood to advantage, by reading as an introduction to it, *Rapin's* Reign of James I. and the first fourteen years of Charles I.

"After this will follow *Whitlock's Memoirs.** It is only a journal or diary, very ample and full of important matters. The writer was learned in his own profession; thought largely in religion by means of his friendship with Selden: for the rest, he is vain and pedantic, and on the whole, a little genius.

"*Ludlow's Memoirs*;† as to its composition, is below

* First published 1682; and again with many additions; and a better index, 1732. Bulstrode Whitelocke, son of Sir James Whitelocke, a judge of the Common Pleas, who died 1632, was born 1605; was educated to the law; and was one of Cromwell's Lords, 1657. He died at Chilton, Wilts, 1676.

† Printed at Vevay, in the canton of Berne, 1698, 2 vols. 8vo. and a

below criticism: as to the matter, curious enough. With what spirit written, you may judge by his character, which was that of a furious, mad, but I think, apparently honest republican, and independent.

"*May's History of the Parliament** is a just composition, according to the rules of history. It is written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit, and with a candour, that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand, that he wrote by order of his masters, the Parliament. It breaks off (much to the loss of the history of that time) just when their armies were new modelled by the self-denying ordinance; this loss was attempted to be supplied by

"*Sprigge's History of Fairfax's Exploits*,†—non passibus æquis. He was chaplain to the general, is not altogether devoid of *May's* candour, though he has little of his spirit. *Walker* says it was written by the famous Col. Fienes, though under *Sprigge's* name. It is altogether a military history, as the following one of *Walker*, called *The History of Independency*,‡ is a civil one; or rather of the nature of a political pamphlet against the Independents. It is

3d vol. with a collection of original papers, 1699, 8vo. Edmund Ludlow was born 1620; educated to the law; and died at Vevay in Switzerland, 1693, ætat. 72.

* 1647, Fol. Thomas May, well known as a poet, has been already noticed in this work.

† *Anglia Rediviva*; England's Recovery, &c. 1647. Fol. Sprigge was born 1618; married about 1674, the widow of James Fienes, Viscount Say and Sele, daughter of Edward, Viscount Wimbledon, and died 1684. *Wood's Ath.* II. 761.

‡ See Cens. Lit. III. 241.

full

full of curious anecdotes; though written with much fury, by a wrathful Presbyterian member, who was cast out of the saddle with the rest by the Independents.

"*Milton* was even with him in the fine and severe character he draws of the Presbyterian Administration, which you will find in the beginning of one of his books of the *History of England*, in the late uncastrated editions. In the course of the study of these writers, you will have perpetual occasion to verify or refute what they deliver, by turning over the authentic pieces in *Nalson's*, and especially *Rushworth's* voluminous collections, which are vastly curious and valuable.

"The *Eleuchus Motuum* * of *Bates*, and *Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs* † may be worth reading. Nor must that strange thing of *Hobbes* be forgot, called *The History of the Civil Wars:* it is in dialogue, and full of paradoxes, like all his other writings. More philosophical, political,—or any thing rather than historical; yet full of shrewd observations. When you have digested the history of this period, you will find in *Thurloe's* ‡ large collection § many letters, which will let you thoroughly into the genius of those times and manners."

* Paris, 1649; Franc. ad. Mæn. 1650, 4to. George Bate the author was a physician, born 1606, died 1669. *Wood's Ath.* II. 422.

† See Cens. Lit. III. 245.

‡ In the mind of the learned bishop, as is frequently the case with men of warm fancies, objects sometimes shift their hues. In a letter a few weeks before he had said, "there is little or nothing in that enormous collection of *Thurloe* worth notice," p. 146.

§ Published by Dr. Birch in 7 vols. Fol. John Thurloe was secretary of state to the Cromwells. He was born 1616, and died 1668, aged 51.

A letter, a few years afterwards on the publication of Lord *Clarendon's Continuation*, or *Life*, the Bishop says, "It is full of a thousand curious anecdotes, and fully answers my expectations, as much as *Butler's Remains* fell short of it. I was tired to death, before I got to the end of his characters, whereas I wished the history ten times longer than it is. Walpole in reading the former part of this will blush, if he has any sense of shame, for his abuse of Lord Falkland.

"Mr. Gray has certainly true taste. I should have read *Hudibras* with as much indifference, perhaps, as he did, was it not for my fondness of the transactions of those times, against which it is a satire. Besides, it induced me to think the author of a much higher class, than his *Remains* shew him to have been. And I can now readily think the comedies he wrote were as excusable, as the satirists of that age make them to be!"

Again—"What made the *Continuation of the History* not afford you all the entertainment which perhaps you expected, was not, I persuade myself, (when you think again) the subject, but the execution. Do not you read Tacitus, who had the worst, with the same pleasure as Livy, who had the best subject? The truth is, in one circumstance, (and but in one) but that a capital, the *Continuation* is not equal to the *History of the Rebellion*; and that is in the composition of the characters. There is not the same terseness, the same elegance, the same sublime and master-touches in these, which make those superior to every thing of their kind.

"But

"But with all the defects of this posthumous work, I read it with a pleasure surpassed by nothing but my disgust to the posthumous works of Butler. Whence could this difference arise in these works of sheer wit and sheer wisdom? I suppose from this, that sheer wit, being indeed folly, is opposite to sheer wisdom."

Dr. Hurd makes the following remarks in answer. "The composition of the characters in Lord Clarendon's *Continuation* is, as you truly observe, its chief fault: of which the following, I suppose, may be the reason. Besides that business and age, and misfortunes, had perhaps sunk his spirits, the *Continuation* is not so properly the history of the first six years of Charles the Second, as an anxious apology for the share himself had in the administration. This has hurt the composition in several respects. Amongst others, he could not with decency allow his pen that scope in his delineation of the chief characters of the court, who were all his personal enemies, as he had done in that of the enemies to the King and Monarchy in the Grand Rebellion. The endeavour to keep up a shew of candour, and especially to prevent the appearance of a rancorous resentment, has deadened his colouring very much, besides that it made him sparing in the use of it. Else, his inimitable pencil had attempted, at least to do justice to Bennet, to Berkeley, to Coventry, to the nightly cabal of facetious memory, to the Lady, and if his excessive loyalty had not intervened, to his infamous master himself. That there was somewhat of this in the case, seems clear from some passages where he was not so restrained; such, for instance, as the additional touches to Falkland's and Southampton's

Southampton's characters. With all this, I am apt to think there may still be something in what I said of the nature of the subject. Exquisite virtue and enormous vice afford a fine field for the historian's genius. And hence Livy and Tacitus are, in their way, perhaps equally entertaining. But the little intrigues of a selfish court, *about carrying or defeating this or that measure, about displacing this, and bringing in that minister*, which interest nobody very much but the parties concerned, can hardly be made very striking by any abilities of the relator. If Cardinal de Retz has succeeded, his scene was busier, and of another nature from that of Lord Clarendon. But however this be, and when all abatements are made, one finds the same gracious facility of expression; above all, one observes the same love of virtue and dignity of sentiment, which ennobled the *History of the Rebellion*. And if *this* raises one's ideas, most, of the *writer*, the *Continuation* supports and confirms all that one was led to conceive of the *man and the minister*.

ERRATA.

The candid reader is requested to correct the following material errata, which utterly destroy the sense. They arose from want of time to send the latter sheets for the Editor's correction.

ERRATA in LAST NUMBER.

Page 218. for *parva* read *furva*—p. 219. for *ipse* r. *ipsa*—for *idalia* r. *Idalis*—for *ingrait* r. *ingruit*—for *doler* r. *dolor*—for *retaris* r. *utaris*—for *Arctos* r. *Arctoo*—last line but two, after *tam* insert *multes*—p. 220. for *tontos* r. *tantos*.

ART. XI. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, at West Camel, Somersetshire, John White Parsons, Esq. many years an active member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

Jan. 22. At his house at Kenniogton, Surrey, æt. 73. Dr. John Andrews, well known in the literary world. "By his death the nation is deprived of an able historian, a profound scholar, and politician; and a man ever ready to take up his pen in his country's cause." The following were some of his publications: 1. The Scripture Doctrine of Grace, 1768. 2. History of the Revolutions of Denmark, 2 vols, 1774. 3. Letters to the Count de Welderen, 1781. 4. Two additional Letters, 1781. 5. On the Manners, Taste, and Amusements of the two last Centuries in England, 1782. 6. On Republican Principles, &c. 1783. 7. On the principal Duties of Social Life. 8. Remarks on the French and English Ladies, 1783. 9. Letters to a Young Gentleman on his setting out for France, 1784. 10. History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland, 4 vols, 1775-1786. 11. Defence of the Stadholdership, 1787.

Jan. 28, in Upper Tichfield Street, Marybone, aged 80, the Rev. Charles Powlett, formerly rector of Itchin, near Winchester; and of St. Martin's, near Looe, in Cornwall. He was eldest son of Charles, third duke of Bolton, by his second duchess (the celebrated Polly Peachum), but born before the marriage (as were all her children). He was a man of very lively parts; a good scholar; and author of many excellent hunting songs, well known in the Hampshire hunts.

Feb. 3, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, Laurence Dundas Campbell, Esq. editor of the Asiatic Annual Register; and author of several publications on East India affairs.

Feb. 5, at Segrave, co. Leic. æt. 47, the Rev. Robert Acklom Ingram, rector of that parish, in the patronage of Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he was Fellow; and where he distinguished himself by his mathematical attainments, having obtained the rank of Senior Wrangler of his year, 1784. His last publication was, *On the Causes of the Increase of Methodism and Dissention.* He was a man of uncommon

uncommon clearness of understanding, and strength of reasoning powers. Some unfortunate occurrences at college clouded his early prospects of life; and probably embittered the remainder of his days.

Feb. 20. at Enfield, æt. 74, Richard Gough, Esq. well known for his great skill in British Topography; of which he published *Anecdotes*, in one vol. 4to. 1768; and a new edition, in 2 vols, 4to, 1780. He edited also a new edition of Camden, 1789, in 3 vols, folio; and published other antiquarian tracts. He married Miss Hall; but left no issue. He was son of captain Harry Gough, an East India captain; and grandson of Sir Henry Gough, of Perry-Hall, in Staffordshire, knt. He was educated at Bene't College, Cambridge. His topographical library was supposed to be the richest in England.

Feb. 27. French Lawrence, LL.D. of Doctors Commons; a celebrated civilian, M. P. for Peterborough. He was a Wykehamist; and afterwards a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; where he was distinguished for his genius and his eccentricities. Thence he came to London, and soon became known among the wits of opposition; and had the whole conduct, and a share in the composition of the celebrated poem called THE ROLLIAD. He afterwards gradually obtained the confidence of Burke, who employed him in arranging the papers and documents for Hastings's impeachment; and finally became one of the executors, and editor of the works of that great man. He also about that time worked himself into great practice at Doctors Commons; and to a seat in parliament through the influence of Earl Fitzwilliam. He was author of many sonnets and small poems, scattered about in the *Poetical Register*, and other collections; and had a hand in some late volumes of Rivington's Annual Register. His brother, Dr. Richard Lawrence, published an excellent volume of Bampton Lectures; and is now rector of Mersham, near Ashford, Kent.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

It is with a mingled sensation of regret and satisfaction, that the Editor feels it necessary to announce, that this Work at length approaches to a close. The next Number, which finishes the *Tenth Volume*, will conclude the Censura Literaria.

Many reasons have concurred to produce this determination. Some are of a private nature, and not proper to trouble the public with. But there are others, which are not liable to the same objection. For a work, which it is hoped may be of permanent interest, ten volumes are deemed sufficiently numerous. A further extent might render them too cumbersome, and too expensive for circulation. The fire, also, in November, 1807, which destroyed all the unsold Numbers, by taking from those who have been willing

to

to become new purchasers, the hope of completing their sets, has operated as a material objection to the continuance of the present Series.

In carrying on this work for more than four years, among many other pressing avocations of a literary as well as of a domestic nature, it may be supposed that the Editor has frequently experienced the effects of want of time, fatigue, listlestness, and disgust. Indeed, had not his good fortune, at the moment when much of the aid of his excellent friend, Mr. PARK, was taken from him by laborious occupations of his own, thrown in his way another zealous friend, whose indefatigable researches, added to peculiar opportunity, have given its best value to the latter part of these volumes, it is probable that he would not have been able to carry them, with any fair success, to their present length. But in Mr. HASLEWOOD he has found a coadjutor, of whose singularly curious communications every really intelligent Bibliographer must perceive the high value.

The experience of this co-operation, and a due estimate of its use, keep alive in the Editor the ambition of still adding to the stores of knowledge in this department of literature; an ambition which some of his

his friends may perhaps consider a species of Quixotism. It is true, that he has already on his hands intellectual employment enough to fill any moderate desires; and a few dear friends, who are willing to entertain a more flattering opinion of him than he can presume to indulge, tell him that he is wasting the precious hours which ought to be occupied in original composition. If this be true, and if he choose a course more useful than splendid, he may claim, at least, the merit of a generous sacrifice.

It can hardly be supposed that he is less qualified for carrying on a work of Bibliography than when he began this undertaking. He might have taken the motto, DOCENDO DISCO. In this state of mind, he has been induced to form the scheme of another periodical work of similar materials.

This work will be entitled THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHER. It will be published in *Quarterly* Numbers, at the price of Five Shillings; and in some particulars will vary from the present plan. Every Number will contain either an Engraving, or a Woodcut; principally portraits, copied from scarce prints, or (where they can be obtained), from original pictures.

tures. There will also be appended to every Number a reprint of a portion of some of our most scarce and curious ancient tracts, particularly poetical, so as to form within the compass of a few numbers, complete new Editions of those works. The Biography also of our old Poets, will form main articles of this Publication.

It is at present intended, that the first Number of this work shall appear on the first Day of July next. And as it is probable that only a small impression will be taken, it will be advisable for the purchasers of the CENSURA, and others, who are desirous to obtain the OLD ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, to transmit their names as soon as possible (by letter, post-paid), to Mr. TRIPHOOK, Bookseller, St. James's Street. A more full Prospectus will hereafter be given.

Mar. 28th, 1809.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XL.

[Being Number XXVIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Villanies discouered by Lanthorne and Candle-light,* and the helpe of a New Cryer called O per se O. Being an addition to the Belman's second Night-walke: and a laying open to the world of those Abuses, which the Belman (because he went i' th' darke) could not see. With Canting Songs neuer before printed. London: Printed by John Busby, & are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleetstrete,* 1616. *4to.* 60 *leaves.*

BEYOND the history of kings, statesmen, with other elevated characters, and the traveller's picture of foreign nations, a vacuum remains in depicting the whole community from the want of the annals and manners of little knaves. Some portion of domestic information may be gleaned from the Villanies discovered, or such works as the life of Bampfylde Moore Carew; the Blackguardiana; Scoundrel's Dictionary,

* In "the cryes of Rome," *alias* London, a song in the later editions of Heywood's "Rape of Lvcrece;" is

"Lanthorne and Candle light here,
Maid, a light here.
Thus go the cries," &c.

and too faithful records of the Tyburn Chronicle. These works, while it remains a truism, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," curiosity will continue to appreciate at an high and incredible value. This popularity arises from the local nature of the slang-phrase or canting dialect used by petty thieves, of which the latest publication from Shoe-lane is always in newest fashion. The most finished character of this description, who has imbibed it from infancy, as when

> "On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
> And brought up near Saint Giles's pound,
> And brought up there by Billingsgate Nan;"

if taken immediately from his instructress to a forced penitentiary seclusion of only six months, would find, on revisiting his old haunts, that the dialect had been new modelled and the night-house seminary the only prospect of recovering the character of an adept in his native tongue. Well were it if this cramp gibberish rested only in the mouths of such lawless varlets.*

The *Villanies Discovered* was written by Thomas Deckar. At the back of the title some lines as the Belman's cry; a short address to the reader succeeds with table of contents; and the work is divided into seventeen chapters, which forms an amusing description of the various nests of swindlers of that period. Some are known for gull groping, ferretting, hawking, jacks of the clock-house, rank-riders, moon-men, jynglers, &c. &c. Under the class of hawking is explained the trick of false dedications.

* In a club of turf celebrity, which flourished in the metropolis a few years since, an attempt was made to establish this high polished synonomy.

"*Fawlconers.*

Fawlconers. Of a new kinde of Hawking, teaching how to catch Birds by Bookes.

"Hvnting and hawking are of a kin, and therefore t is fit they should keepe company together: both of hem are noble games, and recreations, honest and ıealthfull; yet they may bee so abused that nothing :an bee more hurtfull. In hunting, the game is commonly still before you, or i'th hearing, and within a ittle compasse. In hawking, the game flies farre off, ınd oftentimes out of sight: a couple of rookes therebre (that were birds of the last feather) conspired ogether to leaue their nest in the citie, and to flutter broad, into the countrie: upon two leane hackeneies, vere these two doctor doddipols horst, ciuilly suited, hat they might cary about them some badge of a choller.

"The diuel's rank-rider that came from the last ity hunting, vnderstanding that two such light-horsenen were gone a hawking, posts after, and ouertakes hem. After some ordinary high-way talke, hee egins to question of what profession they were? One f them smiling scornfully in his face, as thinking him o be some gul (and indeed such fellowes take all men or guls, who they thinke to bee beneath them in ualitie) told him they were falconers. But the foxe iat followed them, seeing no properties (belonging to falconer) about them, smelt knauerie, took them for paire of mad rascals, and therefore resolued to see at hat these falconers would let flie.

"*How to cast up the Lure.*

"At last on a suddaine, sayes one of them to him, r, we have sprung a partridge, and so fare you well:

which words came stammering out with the haste that they made, for presently the two foragers of the countrie were vpon the spur: Plutoe's post seeing this, stood still to watch them, and at length saw them in maine gallop make toward a goodly fayre place, where either some knight, or some great gentleman kept; and this goodly house belike was the partridge which those falconers had sprung. Hee being loth to loose his share in this hawking, and hauing power to transforme himselfe as he listed, came thither as soone as they, but beheld all (which they did) inuisible. They both, like two knights errant, alighted at the gate, knocked, and were let in: the one walkes the hackneyes, in an outward court, as if he had beene but squire to Sir Dagonet. The other (as boldly as S. George, when he dar'd the dragon at this very den) marched vndauntedly vp to the hall, where looking ouer those poore creatures of the house, that weare but the bare blew-coats (for *Aquila non capit Muscas*) what should a falconer meddle with flies? he onely salutes him that in his eye seemes to be a gentleman-like fellow: of him he askes for his good knight, or so, and sayes that he is a gentleman come from London on a businesse, which he must deliuer to his owne worshipfull eare. Up the staires does braue mount Dragon ascend; the knight and he encounter, and with this staffe does hee valiantly charge vpon him.

" *How the Bird is caught.*

" Sir, I am a poore scholler, and the report of your vertues hath drawne me hither, venturously bold to fix your worthy name as a patronage to a poore short discourse, which here I dedicate (out of my loue) to your noble

noble and eternall memory: this speech he vtters barely.

" The hawking pamphleter is then bid to put on, whilst his *Miscellane Mæcenas*, opens a booke fayrely appareld in vellom, with gilt-fillets, and foure-penny silke ribbon at least, like little streamers on the top of a march-pane castle, hanging dangling by at the foure corners: the title being superficially suruaid, in the next leafe hee sees that the author hee, hath made him one of his gossips, for the booke carries his Worship's name, and vnder it stands an epistle iust the length of a Hench-man's grace before dinner, which is long inough for any booke in conscience, unlesse the writer be vnreasonable.

" The Knight being told before hand, that this little sunbeame of Phœbus (shining thus briskly in print) hath his mite or atmy waiting vpon him in the outward court, thanks him for his loue & labour, and considering with himselfe, what cost he hath been at, and how far he hath ridden to come to him, hee knowes that patrons and godfathers, are to pay scot and lot alike, and therefore to cherish his young and tender muse, he giues him foure or sixe angels, inuiting him either to stay breakefast, or if the sunne-diall of y^e^. house points towards eleuen, then to tarrie dinner.

" *How the Bird is drest.*

" But the fish being caught (for which our Heliconian angler threw out his lines) with thankes, and legges, and kissing his owne hand, he parts. No sooner is hee horst, but his hostler (who all this while walked the iades, and trauels vp and downe with him like an vndeseruing plaier for halfe a share) askes this question, strawes or not? Strawes, cries the whole

sharer and a halfe; away then, replies the first, flie to our nest. This nest is neuer in the same towne, but commonly a mile or two off, and it is nothing else but the next tauerne they come to. But the village into which they rode being not able to maintaine an iuybush, an alehouse was their inne; where aduancing themselues into the fairest chamber, and be-speaking the best cheere in the towne for dinner, downe they sit, and share before they speak of any thing-els. That done, he that ventures vpon all hee meetes, and discharges the paper bullets (for to tell truth, the other serues but as a signe, and is meerely no-body) begins to discourse; how he carried himselfe in the action, how he was encountred; how he stood to his tackling, and how well he came off: hee cals the knight a noble-fellow; yet they both shrug, and laugh, and swear they are glad they haue guld him.

"More arrows must they shoote of the same length that this first was of, and therefore there is truncke full of trinckets, that is to say, their budget of bookes is opend againe, to see what leafe they are to turne ouer next, which whilst they are dooing, the ghost that all this space haunted them, and hard what they said, hauing excellent skill in the black art, that is to say, in picking of lockes, makes the doore suddenly flie open, which they had closely shut. At his strange entrance they being somewhat agast, began to shuffle away their books, but he knowing what cards they plaid withall, offred to cut, & turn'd vp two knaues by this trick. My maisters (quoth he) I know where you haue bin, I know what you haue done, I know what you meane to doe, I see now you are falconers indeed, but by thee (and then he swore a damnable oath) vnlesse

you

you teach me to shoote in this birding peece, I wil raise the village, send for the Knight whom you boast you haue guld and so disgrace you; for your money I care not. The two free-booters seeing themselues smoaked, told their third brother, hee seemed to bee a gentleman and a boone companion, they prayed him therefore to sit downe with silence, and sithence dinner was not yet readie hee should heare all.

"This new mode of hawking (quoth one of them) which you see vs vse, can afford no name vnles fiue be at it, viz. 1. He that casts vp the lure is called the falconer. 2. The lure that is cast vp is on idle pamphlet. 3 The tercel-gentle that comes to the lure, is some knight, or some gentleman of like qualitie. 4. The bird that is preied vpon, is money. 5. He that walkes the horses, and hunts dry-foote is called a mongrel.

"*The Falconer and his Spaniell.*

"The falconer hauing scraped together certaine small parings of wit, he first cuts them hansomely in prettie peeces, and of those peeces does hee patch vp a booke. This booke he prints at his own charge, the mongrell running vp and downe to looke to the workemen, and bearing likewise some part of the cost, for which he enters vpon this halfe share. When it is fully finished, the falconer and his mongrell, (or it may be two falconers ioyne in one,) but howsoeuer, it is by them deuised what shire in England it is best to forrage next; that being set downe, the falconers deale either with a herauld for a note of all the knights and gentlemen's names of worth that dwell in that circuit, which they meane to ride, or els by inquiry, get the chiefest of them, printing off so many epistles as they

haue names, the epistles dedicatorie being all one, and vary in nothing but in titles of their patrons. Hauing thus furnished themselues, and packed vp their wares, away they trudge, like tinkers, with a budget at one of their backs, or it may be the circle they meane to coniure in shal not be out of London, especially if it be terme-time, or when a parliament is holden (for then they haue choise of sweet-meats to feed vpon.) If a gentleman seeing one of these books dedicated onely to his name, suspect it to bee a bastard, that hath more fathers besides himselfe, and to trie that does defer the presenter for a day or two, sending in the mean time (as some haue done) into Paules Church-yard amongst the stationers to inquire if any such worke be come forth, and if they cannot tell, then to step to the printer's. Yet haue the falconers a tricke to goe beyond such hawks too, for all they flye so hie, and that is this; the bookes lye all at the printer's, but not one line of an epistle to any of them (those bug beares lurke in *Tenebris*) if then the spy that is sent by his maister, aske why they haue no dedications to them, Mounsier Printer tels him, the author would not venture to adde any to them all (sauing onely to that which was giuen to his maister) vntill it was knowne whether he would accept of it or no. This satisfies the patron, this fetches money from him, and this cozens fiue hundred besides. Nay, there bee other bird-catchers, that vse stranger quaile-pipes: you shall haue fellowes, foure or fiue in a country, that buying vp any old booke (especially a sermon, or any other matter of diuinity) that lies for a waste paper, and is cleane forgotten, ad a new printed epistle to it, and with an alphabet of letters which they carry about them,

them, being able to print any man's name for a dedication, on the suddaine, trauaile vp and downe most shires in England, and liue by this hawking.]

" Are we not excellent falconers now? quoth three halfe shares. Excellent villaines, cryed the deuil's deputy: by this the meate for dinner came smoking in, vpon which they fell most tirannically, yet, for manners sake, offring first, to the balife of Belzebub the upper end of the table, but he feariug they would make a hauke, or a buzzard of him too, and report they had ridden him like an asse, as they had done others, out a dooers he flung with a vengeance as he came.

" O sacred learning! why doost thou suffer thy seuen leaued tree, to bee plucked by barbarous and most vnhallowed hands? Why is thy beautifull maiden-body polluted like a strumpet's, and prostituted to beastly and slauish ignorance? O thou base-broode, that make the muses harlots, yet say are they your mothers? You theeues of wit; cheaters of arte; traitors of schooles of learning; murderers of schollers; more worthy you are, to vndergoe the Romane *Furca*, like slaues, and to be branded i' th' forehead deeper than they that forge testaments to vndoe orphants; such doe but rob children of goods that may be lost; but you rob schollers of their fame; which is deerer than life. You are not worth an inuectiue, not worthy to haue your names drop out of a deséruing pen, you shall onely be executed in picture, as they vse to handle malefactors in France, and the picture (though it were drawn to be hung vp in another place) shall leaue you impudently arrogant to your selues, and ignominiously ridiculous

ridiculous to after ages: in these colours are you drawne.

" The true picture of these falconers.

——————————" There be fellowes
Of course and common bloud; mechanick knaues
Whose wits lye deeper buried then in graues;
And indeede smell more earthy, whose creation
Was but to giue a boote or shooe good fashion.
Yet these (shrowing by the apron and the awle)
Being drunke with their owne wit, cast vp their gall
Onely of inke; and in patch'd beggerly rimes,
(As full of fowle corruption, as the times)
From towne to towne they strowle in soule, as poore
As th' are in clothes: yet these at euery doore
Their labours dedicate. But, as at faires,
Like pedlars, they shew still one sort of wares
Vnto all commers (with some filde oration),
And thus to giue bookes now's an occupation.
One booke hath seuen score patrons, thus desart
Is cheated of her due; this noble art
Giues Ignorance, (that common strumpet) place;
Thus the true schollers name growes cheap and base."

J. H.

ART. II. *Jo Gower de Confessione Amantis. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelette the xii daie of March An. MDLIIII. Cum privilegio. Folio. Fol.* 191, *besides the Dedication, Preface, and Table.**

* The first edition was William Caxton, Sept. 2, 1483. Herb. I. 45. Berthelet printed a former edition in 1532. Ib. I. 419.

On

On the back of the title-page "Epigramma Autoris in suum librum."

"DEDICATION.

"*To the most victorious and our moste gracious soveraigne lorde kynge Henry the VIII. kynge of Englande and of France, Defender of the fayth, and lorde of Irelande, &c.*"

"Plutarke writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other jewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littel cheste of great value, which the noble King Alexander beholding said: this same shall serve for Homere; whiche is noted for the greate love and favour that Alexander had unto lernyng: but this I thinke verily, that his love and favour therto was not so great as your gracis: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and most redoubted soveraigne lorde, after I had printed this worke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely majestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernynge the value) was farre to simple (as methought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some peyne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not muche greater peyne to that excellent clerke the morall Johan Gower to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleve it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembred

membred your incomparable clemencie, the whiche, as I have myselfe some tyme sene, most graciously accepteth the sklender giftes of small value, which your highnes perceived were offred with greet and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobuls and great estates, but also of your meane subjectes: the whiche so muche holdeth me againe, that though I of all other am your moste humble subjecte and servaunte, yet my herte geveth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my power, give unto your grace the most goodliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And this more over I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalme, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be the more diligent to marke and beare awey the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forthe under your graces name, whom thei with all their very hertes so truely love and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they ever fynde so good, so juste, and so gracious a prince. And who so ever in redynge of this warke, doth consider it well, shall fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed and fournished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of greet auctoritee, perswadynge unto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the understandynge of many and divers auctours, whose reasons, sayenges and histories are translated in to this warke,

as

as for the pleintie of Englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde Englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the whiche began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our Englishe tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borowed out of Latine, Frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that understode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude not perceive their writynges. And though our most alowed olde autors did other while use to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete Englishe worde, yet this ought not to be a presidente to us, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we have all redie wordes approved and received, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Johan Gower, that shal as a lanterne give him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The whiche noble auctour I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present and beseche your highnes, that it maie go forth under your graces favour. And I shall ever praie God that is almightie, preserve your roiall majestee in most longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen."

"*To the Reader.*

"In time past whan this warke was printed, I can not conjecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme.

seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble Duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bookes that be written, be contrarie, yet I have folowed therin the print copie, for as muche as it maie serve both waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder that the written copies do not agree with the printed. Therfore I have printed here those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceive began at the xxiii line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

" In our Englishe I thinke make
A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that ever a liege man
Unto his kynge maie done or can,
So far forth I me recommunde
To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
Pritende unto the high reigne,
Whiche causeth every kynge to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde.
I thynke & have it understonde,
As it befill upon a tide,
As thynge, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste joye,
In Themse, whan it was flowende,
As I by bote came rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,

He

He bad me come into his barge;
And whan I was with hym at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge upon me leyde,
And bad me do my businesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thynge I shulde boke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge,
And this upon his commandyng
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as he me bad.
And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none envie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige & blame that I write.
A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
That it malice none distilleth,
But preiseth, that is to be preised:
But he that hath his worde unpeised
And handleth with ronge any thynge,
I praie unto the heven kynge,
Fro suche tonges he me shilde.
And netheles this worlde is wilde:
Of such jangling & what befall,
My kynges heste shall not falle,
That I in hope to deserve
His thonke, me shall his will observe,
And els were I nought excused.
For that thyng maie nought be refused,
What that a kynge hym selfe bit.
For thy the simplest of my wit
I thynke if that it maie availe,
In his service to travaile,

Though

Though I sickenes have upon honde,
And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,
So as I made my beheste,
To make a boke after his heste,
And write in such a maner wise,
Which maie be wisedome to the wise,
And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
But in proverbe I have herde saie,
That who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.
And thus the prologue of my boke,
After the worlde, that whilom toke,
And eke som dele after the newe,
I woll begyn for to mewe.

And thus I saie for these lxx lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie unto these both both in sentence and in meanyng. Furthermore there were lefte out in divers places of the worke lines and columes, ye and some tyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceived: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde have mased his mynde in redyng that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greater blemisshe unto a noble auctour? And for to preise worthily unto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right much unable, ye shall your selfe now deeme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his own shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I maie be bolde to saie, that if we shulde never have sene his connyng warkes, the whiche even at the full do witnesse, what a clarke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellente Geffraie Chaucer, that he

wrote

wrote in the ende of his most special warke, that is intitled *Troilus and Creseide*, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
To the, & to the philosophicall Strode,
To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
Of your benignitees & zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also understande, that he and Gower were both of one selfe, tyme, both excellently lerned, both great frendes together, and both a like endeavoured themselves and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doyenge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble royalme shall be the better, over and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their journey, the one of them, that is to say, John Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of Saynt Marie Overes, where somewhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flourished freshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the north side of the foresaid churche, in the chapell of Sainte John, where he hath of his owne foundacion a masse daily songe. And moreover he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same churche, on Fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope Saynte Gregorie.

"Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades,

one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this divise in hir honde

En toy qui es fitz de dieu le pere
Sauve soit, qui gist souz cest piere.

The second is written Mercie, which holdeth in hir hande this divise:

O bone Jesu, fait ta mercie
Al alme, dont le corps gist icy.

The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this divise folowynge.

Pur ta pitè Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauve garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth that whosoever praith for the soule of John Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth have a M and D daies of pardon.

"The other lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster in an ile on the south side of the churche. On whose soules and all Christen, Jesu have mercie. Amen."

Then follows a full table of contents of every book of this long poem; consisting of eight, besides the Prologue.

I shall give a specimen by copying the contents of the Prologue.

"How Iohn Gower in the xvi yere of kyng Richarde the seconde began this boke, fol. 1.

"Of the estate of roialmes temporally the same yere, fol. eodem.

"Of the estate of the clergie the time of Robert Gilbonense,

Gilbonense, namynge hym selfe Clement than Antipope, fo. ii.

" Of the state of the comon people, fo. iii.

" Howe some blame fortune, some the influence of plannettes for thynges that chance, fo. eodem.

" Of the image that Nabugodonosor saw in his slepe, fo. iiii.

" The interpretation of the same dreame, fo. eodem.

" The Apostles wordes concerning the ende of the worlde, fo. vi.

" The mutabilitee of thinges, fo. eodem.

" Howe man by the matter of his complexion is divided, and of the division of the bodie and soule; and how Adam divided from the state of innocence was dejected out of paradise, fo. eodem.

" Howe the people through the worlde excepte Noe and his, for division were drowned, fo. eodem.

" The division of languages, and a token of the worldes ende, fo. vii.

" Of the harper Arion, fo. eodem.

" Thus endeth the contentes of the prologue."

I will transcribe the first division of the Prologue.

" *Hic imprimis declarat Joañes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, et finaliter complevit, An. regni regis Ric. Secundi* 16.

" Of them, that writen us to fore
The bokes dwell: & we therfore
Ben taught of that was written tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our time amonge us here
Do write of newe some mattere

Ensampled of the olde wise,
So that it might in suche a wise,
Whan we be deade & els where
Beleve to the worldes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, & sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdom write,
It dulleth ofte a man's witte.
To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey,
And write a boke bytwene the twey,
Somwhat of lust, & somewhat of lore,
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write;
And for that few men endite
In our Englisshe, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere xvi of kynge Richarde.
What shall befalle here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe upon this tide
Men see the worlde on every side
In sondrie wise so diversed
That it well nigh stant all reversed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nedeth nought to specifie,
The thynge so open is at the eie,
That every man it maie beholde.
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren lever,
Writyng was beloved ever
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge us
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good

Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be loste: so for to magnifie
The worthy princes, that tho were,
The bookes shewen here & there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is,
And tho that diden than amis
Through tyrannie & crueltee
Right as thei stonden in degree,
So was the writyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyn it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thynke for to touche also
The worlde, whiche neweth every daie,
So as I can, so as I maie,
Though I sekenesse have upon honde
And longe have had yet wolde I fonde
To write, & do my besinesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man may be advised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisedome all belongeth,
That wise man that it underfongeth,
He shall draw into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended,
The boke shall afterwarde be ended
Of love, whiche dothe many a wonder,
And many a wise man hath put under.
And in this wise I thynke to treate
Towarde them, that nowe be greate,

Betwene the vertue & the vice,
Which longeth unto this office.
But for my wittes ben to smale
To telle every man's tale
This booke upon amendement,
To stonde at his commandement
With whom mine herte is of accorde,
I sende unto mine owne lorde,
While of Lancaster is Henry named;
The hygh God hath hym proclamed
Full of knythode & all grace,
So wolde I nowe this werke embrace.
God graunte I mote it well acheve
With whole truste & whole beleve.

Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
Linquit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus vincolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,
Justitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Instar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis
Lex gerit, et regnis sunt nova jura novis.
Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent."

For a critical account of this and other works of Gower see Warton's History of English Poetry, II. p. 1, & sequent.

ART. III. *Jobus Triumphans.*—Ἰδὲ μακαριζομεν τους ὑπομενοντας τὴν ὑπομονὴν Ἰωβ ηκουσατε, και το τελος κυριου εἰδετε. IAKΩB. ε. ια.

Vincit qui patitur.

MDCLI. [Corrected with a pen MDLVI.] *Small 8vo. pp.* 39.

This is another Latin poem by Henry Oxinden of Barham. From the author's own copy I am furnished with the following MS. notices regarding himself.

He was born Jan. 18, 1608, the eldest son of Richard Oxinden, who was born in July, 1588, the son of Sir Henry Oxinden of Wingham, Knt. and married Jan. 11, 1607, Katherine Sprakeling daughter of Sir Adam Sprakeling, Knt. and died May 20, 1629.

"June 16, 1624," says he, "I went with my father, Mr. Richard Oxinden, to Oxford, I then beeing about fifteene yeares and six months of age. June 23, 1626, I was taken so sicke as I hardly recovered: it was at Oxford: Dr. Bambridge beeing my phisition: and May 27, 1645, I was againe taken so sicke as I very hardly recovered: it was at Barham: Charles Annoots, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. John Swan were then my physitions."

"April 1, 1627. I tooke the degree of a Batchelour of Art."

Thus these notices add an article to Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.

"April 16, 1667, I was at Ripple Court, and then I first began to be sensible of my sickness, and weakness."

"*Extracts from the parish Registers of Denton and Barham.*

"1629, May 23. Mr. Richard Oxinden of Barham, buried in Denton church." *Denton R.*

"1633, Feb. 27. The son of Mr. Henry Oxinden baptised." *Barham R.*

"1640, Aug. 30. Anne Oxinden the wife of Henry buried." *Denton R.*

"1642. Henry Oxinden and Katherine Cullen married." *Barham R.*

"1655. Richard, son of Mr. Thomas Oxinden, baptised." *Barham R.*

"1670, June 17. Fryday buried Mr. Henry Oxinden* of this parish." *Denton R.*

"1698, Sept. 16. Mrs. Oxinden, widow, was buried," *Denton R.*

"1679, May 4. Buried in the chancel Mr. John Warley, Rector of Charlton, nigh Dover." *Denton R.*

"1716, 17, Mar. 1. Mrs. Katharine Warley† buried." *Denton R.*

JOBUS TRIUMPHANS, the poem now before me, consists of 766 hexameter verses. It possesses much more merit than the FUNUS RELIGIONIS. It has commendatory verses by Alexander Ross; William Nethersole of the Inner Temple; Franc. Howard; H. Jacob; Joh. Neale; Jo. Ludd; E. B. two copies; and his son Thomas Oxinden.

The copy before me has also three additional copies of verses in MS. by H. B.; by his grandson Richard

* Henry Oxinden had two younger brothers. 1. Rev. James Oxinden of Goodnestone, whose son the Rev. James O. of Little Hempston, Co. Dev. was father of Anne wife of Benjamin Pearse of Broad Hempston, Co. Dev. 2. Richard O. of Rochester, Esq. who died about 1691, and whose grandson, Geo. O. of Chelsea, Gent. was living 1724.

† Her son John Warley, surgeon, was father of the late Lee Warley of Canterbury, the heir of this family, who possessed all the books and estates of his ancestor Henry Oxinden.

Margaret, sister of Katharine Warley, married in 1649 John Hobart of Quarington in Mersham, Kent, Esq.

Oxinden;

Oxinden; and by John Pierce; the latter consisting of fifty-eight hexameter and pentameter lines; and dated Mar. 20, 1657.

It seems that a report which had reached the author of his poem being read in foreign schools much flattered him. It is recorded by the following MS. notice.

"The gentleman who told mee of your JOB TRIUMPHANT being read in schooles beyond sea, is now in Paris; his name is ROCH, who was to have been Major to Colonel Stannyers his Regiment, Feb. 16, 1667. THO. OXINDEN."

"*Jobus Triumphans.*

"Insignem pietate virum famulumque Jehovæ
(Cujus per totum notum est patientia mundum)
Laudibus ac meritis super aurea sydera cœli
Tollere fert animus; Tu magni Rector Olympi
Succurre, et sacris conatibus annue nostris.
Finibus est Arabum tellus porrecta sub Ortum
Solis, ea Ausitis dicta est, ubi maximus Heros
Stirpis Edomeæ florebat, sceptra gubernans
Pacifice, dictus Jobus, justissimus unus
Assiduo Hic pura est veneratus mente Jehovam,
Impia sacrilegæ fugiens consortia turbæ.
Cui septem fuerant pulcherrima pignora nati,
Et tres eximiæ præstanti corpore natæ,
In quarum egregio mirum decus ore nitebat;
Nec minus ille opibus dives quam dives et agris,
Millia cui septem pecudum, ter mille cameli,
Mille boves, quingentæ asinæ, quin insuper illi
Semper erat presto famulorum copia tanta,
Nullus ut Eois hoc ditior esset in oris,
Dumque alternatim celebrant convivia nati,
Invitantque suas in splendida tecta sorores,
Ad Cererem, et læti spumantia pocula Bacchi,
Et dum curabant convivia mutua fratres,
Votis sanctificat natos, mittitque ministros

Qui

Qui moveant precibus placandam Numinis iram;
Ipse autem surgens cum primum albescere cæpit
Alma dies, holocausta Deo tot ponit in aris
Quot numerat natos, secumque hæc corde volutat;
Ah! fortasse mei plena inter pocula nati
Peccarunt, nomenque Dei sanctum ore profano
Læserunt; talem ille die se quoque gerebat,
Integer haud fictis veneratus numina votis.
Et tantæ pietatis opus peragebat Jobus,
Mane novo quoties Phœbus de gurgite surgit.
Primævi in mensis dum gustant fercula fratris
Nati, sydereâ residens Deus altus in aulâ
Concilium vocat; Huic subito glomerantur in unum
Innumeri aligeri juvenes, natique Tonantis,
Nempe ejus jussu, cui parent omnia, primo;
Per medios dirâ Furiarum a sede profectus
Sese infert Stygius, visu mirabile, Dæmon;
Cui Jova; heus unde acer ades captivus Averni?
Extemplo Satanas Jovæ respondit, ab oris
Terræ adsum extremis quas nocte dieque pererro:
Tum Deus; anne meum vidisti has inter Jobum,
Fidum illum usque mei cultorem numinis? Orbis
Nullum totus ei peperit pietate secundum;
Respondens Satanas, dixit, frustra Omnipotentem
Job timet? hunc vallo cinxisti, et mœnibus altis;
Nonne tuis donis exuberat, atque favore
Lætus ovat, dives pecoris ditissimus agris
Cujus in immensum crevit possessio acervum;
Sin homini tristes morbos, subitemque ruinam
Immittas, pereantve armenta immensa, gregesque,
Fallor, hic ingratus si te non protinus ore
Latranti coram incessat, tua dextera quamvis
Fudit opes illi sua celsa palatia circum.
Cui Deus; ecce igitur, meus hic quœcumque fidelis
Jobus habet, tua sunt, in eum tibi plena potestas
Fortunasque datur, sed corpus tangere nolo

Te tantum illius, vitæve abrumpere filum.
Hæc ubi dicta, fugit Satanas velocior Euro,
Vel jaculo a facie Domini terrasque revisit,
Jamque sui fratris primævi in sedibus omnes
Læti una fratres animis, ternæque sorores
Dulcia fæcundis carpebant fercula mensis,
Miscebantque hilares Lenæi poc'la liquoris,
Ocyus accurrit cum Jobi ad limina tristis
Nuntius, his implens miserandis questibus auras;
Ah! dum vomeribus subigebant arva coloni,
Juxta, et tardigradæ carpebant gramen asellæ,
Ecce feræ gentes subito irrupere Sabæi,
Omnia vastantes late, custodibus ipsis
Occisis, solusque evasi nuncius horum:
Vix fandi finem fecit, quando advolat alter,
Hæc referens: summo ceciderunt fulgura cœlo.
Quæ consumpserunt pecudes, pecudumque magistros;
Solus ego evari, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
Tertius, hæc illo memorante, accessit, et inquit,
Crede mihi, turmas rigidi eduxere Sabæi
Tres, quibus errantes furtum evasere camelos,
Ablatisque illis pueri cecidere sub ense;
Solus ego evasi, qui sim tibi nuncius horum:
Vix ea fatus erat, quartusque supervenit illi,
Ista addens; dum Jobe tui (vix temperat ille
A lachrymis) nati, et natæ convivia læti
Ædibus in fratris majoris nuper habebant,
Extemplo adversi fremebundo turbine venti
Erupere Austro, deserti e finibus orti,
Et semel increbuere horrendo murmure tectis,
Atque everterunt imis a sedibus ædes,
Unde gravi lapsu natorum membra tuorum,
Obruta cuncta jacent miserè tumulata sub illis,
Vixque adeo super unus eram, qui hæc tristra ferrem
Nuncius! Hoc Genitor casu perculsus acerbo
Surrexit, vestemque suam laceravit (ut illis

Mos

Mos patrius) secuitque comam, tristisque petivit
Suppliciter terras, divinum numen adorans,
Et placide tandem has effudit pectore voces.
Nudus ego exivi ex utero genitricis, et illa
Me nudum accipiet reducem; mihi dona Jehova
Cuncta dedit, proprioque eadem nunc jure reposcit;
Esto ergo illius benedictum in secula nomen.
Jobus adhuc nullo temeravit crimine linguam,
Nec contra Dominum se indigna est ore locutus.
Sed non contentus pœnas tentasse per istas,
Egregium virtute virum est Stygis incola diri;
Ergo ubi tecta patent summi Genitoris Olympi,
Ipseque Rex Divum in solio sedet arduus, illuc
Concilium aligerum, qui temperat omnia, cogit,
(Namque ibi quis sedeat magnus nisi Conditor orbis?)
Hos inter Satanas, quo non deformius ullum
Aut magis horrendum monstrum Natura creavit,
Irruit infernâ dirarum a sede Sororum,
Audax; et stetit ante Deum; mox Arbiter orbis
Hæc illi; Satana, unde hac irrequietus et effrons
Rursus ades? Contra hic; e mundi finibus adsum,
Quos modo, terrarum emensus loca cuncta, revisi.
Tum Deus; Anne meum vidisti, dicito, Jobum,
Cui pietate parem totus non protulit orbis?
Qui sanctâ, quæ recta, animâ fucoque carente
Integer amplectens, Dominumque Deumque Jehovam
Me colit; et pravi vitat contagia Mundi;
Cernis ut antiquæ salvum pietatis honorem
Servat adhuc? quamvis hominis rerumque suarum
Perdendi tu suasor eras: hæc dixerat; ille
Arte malâ Stygiisque dolis instructus, inique
Objecit Jobo nova crimina mixta querelis,
Pœnasque emeritas, nullo cogente, reposcit.
(Pluto mihi causas memora, quo Numine læso,
Quidve tot infandos te iratum volvere casus,
Mirandum pietate virum tot adire dolores
Impulsit?

Impulit? An tantas Satanæ mens ardet in iras?
Non erat in Jobo species scelerisve dolive,
Sed scelus omne tuum, Satana! nullum ille nec ausus
Nec voluit patrare nefas, non excidit ore
Fraus ulla, aut ulli voluit succumbere culpæ,)
O Deus Omnipotens, inquit, te pectore ficto
Job colit, et nudis veneratur numina verbis,
Dulce sonans linguâ, dum mens meditatur iniquum.
Is se ipsum, non te, tua munera, non tua facta
Diligit, ille dolos versans, tua præmia temnit;
Ardua, quem tantis super æthera laudibus effers;
Corpus ei solidum, tu membraque plena dedisti
Succi, et fulgentes æquantia lumina stellas;
Si mihi fas esset morbis affligere carnem,
Carnem, quam extollit supra omnia dona Jehovæ
Extemplo cernes quæ sit patientia Jobi,
Mirum erit in faciem nisi te tuus integer ille
Incessat probris dictisque accendat amaris;
Subjicit omnipotens blateranti hæc ore maligno
Talibus; insontem flammâ flagroque probandum
Ecce remitto tibi, vitæ tamen illius uni
Parce memor; Satanas auditis latior istis
Ocyus a Domino se proripit, atque latenter
Invadens Jobum tetro ferit ulcere corpus;
Dira lues hominis pertentat viscera sancti
Interiora acri penitus suffusa veneno,
Atque etiam a summo percurrens vertice ad imos
Plantarum articulos squallentia membra pererrat:
Continuo huic alius color est et marcida vultum
Deformat facies, horrendo in corpore crustæ
Concrescunt subitæ, scabies turpissima mirè
Commaculat totum (visu miserabile) corpus.
Hinc jacet in terrâ secum sua fata revolvens
Aspera, et invictos animos in corpore versat
Languenti, nec eum constans fiducia liquit,
Quamvis (Heu!) testâ est abradere membra coactus,

Membra

Membra modis miris fluido deformia tabo:
Hæc tulit egregius Jobus, virtute secundus
Nullis Heroum, quos aurea sæcla tulerunt:
" Vir bonus et fortis rebus non deficit arctis,
Sed constans similisque sui, verèque quadratus,
Neve a proposito varians magis ille movetur
Quàm vel dura siles solet, aut Marpesia cautes;"
Quamvis assiduis tundatur flatibus Heros
Fortunæ adversis, licèt hinc furit Eurus, et illinc
Auster, et instabiles exuscitat Africus undas,
Stant tamen immoti scopuli; licet horrida sternant
Ilice de nigra vernantes flamina frondes,
Stat tamen ipsa hærens radici immobilis arbor:
Funditur haud aliter Jobus fortissimus Heros
Flatibus adversis, tamen imperterritus ille,
Stat fultus bonitate Dei, cunctosque dolores
Exsuperat virtute suâ, firmataque mens est
Contra omnes casos, contra omnia spicula Ditis." &c.

Art. IV. *Old Madrigals.*

j. *

O let me liue for true loue, yet let me liue no longer,
Then that my life may make my loue the stronger.

ij.

O let me dye for true loue [and faithfull passion show]
Let not hope or old time come to end my woe.

* *Tenor. Songs of 3. 4. 5. and 6 parts, by Thomas Tomkins: Organist of his Maiesties Chappell Royall in Ordinary. London: Printed for Matthew Lownes, John Browne, and Thomas Snodham. Cum privilegio.* 4to. n. d. Dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, contains twenty-eight pieces, and has a few lines prefixed " to my brother the avthor" by John T.

iij.

iij.

O, yes! has any found a lad,
With purple wings faire painted;
In naked beauty clad
With bowe and arrowes tainted:
Here, alas! close he lyeth,
Take him quicke before he flyeth.

iiij. (First part.)

Weepe no more thou sorry boy,
Loue's pleas'd and anger'd with a toy
Loue a thousand passions brings,
Laughs and weepes, and sighs, and
If she smiles, he dancing goes,
And thinkes not on his future woes;
If she chide, with angry eye
Sits downe and sighs, aye me, I dye!

v. (Second part.)

Yet againe, as soone reuiued,
Joyes as much as late he grieued;
Change there is of ioy, and sadnes,
Sorrow much but more of gladnes:
Then weep no more, thou sorry boy,
Turn thy teares to weeping ioy;
Sigh no more, aye me I die,
But dance & sing, and tihy cry.

vj.

Too much I once lamented,
While loue my hart tormented;
Alas, and aye me, sat I wrynging,
Now chanting goe, and singing.

vij.

Come shepheards sing with me;
Loue, now we hate thy lore,
More than we lou'd before;
From hence we all haue swore,
To loue false loue no more.

viij.

Phillis now cease to moue me,
For I shall neuer loue thee;
Content thee, I haue swore
To loue false loue no more.

viiij.

Adew, adew, ye citty prisoning towers,
Better are the country bowers;
Winter is gone, the trees are springing,
Birds on euery hedge sit singing.
Harke, how they chirpe, come, loue, delay not,
Come, come, sweet loue, Oh come and stay not.

x.

Fvsca, in thy starry eyes,
Loue in blacke still mourning dyes,
That among so many slaine,
[No one checks thy truant reigne.]

J. H.

ART. V. *Explanation of some obsolete English words.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I am tempted to explain some of the words of which *S.* desires to know the meaning in CENSURA, N° 26.

P. 158. "What are *gayes?*" *Gayes* is probably a corruption (as *S.* suspects in p. 166) or different way of spelling *gise*, a goad, or pike; but *guisarme* is not a "walking stick armed with an iron head," but is explained in Bailey's Dictionary as a "military weapon with two points or pikes," from Chaucer.

P. 159.

P. 159. "What are *baselardes?*" This is also said by Bailey from Chaucer, to mean "a dagger or wood-knife."

P. 162. "What is noone meate different from dinner?" Noone-meate is the same as *noonchion*, since corrupted into *lunchion*, originally an afternoon's repast, but now used for that taken between breakfast and dinner.

Ditto, "curle or cockle." To *cockle* is explained by Bailey to mean "to pucker, shrink, or wrinkle up as some cloth does;" to "curle" therefore in its common acceptation is nearly synonimous.

P. 163. "What is the nature of horse bread?" I dare say you are correct in your reference to the Northumberland Household Book, but horse bread is probably no longer used in this island. In Flanders, and some parts of France, it is still common to give horses rye bread, which is cut for them in large slices from the loaf, and given them to eat in their mangers, mixed with beer. I have frequently seen it, even so lately as in the year 1791.

P. 163 & 164. "What are salets and pelletts?" *Salet*, *sallad*, or *salade*, is a helmet or skull cap. The word is still in use in Ireland, as Miss Owenson affirms in her novel of the "Wild Irish Girl." It is common in old French and English writers. Brantome and Du Belley both use it; and you will find in Shakspeare, Henry VI. Part II. act iv. scene 9, "but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill." Pellets are, according to Bailey, "little balls;" in the present case I take them to be such balls as were used to be shot from the cross-bow; for the cross-bow sometimes discharged short arrows, sometimes balls,

balls, and sometimes bolts, which last are frequently mentioned by Froissart.

P. 164. "What means by the borde?" I doubt whether *borde* means border or edge; if it does, the conjecture is probably just. But is not *borde* a corruption or abbreviation of *bordage*, (as "*bord*-halfpenny" is) a duty paid for selling in a market? If so, *by the borde* may mean "according to the custom of the market."

P. 165. "Foricis duploibus defensivis," I should be tempted to translate "a double breast plate for defence;" the Latinized Norman or English in old law proceedings is frequently incapable of being reduced to any rules of grammar. I think it has nothing to do with *doublet*, which did not use to be considered as a "coarse thick waistcoat," but was a part of a gentleman's apparel. Sir George Sondes uses the word in his narrative, in 1656, in speaking of the dress of both his sons.

P. 165. "*Geasse* ne other enchantment." I find in Bailey, *geason*, an old word for "rare, uncommon;" possibly *geasse* may have the same meaning, and be here applied to "rare or uncommon" arts: in the Acts of the Apostles (ch. xix. v. 19) we find *curious arts*, for magic or sorcery. *Geasse* can hardly mean *gayes* or *gys*, because no *weapon* seems to be alluded to in the oath, but only unlawful means of defence.

The vindication of Blackstone is very clear and satisfactory.

P. M.

ART. VI. *Fishing.*

The Editors of the CENSURA will oblige a constant reader by explaining and (if they need it) correcting the following words, sentences, &c. in N° XXVI. viz.

Page 114. *Sytches*—qu. Sykos—i. e. *sichete*—small streamlets.

115. Shovenetts, Trodenetts, *Pytches*. Qu. the difference?

Idem. The names, dates, and other particulars of "near *two hundred* various publications connected with (angling)."

115, 116. Where did Colonel (Robert) Venables live, and where was he born, and where interred?

117, line 27. Qu. If "*Noble Braue rest*" be not the *anagram* of the same "*Robert Venables*"—comprized in *fourteen similar letters?* and when did Venables's book first appear, and how many different editions were there? specifying their dates and improvements, &c. &c.

117. Why not give the "*discussions upon manufacturing flies and threading a live bait?*" They would certainly be valuable to the *lover of angling*.

125. The lines, on taking a salmon, appeared in the 14th Vol. of the European Mag. for Sept. 1788, p. 223; in the Gent. Mag. Vol. LXIII. for March 1793, p. 262; and the Sporting Mag. Vol. XXV. for October 1804, p. 48; with material and essential variations. They were said to be written by the noted *John Hatfield* (a great fly fisher) who was hanged at Carlisle for forgery in Sept. 1803. Qu. whether he was really the author, or who else?

127. Who was the author of the *Whole Art of Fishing*," 1714, mentioned in this page, line 35?

There was another edition of the same work, with *a different title*, printed in 1727 for H. Curll. The edition of 1714 was printed for E. Curll.

130. Qu? The meaning of "*Bonus noches*," l. 6.

131. "*Llewellyn's men Miracles*," &c. (mentioned in line 22) was published in 1646, and not in 1656.

136—137. The extract, as it is called, from "*a modern poem*," with the signature (bottom of p. 137) "*Mickles Syr Martyn, Can.* 1," is to be found, nearly verbatim, in an old poem called "*The Concubine*;"* a second edition of which was printed in 4to. p. 71, for T. Davies, in 1769.—The word "*Ypright*," p. 136, line ult. should be "*Ypight*," *plac'd, fixed.* The quotation referred to is incorrectly spelt, and differs materially from the orthography of the Concubine.

150—151. Who is the author (J. T.) of the poetical address "to Anglers," inserted in the note to these pages? The same poem is to be found in the "*English Chronicle*," N° 8614, for Oct. 21, 1802, under the same signature, and is dated "*Margarete street.*" The first and last stanzas were omitted in the Chronicle.

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156. The Boke of Justices was first printed by *Wynkyn de Worde* in 1515, and by Coplands in 1516. *Twelve years before* the date of (ROBIN) Redman's edition.

165. *Geasse*—i. e. spiritus—hence, *gas, gheast, ghost.*

171. CIↃIↃIIII. Should not, or ought not, this numeral to mean 1504, and not 1604?†

* Mickle so entitled the first edition; and afterwards altered it. *Editor.*

† An error of the press. It should have been CIↃIↃIIII. *Editor.*

193. Line last, in notes. John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury, died 1635 and not 1653, as here falsely asserted.

209. Why omit the commendatory verses of "*W. Farrar, è So. Med. Templ.*" and "*Fr. Oulde, è So. int. Templ.*" * both of whom contributed commendatory verses prefixed to "*W. Browne's poems,*" mentioned in the note at this page, as well as the several other persons there enumerated, and two others, anonymous?

Liverpool, March 4, 1809.

ART. VII. *Cœlia: containing certaine Sonets. By David Murray, Scoto-Brittaine. At London, printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard, in Fleet street, under the Diall.* 1611. 12*mo.*

These sonnets are appended to the "Tragicall Death of Sophonisba," a long poem, in seven-line stanzas. It is conjectured † that the author may have been Sir David Murray, Knt. Gentleman of the Bed-chamber and Groom of the Stole to Henry, Prince of Wales. ‡ This conjecture is principally founded on two sonnets addressed to that Prince, and prefixed to the death of Sophonisba. The second of these I tran-

* Because they do not occur in the Editor's edition, small 8vo. 1623. *Editor.*

† See Ellis's Specimens of early English poets, iii. 80, where two of the sonnets are inserted.

‡ To the latter situation he was appointed in Dec. 1610. See Birch's Life of P. Henry, p. 218. In August 1600, it appears from Birrel's diary, that Sir David Murray was comptroller of the household to James VI. See Dalyel's Fragments of Scotish Hist. p. 50.

scribe. It is constructed after the Italian model; and not unsuccessfully.

"Even as the eagle through the empty skie
Convoys her young ones on her soaring wings
Above the azur'd vaults, till she them brings
Where they on Phœbus' glorious beames may pry;
So, mighty Prince! my Muse now soars on high
Above the vulgar reach to higher spheres,
With this scarce-ripen'd eaglet birth of her's,
Unto the view of your majestick eye.
But if it hap (as hap I feare it shall)
She may not bide your censure's dazling touch;
The higher flight, the more renowned fall;
It shall suffice that her attempt was such:
But if in aught she please your princely view,
Then she attains the marke at which she flew.

Your Highnesse most loyall & affectionate servant,
DA. MURRAY."

Complimentary verses follow, by Michael Drayton, the well-known poet; by Simon Grahame, the author of the "Anatomie of Humors;" and by John Murray, who has a MS. volume of sonnets* in the college library, Edinburgh, and who styles himself the "loving cousin" of David Murray. The love-sonnets entitled "Cælia," which Mr. Pinkerton had not been able to meet with,† are inscribed to Richard, Lord Dingwall, in a metrical dedication which intimates a suspicion that his Lordship's martial mind would have been

* To these Drummond seems to allude, when he says—"Murray, with others I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works." Conversation with Ben Jonson, in 1619.

† See Preliminaries to Scotish poems, 1792, Vol. I. p. xxxiii. Mr. A. Campbell, in his Hist. of Poetry in Scotland, notices a copy, at p. 130.

more

more congenially amused if the poet had saluted him with the dread sounds

"Of neighing coursers and of trumpets shrill."

He at the same time announces his future intention to impart some subject to his patron's "noble ears," which shall seem of more worth than these idle and light conceits,

"Where youth and folly shew their skil-lesse art."

That his poetical conceits were not *skil-less* the following quatuorzain may show.

"*On his being accused by a Gentlewoman for stealing of a book.*

"Let not thyselfe, faire nimphe! nor none of thine,
Accuse me of a sacrilegious theft;
For by the world, and by the starry lift, *
And by the honour I do owe thy shrine,
By the infernall spirits and gods divine,
And by the hallowed stately Stigian brayes, †
I never meant, sweete dame, thee to displease:
For why? thy griefe had likewise then been mine.
If ever aught, deare love, from thee I stole,
I both protest & sweare it was no booke;
No: nothing but a poore inveigling looke,
For which againe I left my freedome thrall.
Then blame me not for stealing of thy books,
Since you steal hearts—I only steale poore looks."

One of his sonnets was "made, at the author's being in Bourdeaux." Mr. Alex. Campbell has reprinted another "on the misfortune of Belisarius." Two others are addressed "to the right worthy gentleman and his loving cousin Mr. John Murray."

* Sky. † Banks.

Another was written "on the death of Lady Cicely Weemes, Lady of Tillebarne." This is followed by an epitaph, or rather elegy, on the death of his deare cousin, M. David Murray, and a sonnet on the death of his cousin Adam Murray. The following little poem appears to be composed on the plan of one among the Uncertain Authors annexed to Lord Surrey's poems, which is considered by Mr. Warton as the first example in our language, now remaining, of the pure and unmixed pastoral. *

"*The Complaint of the shepheard Harpalus.*

" Poore Harpalus, opprest with love,
Sate by a christal brooke;
Thinking his sorrowes to remove
Oft times therein did looke;

And hearing how on pebble stones
The murmuring river ran,
As if it had bewail'd his grones,
Unto it thus began:

' Faire stream, (quoth he) that pities me,
And hears my matchlesse moane,
If thou be going to the sea,
As I do so suppone; †

Attend my plaints, past all releefe,
Which dolefully I breath;
Acquaint the sea-nymphes with the greefe,
Which still procures my death:

Who, sitting on the cliffy rocks,
May in their songs expresse,
While as they combe their golden locks,
Poore Harpalus' distresse.

* See Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 31. † Suppose.

And

And so, perhaps, some passenger,
That passeth by the way,
May stay & listen for to hear
Them sing this dolefull lay;—

Poore Harpalus, a shepheard-swaine
More rich in youth than store,
Lov'd faire Philena, hapless man!
Philena, oh! therefore.

Who still, remorceless-hearted maide,
Took pleasure in his paine,
And his good will, poor soule! repayd
With undeserv'd disdayne.

Ne're shepheard lov'd a shepheardesse
More faithfully then he;
Ne're shepheard yet beloved lesse
Of shepheardesse could be.

How oft with dying looks did he
To her his woes impart!
How oft his sighes did testifie
The dolour of his heart!

How oft from vallies to the hills
Did he his griefs rehearse!
How oft re-echo'd they his ills
Abacke again, alas!

How oft on barks of stately pines
Of beech, of holen greene,
Did he ingrave in mournfull lines
The dole he did sustaine!

Yet all his plaints could have no place,
To change Philena's mind;
The more his sorrowes did increase,
The more she prov'd unkind.

The thought whereof, through verie care,
Poore Harpalus did move;
That overcome with high despaire,
He quat * both life and love."

Several of the sonnets bear much similarity in their structure to those of the Scotian Petrarch, Drummond; but they appeared five years before any known edition of the bard of Hawthornden, whose tender amatory effusions long preceded the mythological elegancies of Waller, as Mr. Neve has fully shewn in his "Cursory Remarks on ancient English poets." T. P.

ART. VIII. *Additions to the Censura, Vol. IV. p. 348, and Miscellanea.*

I have the authority of the Bibliographia Rawlinsoniana, N° 1120, for an edition in 4to. printed by Henry Wykes: and in my own possession is "A verie fruitfull and pleasant booke called the Instruction of a Christian Woman, made first in Latin by the right famous Clearke, M. Lewes Viues, and translated into English, by Richard Hyrde. At London, printed by John Danter, dwelling in Hosier Lane neere Holburne Conduit, 1592." Sm. 8vo. black letter.

Bristol, 1809. J. F.

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1. "The Obedyence of a Chrysten man, and howe Christen rulers ought to governe wher in also (if thou marke dilygently) thou shalt finde eyes to perceave y^e^ crafty conveiance of all jugglers."

At the end, Imprinted at London, by Wyllyam Coplande, 1561, 16mo. folios 182.

* Quitted.

2. "The

2. "The parable of the Wycked Mammon, compiled in the yere of our Lorde 1536, W. T. Imprynted at Lodon by Ihon Daye, dwellyng in Sepulchres paryshe, at the signe of the Resurrectiō, a little above Holbourne Cōduit, 1547," 16mo.

Of *the Obedience*, the Address to the Reader has "William Tyndale, otherwyse called Wyllyam Hyckins unto the reader," and merits attention from the peculiar style of boldness and vigour in which it is written.

Of *the Parable* the first edition was published in 4to. at Marlborow; the second by Copland, 1536.

The above copy once belonged to the celebrated Herbert, and has his autograph on the title.

In the CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. . p. , is noticed the Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose; to that account I would add the following, which appears to be the best translation, as well as the scarcest.

"Memoirs of the most renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, translated from the Latin of the Rev. Doctor George Wishart, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, with an Appendix, containing many curious Papers relating to the History of those times, several of which never hitherto published. Edinburgh: printed by William Ruddiman, Junior, and Company, for A. Kincaid and A. Donaldson, W. Gordon, C. Wright, booksellers in Edinburgh, and for Andrew Stalker, bookseller in Glasgow. MDCCLVI." Portrait. 412 pages, besides 26 of prefatory matter.

Bristol, 1809. J. F.

ART.

ART. IX. *Catholike History, collected and gathered out of Scripture, Councels, ancient Fathers, and modern authentick Writers both ecclesiastical and civil; for the satisfaction of such as doubt, and the confirmation of such as believe, the Reformed Church of England. Occasioned by a book written by Dr. Thomas Vane, intituled The lost Sheep returned home. By Edward Chisenhale, Esquire. London: Printed for I. C. for Nath. Brooks at the signe of the Angel in Cornhil.* 1653. 12mo.

Mr. Chisenhale (afterwards knighted) was the descendant of an ancient Lancashire family, formerly seated at a place of the same name, but now extinct. Granger says that he "well deserves to be remembered in the double capacity of a soldier and an author."* In the former, he gave many signal proofs of his bravery at the memorable siege of Lathom-house in Lancashire, for which he afterwards suffered in the payment of a heavy penalty. The present is, I believe, the *only* publication that proceeded from his pen. Prefixed to it is a curious portrait of the author, in which he is represented kneeling, with various emblematic figures around him, and underneath are inscribed the following lines.

"Heere to the church, one of her yongest sonnes
Prostrate presents these lucubrations;
Hee feares not her harsh censure, for hee knowes
Mothers are kind, and shee the best of those;
Her benediction if shee please to give,
'Twill make the authour, and his lynes to live,

* Biog. Hist. Eng. V. iii. p. 106.

Thes

Then though Rome curse, t' shall never trouble him;
Though Rome be Eball, here's his Gerizim."

A work of this nature cannot be supposed to be generally interesting at the present day, but the following extracts from the preface acquaint us with the author's particular objects in the publication of it.

"To the Right Reverend the legal clergy of the reformed Protestant Church of England, the author wishes many dayes of consolation here, and eternal joy in the Holy Ghost."

"The Israelites lamented after the Lord, when the ark was removed, and it pittyed the children of Sion to see her stones in the dust, and how can any sing a song of the Lord in a strange land? For my own part, many have been the troubles of my spirit (Right Reverend) for the desolations and miseries that have of late befallen our English church, and among the rest this has not been the least affliction of my soul, to see her like Sennacherib, murdered of her own sons, to see her laid desolate, whilst her enemies cry, there, there, so would we have it."

"When Jerusalem was destroyed, she became an habitation unto strangers, and our English Sion being now laid waste, a Babylonish tower of Rome would fain be built by the enemy upon our holy hill."

"But that which most afflicted me, was to see the sons of our Sions tower being compleatly furnished out of her spiritual magazine, and being harnessed and carrying bowes to resist the darts of Satan, should, like the children of Ephraim, turn their backs in the day of battel; amongst whom I find Dr. Vane, the author of a book intituled, The Lost Sheep returned home, to be

be the ring leader and chief of the apostate tribe; who had no sooner escaped out of our English sheep fold, but straightway he discovers the muset thorow which he stole, thinking thereby to decoy the rest of the flock into the wilderness."

"Now I seeing this injury done unto our English vine yard, though it was not proper to me to make up the fence did presume to lay these thorns in the breach, whereby I might divert the flock from straying after novelties, and seeking after strange pastours, and in the interim blind the wolves that they should not discover the breach that is made in our pale."

"Had I not been upbraided daily with the clamorous insultings of divers papists, that our church wanting grounds of replyes, was the cause of her silence; I had neither given them this occasion to censure me of presumption, or busied myself either for their information, or the church of England's justification; the one more properly belonging to another's charge, the other needless, in respect the quarrel they have renewed is but with their own shadow; all that ever they now pretend being heretofore fully answered; the force of divinity, and weight of reason, adjudging the garland to our English church.

"Nevertheless, those answers being in several pieces, and many not having the several books, and the Doctor having couched many subject matters in one volume, I thought it requisite that a reply were composed in answer to his objections; not the importance of his subject matter, but the ease and convenience of the people to have him answered in one piece, calling upon some to this work."

"And I consulting with myself, and imagining (after

(after so long a time of its not being answered) that the more judicious amongst you might perhaps think it below them to make a reply to that, which had already by others been most fully and plainly refuted, did assume the boldness to re capitulate this ensuing treatise, which (together with myself) I prostrate at your feet."

J. H. M.

ART. X. *Paradoxical assertions and philosophical problems. Full of delight and recreation for all ladies and youthful fancies. By R. H. London: Printed by R. W. and are to be sold by Charles Webb, at the Bores Head in St. Pauls Church yard.* 1659. 12*mo.*

Mr. Dibdin, in his late edition of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, page 62, calls this "an eccentric and rare little book," which it undoubtedly is; and some further extracts from it, in addition to those he has given, may not therefore be unacceptable.

At page 24 we find the following paradoxical assertion "that frequent fires in a metropolis to consume the dwelling houses are necessary."

"Although my discourse may seem Quixot-like, to overthrow cities, depopulate countries, and threaten al their ruines: and though I appear at first aspect like him, terrible, in this doubtful notion, yet I doubt not but out of this flinty paradox, I shall strike fire enough to lighten any man to the truth of this bold assertion, though not enough to consume any the least city or town corporate, (although some of the latter might better be spared.)"

"Our

"Our law therefore in this particular I conceive too severe, which inhibits a man upon pain of death to set fire to his own house: as for example if my house be ill favored, old, rotten and decayed, and consequently dangerous either to be lived in or pulled down, should I not rather fire it quickly (if it stand alone especially) than endanger any man's life in the demolishment thereof; and build a better, fairer and more substantial one in the room thereof?

"Observe but where the greatest fires have raged in any countrey, town or city, if fairer structures, larger streets, and more stately and convenient edifices have not been raised phenix-like out of their ashes: whereas old mansions dawbed and patched up so long like Theseus ship (of which not a rib it had at first building was left) and repaired so much, that to make the house the more honourable, they must be propped up with supporters to keep the tenements from falling; look like the Augean stables, full of dirt and rottenness; or like my grandsire's old Grange, venerable for nothing but antiquity. Some streets in London are built so narrow, that neighbors at home may shake hands; as they are built in Spain, Italy, and France, to divert the sun's scalding rayes: but in our northern coasts, a fair, streight, broad, open street, as at Southhampton, best befits our clime."

"What matter were it then if some of our rotten, poor half thatched cities were burnt, and stately ones erected in their rooms with galleries as at Westchester; or arches and piatzas to the street, as at Damascus, Padua, Bologna and Berna in Switzerland. Did not Erostratus build himself up a name by burning down the temple of Diana? And doth not charity, grown

cold

cold now a dayes, however yet warm herself by these and the like frequent fires? whereas without such sudden and unexpected occasions she would even freeze and starve to death—

"Besides, observe how every creature naturally desires to get out of his house of restraint, for our houses are but as our inns to lodge, not to dwell in. The snail as soon as it can creep leaves its shell; the chicken as soon as warmth does hatch it, quits its marble tenement: and even man himself is soon weary of the womb he hath lien a while enclosed in, and when able to walk, delights more in the open fields then in his closet."

"Thus I conclude then, where such horrid ruines are purposely made by malicious designs, the incendiaries, who are nigro carbone notandi, are worthy of greater and more lasting flames. But when God's immediate hand does it either by lightning to purge the infected air; or by other casual accidents permits it for our punishment; the judgement may enlighten us to behold the frailty of our earthly mansions, and God's justice, to whose providence we are to submit: and may be useful also to minde us of the day of judgement, when all shall be consumed in fire, except the bodies of the wicked, that must ever broil in everlasting flames—"

At page 36 "that imprisonment is better than life."

"I have read of a Parisian that in sixty years stirred not out of the walls of that famous city, (a prison large and glorious enough I confess) but when the king had confined him within that circuit during life, then, and not before the old man most desired to expatiate, and

thereupon with grief dyed: so that it is not the confinement, but the imposed restraint that makes imprisonment so irksome. The voluntary sequestration of the anchoret sweetens his solitude and close immurement, and it may be onely the forced servitude and restraint of more volatile spirits that makes their lives seem tedious."

"'Tis true Robert Duke of Normandy, imprisoned by Henry the First, his younger brother pined away for grief: and Francis the French King taken by Charles the Fifth, was (as Guicciardine reports) melancholy even to death, and that in an instant. And Jugurth, that valiant commander, after a few days imprisonment at Rome, dyed. I grant that to such high flying souls that have lived abroad at the height of jovial exultation and sensuality, to be debarr'd on a sudden of their former career of pleasures, cannot but be irksome at first especially, perhaps mortal. No doubt but Valerian, Bajazet, our Edward and Richard the Second, felt the smart of such tyrannous confinements. You may sooner tame a lark or reclaim a swallow, then such high flying fancies. But to a stoical temper, to an austere, stay'd, and reserved person, imprisonment is liberty. Such a man being nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus, and never more at ease then when thus confin'd. To a scholar, that can sit and travel all the world over in a map, nothing so pleasant as retirement; his brains travel in contemplation though he be fixt in his cell: he can behold the chorographical and typographical delineations of the remotest parts and cities, turn over every stone, and build castles, &c. and never set foot over his studie's threshold."

"How

"How renowned is King Ptolomy for that learning he acquired whilst imprisoned by his disease? With what delight did our wise King James contemplate Bodley's fair library at Oxford, expressing his affection to learning in those expressive words, "if I were to be a prisoner, said he, and might have my wish, I would desire no other prison then that library, and to be chained together with so many brave authors and dead instructours."

"What shall I say of Cæsar's retirement to Caprea? And of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, his quitting his imperial diadem to embrace the peaceable quiet of a monastick life? How are the Kings of China for state's sake cloistered up that they never come abroad? How are the Spanish, Turkish, Italian dames lockt up in their closets by their jealous husbands? and our's scarce suffering themselves to see the sun, onely to preserve their beauties? With what content are they mewed up in stoves in Muscovia, and in caves in Greenland half the year together? You'l reply, their confinements are voluntary which sweetens and gilds the pill of bondage and servitude. But what unparallel'd calamities do the Indian and Turkey slaves in mines and gallies endure, condemned perpetually to drudgery hunger and blows, and chained to their misery sans hope of delivery?"

"All this I say is nothing to a chearful heart and patient. The ship the rich merchant sails in is no less a prison then the captive's gally. Set aside the Spanish inquisition, (which tyrannizes over the soul as well as over the body) and is therefore more injurious; I see not, I say, that suggested misery in that or any other sort of imprisonment, which a wise, humble and

patient spirit cannot overcome and lessen, nay, turn it to his advantage and content."

"By imprisonment how many lewd riotous men are brought home? How many vagrants settled, how many dangers and temptations avoided? it being the onely means to mortifie and master himself, and his greatest enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Since then this life, though but a perpetual slavery and imprisonment, is yet sweet to us all, and more desirable than death, which is our onely liberty, and frees us from all the iron shakels and weighty chains of our sins; I may safely conclude, that imprisonment is, in many respects, to a Christian, better than death or liberty." J. H. M.

ART. XI. *A Sermon preached at St. Margarets in Westminster at the Funeral of Mrs. Susanna Gray, daughter of Henry Gray, Esq. of Enfield* in Staffordshire: who on the 29th of October, 1654, began her eternal Sabbath, &c. &c. London: Printed by F. L. 1657. Sm. 4to.*

I have prefixed the above title-page to this article for the purpose of introducing to the reader's attention a few extracts from one of the very numerous elegies that were written upon the death of Mrs. Gray, and which are subjoined to her funeral sermon. It appears to me to contain some highly poetical lines, and to be far superior to the generality of compositions of a similar nature. The elegies were all contributed by students of the two universities, with the exception

* Or Enville.

of

of the one in question, the author of which was Roger Wolvyche, of the Inner Temple, a relative of the deceased.

After describing his passage through the infernal regions he observes,

" From hence into the elysian fields I flye,
With unseen wonders to acquaint mine eye.
Eternal spring was here, fresh blooming youth,
Sweet flowry joy, with never dying truth,
Soft-gliding streams, which Zephyrus still fanns,
In which swam multitudes of silver swanns;
Thickets of bayes and myrtle, shady bowers,
Sweet walks enamelled with [a] thousand flowers,
Wherein the nightingales lodg'd constant guests,
Whisp'ring soft murmurs from their warbling brests.
The voice of winds was here ununderstood,
Or frosts to blast the blossom or the bud.
Rare prospects, which continually invite
The ravish'd senses to a fresh delight!
Sundry apartments variously drest,
Distinguish'd the retirements of the blest:
In some were votaries whose wing'd desires
Had been inflamed with religious fires,
And with sequestred minds, clear purg'd from vice,
Had offered up themselves pure sacrifice.
In others lovers were, those few that knew
The mysterie of love, and loving true,
Who now with chaplets crown'd and glorious names,
Burn with serene and unmolested flames.
Others there were, most worthy to be prais'd,
Who by their learned works their fame had rais'd.
Others who by inventions ne'er before
Discover'd, had enrich'd the publique store.
Last came those ancient sages, nature's priests,
Who had unravell'd her through all her mists,

And with laborious search and thoughts profound,
Had digg'd out truths long buried under ground.

Well satisfi'd with this discovery here,
I passed onwards to another sphear.
Scarce had I touch'd the confines with mine eyes,
But a strange joy within me did arise;
My thoughts grew flow'ry all, and all serene,
So quickly was I altered with the scene,
Such were my thoughts e'r I acquainted grew
With this false world, or its delusions knew.
If it be true to know our genial air,
We should observe where we best placed are,
Our spirits most airy, clear, and liveliest,
Where our affairs succeed and prosper best,
From all these observations, I should swear
I never knew it before that I came here.
So aromatique smelt the fragrant air,
And the whole place so beautiful and fair,
That all I look'd on with admiring eyes
Before, now suddenly I did despise,
So much the other were exceeded here,
As they exceeded our gross earthly sphear:
So that, as Sappho sweetly stiles the rose,
The darling flower, that costs the spring more throes
In its production, being nature's pride,
Than all the flowers of the field beside,
So charming and alluring was this place,
By heaven's peculiar influence and grace,
As if t' enrich this one and make it blest,
Nature had quite impoverished all the rest.
This beauteous place they Aphrodisia call,
Where Venus, as Queen Regent, ruleth all;
With sweetest flowers were all the wayes beset,
Which as by chance in perfect order met,

From

From whose coincidence there did arise
A sweet reflection ravishing the eyes.
The flowers were set upon a carpet green,
Never in emerald was like verdure seen,
And all a-row were placed trees along,
Which with sweet blossoms and with fruits were hung,
Amidst whose shady branches one might hear
The birds of paradise sing sweet and clear:
Which the shrill eccho counterfeiting well
Carries to those which at far distance dwell.
Close at the feet of these ran purling streams,
Whose murmurs lul'd the thoughts in pleasing dreams;
And on the banks were arborets and bowers
Close interwoven, and thick strewed with flowers,
In whose cool shades the people of the clime
In various pleasures past away the time.

But stay, doe I remember all this while
Where I last felt thee, when I saw thee smile,
And yet indulge such poor despairing feares,
Or suffer these affronts done thee by teares;
These do but discompose thee in thy urn,
And thy cold ashes into embers turn.
Yet all our griefs have nothing but design,
We only our own losses weep, not thine:
'Twas not thy funeral, nor art thou deceast,
'Twas only thy canonization feast;
Thou need'st no cypress, wreaths, nor flow'ry crowns,
Got out of reach of fate, and fortune's frowns;
Triumphant lawrel better fits thy brows,
Or palms victorious, than these dismall boughs!
Sleep unmolested then, fair virgin, sleep,
Whilst angels watch over thy ashes keep;
More vigilant than the never silent guard,
That in the Capitol kept constant ward,

Or virgins that watch'd o'er the vestal fire,
Which their religion durst not see expire—
Yet as the Romans called thrice aloud,
Ere they the dead committed to their shroud;
So e'er I take my last leave of thy cell,
I'll bid thy reliques solemnly farewell.
Farewel, thou growing glory of thy name,
Farewel, young martyr, victress o'r the flame;
Farewel, fair saint, sweet innocence, good night,
My pen's unhallowed, and my fancy light."

J. H. M.

ART. XII. *The Exposicion of Daniel the Prophete gathered out of Philip Melanchton, Johan Ecolampadius, Chonrade Pellicane, and oute of Johan Draconite, &c. By George Joye. A Prophecye diligently to be noted of al Emprowrs and Kinges in these laste dayes.* 1545 *in August, Geneve.*

This is the first edition (others by John Daye in 8vo. 1550, and by Raynalde) and is dedicated by the pious Melanchton "unto the moste deare Prince Lorde Maurice Duke of Savone, Lantgrave of Turinge and Marchis of Misne: January 1545."

The translator, Joye, was a Bedfordshire man, and received his education in Peterhouse, Cambridge; he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1512-13; of Master 1517, and was admitted a Fellow on the 27th of April in the same year. In 1527, being accused of heresy by the prior of Newnham, he fled to Strasburg, where he went by the name of Clark.

I have extracted as a specimen the following from the third chapter text.

"Then

"Then was Nebucadnezar angry, and in a furye com̃anded Sedrach, Mesach, Abednego, to be brought before him.

"This is the descripcion of a wyked and iniust iuge, and it conteineth the example of a tyraunt, not onely defending the ungodly worship papistry and false religion with swerde and fyer, but also with a blasphemouse mouthe preferring and extollynge his owne power aboue Goddis. Thus do all tyraunts defende ungodly worshippings and false religion against the doctrine of the lawe and gospell as witnesseth the 2 Psal. It is trwly a damnable synne to defende ydolatry and supersticion and synfull ceremonies, rites, traditions, &c. with torments, and to saye as here sayth the kynge, what God can delyuer you out of my handis: unto this perteyneth the example of Sennacherib, unto whom also blasphemynge, God sayd, I shall put a ring thorow thy nose. God's wille is douteless by this example to feare tyrauntes from blasphemyes and uniust iugement. What kyng therfore so euver will not synne as did Nebucadnezar, nor perisshe with Sennacherib, let him not be mynded nor speake nor do against God nor his worde, but beleue his worde and praye the lordis prayer and gouerne as Dauid techeth him Psal. 101, and lyue aftir y^e^. Psal. 33."

Bristol. J. F.

ART.

ART. XIII. *Answers to remarks and Queries of the 6th Article, p. 371.*

The printer has just sent me for perusal the preceding sheet; it may not be incurious to add upon the notice respecting "noone-meate," at p. 369, I some time since was invited by the lady of a house, in Brunswick Square, to partake of "noonings," i. e. luncheon.

P. 371. Sytches* means "a little water course that is dry in summer." See Kersey.

Is not the shovenett the common drag nett; the trodenett such as are placed in narrow channells, a weir or mill; and the small pytches casting netts?

The great ancestor of Venables is supposed to have been Galiard Venables, who came over with the Conqueror. The Colonel served in the Parliament army in Cheshire, and in 1644 appears to have been made Governor of Chester. His book was first published 1662, and went through five editions.

"Discussions upon manufacturing flies," may be found in every work that attempts to disclose the art of fishing. Upon the second point, "threading a live bait;" surely enough is known. What "lover of angling" can venture to ridicule modern philosophers for their disgusting experiments on frogs, cats, &c. who derives continual amusement from writhing worms or tortured bleak and minnows? Acquire a fine finger, and let false ffies and paste content thee, Piscator!

The European Magazine probably obtained the lines "on taking a Salmon," from the same source as myself, a provincial paper of that period. The signature is J. H.

P. 372. There is no poetical licence visible in "Bonus noches." Llewellyn first bids anglers farewell, or "good night;" and then humoursomely assigns his reasons. The

* *Swidge* is used in Suffolk and Norfolk to signify a small quantity of standing water.

poems

poems were also "printed for Will. Shears, Junr. at the Blue Bible in Bedford-street, in Covent-Garden, 1656."

A poem, however antiquated in appearance, printed during the last century, is not "an old poem."

What means the observation on the boke of Justices except to mislead by error? Is there any engagement that articles in the CENSURA shall be written from *first* editions, or describe those subsequent? The work was printed by Robert Copland, or Coplande, in 1515 (see Herbert, p. 346) and perhaps again in the following year; but there is no authority to talk either of Coplands or *Robin* Redman. If such an authority exists from *mis-print*, it had better be communicated gratis (i. e. *post paid*) to the Editor of the new edition of Typographical Antiquities. I have one of the editions, unnoticed by Herbert, entituled "the boke for a Justyce of Peace, neuer so wel and dylygently set forthe. Londini in edibus Roberti Redman." It appears to have been printed subsequent to the one forming the article at p. 156, and proves the reference upon hawking (p. 164) was originally an error of the press; instead of 13 Hen. 2, it should have been 13 R. 2.; this is confirmed by consulting the statute. The benefice should read "x li. by yere," and at p. 165 "ne geasse" should be "ne grasse." It is doubtful if there is any work which refers to statutes *ante* Magna Charta.

Before I conclude with this anonymous writer I freely acknowledge, from a tardiness of discovering its enigmatical allusion, the words "noble braue rest," have not the original distinguishment of italics; but this splenetic correspondent might have discovered a less venial error than any noticed had he been deep read in ancient lore upon angling, from the omitting to suggest that near the whole extract is a close copy by Venables, from the earlier treatise on Angling by Juliana Berners.

At some future period the articles on Hawking, &c. will be formed into a small volume, and to that probably attached the

the catalogue of "near two hundred various publications" on Angling, and which have been inspected by a correspondent of the CENSURA, a gentleman that has long made Angling, &c. a subject of research; and while on the eve of planning a new edition of the work by Juliana Berners (from a perfect copy, in my possession, printed on vellum, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496,) I was in expectation of finding in him an able associate. Unfortunately such an undertaking might interfere too seriously with his prior literary engagements, and, with regret, I announce the circumstance of his declining, for the information of the circle where it had been reported. As the task has now become doubly arduous, from the want of such assistance, it may defer the completion but will not deter me from the undertaking, if it appears probable the work will bear attendant expenses. For a very limited edition I shall seek to give a verbal copy of the text, confident of finding readers who will not stamp an inadvertent transposition of figures "a false assertion." P. 373.

P. 378. The "authority," J. F. refers to is by *chance* right; for it is seldom that a single catalogue may be depended upon. It is the same edition as I had noticed. Herbert, or any work upon early typography, would have pointed out that the name of "*Roy*kes" was a misprint for "Wykes." No. 1 and 2, "The obedyence, &c." seem unconnected with the antecedent. J. H.

ART. XIV. *The Mother's Blessing, or the godly Counsell of a Gentlewoman, not long since deceased, left behinde her for her Children. Containing many good exhortations and good admonitions profitable for all Parents to leave as a Legacie to their Children. By Mris. Dorothy Leigh. London: Printed for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Horsshoe, neare the Hospital Gate, in Smithfield.* 1638. 12mo.

I am

I am not aware of any particular value being attached to this book, but never having heard of any other copy, conceive my time not thrown away, in a description.

It is dedicated "to the High and Excellent Princesse, the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, Daughter to the High and mightie King of Great Brittaine, and Wife to the Illustrious Prince, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, D. L. wisheth all grace and prosperity here, and glory in the world to come."

Prefixed is

"*Counsell to my Children.*

"My sons,* the readers of this book,
I doe you not intreat
To bear with each misplaced word:
for why? my pain's as great
To write this little booke to you
(the worlde may thinke indeed)
As it will be at any time
for you the same to reade.

But this I much and oft desire,
that you would do for me,
To gather honey of each flower,
as doth the lab'rous bee.
She looks not who did place the plant,
nor how the flower did grow;
Whether so stately up aloft,
or neare the ground below.

But where she finds it, there she works,
and gets the wholesome food,
And beares it home, and layes it up,
t doe her country good.

* George, John, and William Leigh.

And

And for to serve herself at need,
when winter doth begin:
When storme and tempest is without,
then she doth find within

A sweet and pleasant wholesome food
an house to keepe her warme;
A place where softly she may rest,
and be kept from all harme:
Except the bee that idle is,
and seekes too soone for rest,
Before she filled hath her house,
whereby her state is blest.

And then as she did rest too soone,
too soone she sorrow knowes:
When storms and tempests are without
then she herself beshrowes;
Shee looketh out, and seeth death
ready her to devoure;
Then doth she wish that she had got
more of the wholesome floure.

For why, within, her store is spent
before the winter's past,
And she by no meanes can endure
the stormy winter's blast.
She looketh out, and seeth death,
and finds no lesse within:
Then too too late for to repent,
you see shee doth begin.

Therefore see you not idle be,
this I would have you know,
Be sure still that the ground be good,
whereon the plant doth grow:
Then gather well, and lose no time,
take heed, now you doe see,

Lest

Lest you be unprovided found,
as was the idle bee.

D. L."

Bound up with my copy of the above, but unfortunately imperfect at the beginning, is the Father's Blessing. I do not know the author, but from the similarity of type, &c. I conclude that it forms a part of the other work. There are two or three pieces of poetry, from which I select the following.

"*David's account of Man's life, from seventie yeares to a spanne.*

"Threescore and ten the age and life of man,
In holy David's eyes seem'd but a span;
For halfe that time wee waste away in sleepe,
So only thirtie five for use we keepe,
In sorrow then, which wastes, and suckes veines drie,
We count we do not live, but rather die
In youth and age; our child-hoods both doth kisse,
Therefore no part of life, wee reckon this:
So that sleepe deducted, youth, and age, and sorrow,
Onely a span is all the life we borrow."

Bristol, 1809. J. F.

ART. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N° LXXIII.

Letter to the Ruminator.

MR. RUMINATOR,

I write from an impulse of gratitude. At this delightful season, when a poetic imagination acquires redoubled influence, I reflect with enthusiasm on the many hours of enjoyment which your lucubrations have bestowed on me. In those essays, Sir, I have ever met with sentiments with which it has afforded me the purest pleasure to feel my own ideas in unison; though I know not with what propriety I now trouble you with this declaration, coming from an unknown and obscure individual. Sir, there is a certain mode of life, and peculiarity of situation, which is more likely than any other to produce and cherish poetic enthusiasm. To be accustomed from infancy to the deepest seclusion, and to the wild and majestic scenery of nature, though accompanied with some disadvantages, is perhaps the greatest means of laying a foundation for this temper of mind. The placid tranquillity of verdant woods, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the sweet interchange, and inexpressible influence of morn and evening, contemplated in the bosom of magnificent scenery, must sooner or later, produce, in a mind possessed of any feeling, a correspondent glow of sentiment and imagination. Even Johnson, whose indifference to rural beauty is well known, has yet borne testimony in one of the most striking passages of his Journey through Scotland to its powerful influence. I have not the book within reach, and therefore cannot quote;

quote; but the passage is probably known to every reader whom I should wish to interest.

From my earliest recollections, I have been familiarized to seclusion, in a beautiful and sequestered corner of the country. To you, Sir, it is unnecessary to describe the various enjoyments, which, in a situation of this kind, must await a mind attached to contemplation, and which can employ itself in pursuit of the Muses. It has been my supreme delight to wander through groves, and sequestered vallies, where no intruder was ever known to disturb the freedom of solitary meditation; and to indulge myself in pouring forth, amid the blast that swept over the neighbouring forest, innumerable attempts at poetical composition, with but little consideration of their fate, or regard to correctness. But heavens! how boundless are the intentions! how wild and impossible the designs! and above all, how glorious and transporting the poetical visions, which have adorned the day-dreams in which I so much delighted to indulge! Even now, I cannot help reflecting with enthusiasm on the unmixed happiness which I then enjoyed. One remark very forcibly occurs to my recollection, which is, that of all the classical authors known to me at present, *those* which formerly became my associates, in wandering through the woods, and which I was accustomed to read aloud to the dashing waterfall, are recollected with most gratitude, and above all others most forcibly imprinted on the memory. I cannot however, when talking of a country life, use the words of Cowper,

"I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But here I laid the scene!"

or having been told that it was most commendable to follow some profession, I conquered, in idea, every obstacle, and established my abode in cities, amid 'the hum of men,' with as little difficulty as I had before entered the court of the Fairy Queen, or quaffed ale along with warriors, in the hall of Odin. But the time has at last arrived, when these threats were to be put into execution; and when that which is commonly called life began to dawn —Alas, Mr. Ruminator! I have here found a brilliant imagination to be but a deceitful guide. My golden visions have fled like the morning cloud: I have entered the crowded ball-room, mingled with the train of orators and statesmen; and returned fevered with disappointment, to search again for repose in the bosom of the forest, where alone it could be found. In this situation I now am. After having once given the reins to poetical fancy, it is difficult indeed to stop its career; and I remain at present in doubt whether to struggle against its influence, by mingling again with the world, or to follow, without further hesitation, the precepts contained in an epigram of Martial, elegantly translated in a late number of your essays.

It was my intention to wind up this letter with a very juvenile effusion in verse, which seemed not inapplicable to the present subject; but recollecting that a copy of these verses may exist in the possession of a friend, I dread the risk, (notwithstanding my insignificance) of becoming in any degree known, until I find what reception you may give to this feeble and hurried transcript of my feelings.

Yours,

MUSARUM AMATOR.

May 9, 1809.

N°

N° LXXIV.

On the deceitfulness of Hope. Farewell of the Ruminator.

The delusions of hope have been among the most trite topics of the moralist. The Ruminator feels them on the present occasion with no common force. He had flattered himself that his lucubrations might have proceeded to at least double their present length. But to plan and to act are widely different. He has deferred the execution of half his purposes till it is too late, and the close of the CENSURA brings them to a termination before their time.

Thus disheartened, he has wanted energy sufficient to perform the little that might still have been done, and passed two or three months in a state of listlessness and idleness such as he has not experienced for years. A number of favourite subjects remain untouched; and a number of fragments unused.

Even this last paper has been deferred, from the wish to execute it well, till the languor of over wearied thought has diminished the usual degree of ability; and time scarcely remains to execute it at all.

To look back on what is past, is an employment too fearful for the present spirits of the Author. "The toil," says Johnson, "with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection, which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours, than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resus-

citation of desires, which he feels himself unable to gratify."

But he who declines to act till he can reach ideal excellence, is a selfish coward; and surely he, who by a generous venture attains a very moderate degree of merit, is at least far preferable to him who wraps himself up in conceit of his own importance, because he never made an attempt.

Of many of the defects of the series of moral and critical essays the Ruminator is too sensible, to add his aid to the discernment of others in discovering them. Almost all the interest which they lay claim to is, that they are (such of them he means as were written by himself) the undisguised pictures of his own mind. And we have many high authorities for asserting, that there are scarce any minds, however small their pretensions may be to extraordinary endowment, of which genuine and unsophisticated delineations will not afford either instruction or amusement.

To say the same things as have been said a thousand times before, not from individual feeling or individual conviction, but merely by drawing from the stores of the memory, may perhaps be fairly deemed an hollow and unavailing echo. But it is far otherwise with that, which springs from the inmost recesses of the heart or the intellect. There is a strength, a distinctness, a raciness, in what thus issues from the fountain-head, which is never brought forth in vain.

All the varieties of the human understanding, the different lights in which the same objects appear to different faculties and dispositions, the minute shades of distinction which the complex operations of head and temper

temper suggest, afford inexhaustible subjects of description for the use of the moral philosopher, and the metaphysician, to whom such descriptions possess the merit and use of original evidence, while the transmissions of the memory are, like hear-say testimony, of little value.

If the flow of feeling have ever given to these Essays any approach to eloquence, if the movements of the heart have produced any thing of more permanent interest than the capricious and uncertain operations of the head, the writer's time and endeavours will not have been spent totally in vain.

If it be complained that the same topics more often recur than is consistent with the love of diversity, which characterizes the public taste, let it be recollected, that nothing much above the common can be hoped, even from the most powerful talents, without long meditation and mental digestion; and surely it is better to dwell on that which gives the chance of displaying depth and novelty of thought, than to skim the surface for the sake of a greater change of views; for it cannot be expected that the same person should have leisure, or inclination for both.

The generality of mankind indeed spend their days in a kind of twilight of thought: ideas pass indistinctly before them, without examination, or being tried by the test of language; or at least by any other language than that which in oral delivery does not sufficiently betray their imperfectness. But as he, in whom the flame of the better part of our nature burns, can never be content to dream away his life without leaving some memorial of those faculties with which he has been endowed, and as the mind can only acquire facility and

and strength by incessant exercise, he becomes discontented and miserable while he omits the requisite labour.

Could the Author have attained the delicate and serenely rich beauties of Addison, or the overflowing strength and philosophical perspicuity of Johnson, he would not now have to look back with regret and anxiety on the inefficacy of his own endeavours. But while it is better to have reached even mediocrity than to have done nothing, he may, on a few themes, which have for years been revolving in his mind, still flatter himself with the hope of exciting the sympathy of readers of cultivated taste.

In the retirement of a studious life, in the bosom of fields and woods, he is often so filled with the realities of natural beauty, as to rest contented with passive admiration. The repose of delight would only be disturbed by the attempt at description; and the colourings of fancy would be more than superfluous. In the tumult of present joys our ideas are often too confused to be analysed. It is from a certain distance that they are best reflected by the mind. It is then that the prominent features remain, while all that tended only to dazzle, has faded away.

Such perhaps may be amongst the reasons why he has been able to transfuse into these essays so little of the spirit or the tints of the enchanting scenery which surrounds him.

But to waste more words in apology is vain. The attempt to conciliate the public, or even himself, to these Essays, if the Essays themselves do not produce that conciliation, is without hope, and would, even were it not hopeless, be without final use. They are

now

now at the mercy of the world, and cannot be recalled. They stand before the impartial reader with all their imperfections; and from them will the Author's humble capacity for Essay-writing be judged, in spite of all he can say. Some wonder at his rashness; some sneer at his stupidity; and many, who never tried themselves what it is to proceed in so perilous a task, are surprised at the utter failure of his attempts.

The Author, morbidly alive as his first feelings are to disappointment or neglect, has learned to endure, with tolerable fortitude, the consequences of committing himself to the public view, and if he cannot always sufficiently moderate his emotions at insult or neglect, nor suddenly recover from the blight of ungenerous discouragement, he has taught his mind to subside gradually into a calmness which can abide the result of his adventrous love of fame. Some friends he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has secured by these Essays, and of some noble minds he has had the good fortune to acquire the praise, whose approbation replaces him in humour with himself, and makes him amends for many mortifications.

To Mr. Lofft THE RUMINATOR is indebted for some pieces of valuable poetry. One other friend only has he to thank for aid in these Essays. To the nephew and biographer of a lady of celebrated learning and genius lately deceased he is obliged for several papers composed at his desire, which, if not the most numerous, are the most valuable of the series.

For the fate of those which remain, the writer cannot suppress his solicitude; for from them it will probably hereafter be determined, whether he has justly aspired to some qualities of the mind, of which the deficiency will

will hereafter cloud the recollection of him which he is so anxious should survive the grave.

May 21, 1809.

ART. XVI. *Literary Obituary.*

1809. Feb. 15. Mr. James Smith Barr, translator of Buffon's Natural History.

March 5. In Patrick-Square, Edinburgh, Mr. William Browne, projector and Editor of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal."

March 11. Mrs. Cowley, at Tiverton, Devon, an eminent dramatic writer.

March 23. At his house in Clipstone-street, London, after a lingering and painful illness, Mr. Thomas Holcroft, author of "*Hugh Trevor*," "The Road to Ruin," and a number of other works. He was in his 61st year.

March 25. "At the Episcopal Palace of Lichfield, in her sixty-sixth year, Miss Anna Seward, author of *Louisa*, of *A Monody on Major André*, of a *Life of Dr. Darwin*, and of various other productions. Few women ever exhibited more strength of intellect or more delicacy of taste. Her poetry is particularly distinguished by beauty of imagery and vigour of sentiment. She has sometimes been thought affectedly elaborate; but her pictures are never indistinct, and the whole is exquisitely finished. In critical *acumen* she was always unrivalled; and no latent excellence nor defect could escape her observation. She had the poet's taste and the poet's eye. In her moral temperament there was no ill-nature, no malignity; nothing selfish, nothing base. She was generous without ostentation; but she was generous in the extreme. She was fond of praise; but she was liberal in bestowing it. Her friends were very numerous; and they composed no small part of the virtue and genius of the times. Taste so refined,

fined, sentiments so elevated, affections so glowing with kindness, and worth so void of guile, have seldom been conveyed, in the person of the same individual, to the silent tomb." Such is the character given of her genius in one of the Newspapers; but there may be some reasonable difference of opinion on the style of her poetry, and the purity of her taste. She was sometimes happy in her efforts, but generally laboured, and often affected. She loved cumbrous ornament; and surely indulged too frequently in the artifices and tricks of composition, which have marked modern versifiers. Whenever her feelings rose above her rules she did well, but her judgment in the art of writing may be fairly suspected to have been very faulty. Her fancy was strong; and her powers of description original and splendid. Her first publications were her best; and indeed so much superior to her last, as to form a subject of rational wonder. But neither space nor time will allow me to discuss these points any farther at present.

Feb. 20. At Perth, in Scotland, Mr. James Morison, æt. 47, author of the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*," a Dictionary of the Bible, &c. &c.

March 28. John Goldie, Esq. aged 84, at Kilmarnock, Scotland, author of a voluminous work, entitled *The Gospel Recovered*, and of *A Treatise upon the Evidences of a Deity*, published a few months before his death.

May 14. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London, aged about seventy-nine, author of several well known works. Few men have enjoyed so very long and so very justly an equal portion of the public esteem and affection as the late Bishop of London. His rare merits as a scholar, a teacher, an individual in the circles of social life, and a poet, gifted with the finest attributes of fancy and taste, were acknowledged and admired for more than half a century. As a politician he uniformly rallied round the throne, without, however,

ever departing from that moderation which should form the chief ornament of a Christian Prelate. As a preacher, he was deservedly popular; his manner was simple and impressive, his style elegant and chaste, and his doctrine sound without undue severity, or still more reprehensible indulgence to the follies and vices of the age. He oftener mounted the pulpit than any of his mitred brethren; as not satisfied with preaching on the Sabbath-day, he commenced, in 1797, on Fridays, a course of lectures at St. James's Church, on the truth of the Gospel, and the Divinity of Christ's Mission, which being delivered in tones of the most simple and persuasive elegance, attracted a vast concourse of auditors. As an author, he published, besides his University prize-works, and the Sermon on the Character of David, a letter, written while Bishop of Chester, addressed to the parishioners of Lambeth, exhorting them to observe Good Friday religiously, two volumes of Sermons, the aforesaid Lectures, and several charges and small religious tracts. As a private character, he was mild and unostentatious, gifted with the most conciliating and amiable qualities, of a cheerful disposition, and ever ready to listen to and relieve the wants and afflictions of his fellow-creatures. His religious moderation, the benevolence of his nature, and his universal philanthropy, procured him the good will of every class, of every sect, of every party, and of every rank and denomination.

May 16. In the seventy-eighth year of her age, Mrs. Anna Maria Smart, of Reading, relict of Christopher Smart, M.A. of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, sister to the late Mr. Thomas Carnan, and upwards of forty years principal proprietor of the Reading Mercury and Oxford Gazette. A woman, the virtues of whose heart, in all relations of life, whether to her kindred or her friends, proved her to be a friend to the friendless.

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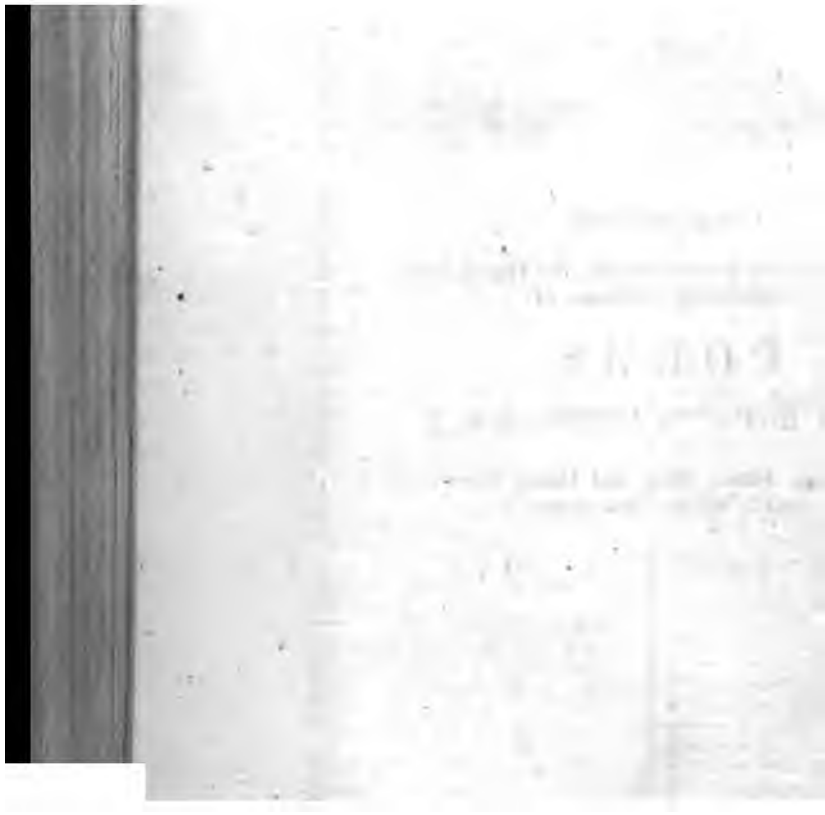

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